

## Crack'd Mirror

### Prologue

**WARNING:** Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

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Polygamous Relationship ahead (multiple partners). If this concept bothers you; don't read. Also, major, and I do mean M-A-J-O-R Ron bashing.

Inspired by the classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

On a stony outcropping at the base of a hill under an ancient castle, thirteen black robed figures stood in a circle. Inside this circle, on the stony floor, was a ten foot wide pentagram drawn in human blood. The full moon shined overhead, washing them all in silvery light. Unseasonably cold night air made their skin prickle. And the dark magic that flowed freely about the pentagram made their hearts race with excitement (well, most of their hearts raced with excitement...).

"Are you certain it was supposed to be human blood?" one robed man asked in a nervous whine. "Aren't these things supposed to be done with goat's blood? I mean, human sacrifices make me edgy."

"Be quiet, Wormtail," Lord Voldemort, the most feared dark wizard in decades, snapped in his high, girly voice. "I must concentrate!"

The sickly pale and snake-like man carefully stepped into the pentagram while chanting under his breath. He held up high over his head a glimmering sapphire the size of a potato. It sparkled and glowed in the eerie moonlight. The Dark Lord carefully placed the

precious jewel just slightly off the center-point of the pentagram.

"Um, pardon sire, but the Summoning Sapphire is not in the exact center of the pentagram," one Death Eater informed meekly.

"I know that, fool!" Voldemort snapped savagely. "This pentagram is a map to the infinite realities. Every inch of this wondrous design is a portal to a different world. The location of where I place the stone indicates from which of those countless realities I shall call my duplicate."

While Voldemort lectured his minion, he discreetly toed the sapphire into the exact center of the pentagram. It was a good place to start after all, but Voldemort didn't want to tell his minion that he had a good idea.

"How dare you question me, dolt," the Dark Lord snarled... girlishly.

Turning his attention back to the ritual, Voldemort shouted the incantation in a loud, booming voice – well, as booming as his girly voice could get.

"Hear me, oh masters of time, space, and anything else that might be listening! Open up the gates between worlds so that I can call forth my brother from that realm unto this world!"

The air crackled around the pentagram. Voldemort knew this meant he had successfully completed the first part of the ritual.

"Come forth from your world, my equal, and join me here in my world so that we may rule together!"

In a blink of an eye, the blood that had formed the pentagram disappeared in a puff of smoke. Voldemort looked to his left, then his right in naked confusion as if he had expected someone to show up.

"There's no one here!" he shouted. "Why is there no one here?"

The other figures in black robes stood in silence, each one fearing to answer their master. Lord Voldemort quickly lost his patience and pointing at one of his minions at random, demanded, "Tell me what happened?"

"Um, it went poof," the nameless oaf offered.

"Crucio!" Voldemort shouted. The nameless oaf fell to the cold stone floor, screaming in agony. The villainous wizard pointed to the wizard next to the nameless oaf and yelled "Tell me what happened? Why is my duplicate not standing beside me? And if your answer is half as stupid as that other fool's, you'll beg for mercy."

"I am but an insignificant bug to your vast knowledge, Master, but if I may speculate," the wizard, Severus Snape, began. He spoke slowly, carefully choosing his words as to not offend Voldemort. "Perhaps the alternate reality you chose did not have a version of you in it to call forth. It is possible that the world you selected never knew the joy of your presence."

"Although I'm loathe to think of such a dismal place, it is a possibility," Voldemort said thoughtfully. "This is just a minor set back in my grand scheme. I shall perform the ritual again, this time I will place the sapphire in another location. Gibbs, prepare another of the virgins you brought; we need their blood to draw a new pentagram."

"Um, wait... a virgin?" a wizard, obviously Gibbs, asked apprehensively. "I thought you said the sacrifices were to be 'untouched.' No one said nothing about no virgins."

"You imbecile!" screeched Voldemort, sounding like a six year old girl throwing a temper tantrum while in a doll shop. "What did you think was meant when I said 'untouched'?"

"You know, 'don't touch,'" Gibbs said while wetting himself. "I used Levicourpus to bring them here that way they weren't touched."

"Crucio!" screamed Voldemort. After several minutes of Gibbs' screams, Voldemort cried, "You're lucky that the alternate reality did not have my peer, fool. Virgin's blood is a key component to this summoning ritual. Your foul up would've had completely unpredictable results! Crucio!"

After another minute of Gibbs' screams, Lucius Malfoy suggested, "Sire, the answer is easy. All we need to do is find a virgin."

"Oh, I'm so glad I took the time to break you out of Azkaban," jeered Voldemort. "Do you have any idea how hard it is to find a virgin? It's 1996! You'd have a better chance of finding a Crumple-Horned Snorkack than finding a virgin!"

"We'll just use Wormtail," offered Malfoy.

"Point taken," Voldemort turned and smiled at the watery eyed virgin in question.

"Wait, no," the rat like man trembled in fear. "I'm not a virgin."

To this, all but Wormtail and the lone witch of the group laughed uproariously.

"No. Really. I'm not a virgin anymore," Wormtail defended earnestly.

"Ri-i-ight," Malfoy said with a snicker.

"Seriously, ask Bellatrix," Wormtail said, pointing to the only witch in the group. "We've had sex!"

All eyes turned to the witch. They waited for her to deny Wormtail's claim. But when she did not, Rodolphus, the witch's husband, asked

in disbelief, "Bellatrix, how could you... with Wormtail?"

With an apathetic shrug of her shoulders, Bellatrix admitted, "I was drunk and randy. He was the only man around."

"Wormtail; a man?" asked Voldemort incredulously.

"Well, the only man-ish thing around at the time," corrected the black haired witch. "I was in a bind."

"Fine then, if Wormtail's not a virgin, we can use Snape," Lucius said. "I've never seen him with a woman."

Snape made a coughing noise and turned to look down his long, hooked nose at Bellatrix.

"Bellatrix? With Snape?" a shocked Rodolphus asked. "Were you drunk then, too?"

"No, it was dark and I couldn't see who I was with," she replied with a huff, already growing bored with the conversation. "Listen, if you're going to rattle off the names of all of our fellow Death Eaters that might be virgins, don't bother. If they were virgins before, they're not now."

"All of them?" Rodolphus asked. "You've slept with all of the Death Eaters?"

"Not at the same time," she said casually. "Four or five at once, sure. But no more than that. Well, there was that night with those six new recruits. But, like I said, they were just recruits and hadn't taken our Master's mark so they don't count."

"But why?"

"I was locked up in Azkaban for over ten years," she replied while idly

digging a bit of dirt out from under one of her nails. "I've got a lot of time to make up for."

"Enough of this," snapped Voldemort. "Go out and find me some virgins so that I can bring an alternate version of myself here so together we can bring this world to its knees!"

As the Death Eaters scattered in different directions to find virgins, one was heard to ask, "Does the world even have knees?"

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When Voldemort had punished Gibbs for not providing a virgin, he had mentioned something about "completely unpredictable results" occurring because of his mistake. Well, early the next morning, just as the sun peeked over the horizon, that "completely unpredictable result" woke up in a very bad mood in a house in Little Whinging.

To Be Continued

Author's Notes: tip of the hat to Rorschach's Blot and his many fine works

## Chapter One

**WARNING:** Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

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Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (femmeslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

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Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

Harry Potter looked around with an angry scowl etched on his face. He had woken up on a lumpy bed in a small room. He found this situation to be odd, seeing that he had fallen asleep in his grand bed (complete with silk sheets dyed a red that reminded him of the spilt blood of his enemies) in his cavernous master suite of his impressive mansion. But what had annoyed Harry the most was that he had woken up alone! He had not done that since he had left the King's service. And that had been nearly a year previous.

Pushing his irritation of not waking up with his face wedged between at least one set of supple breasts, he surveyed his surroundings. His glasses were on a rickety desk and next to that was his wand. After snatching both items up he began to walk around the small room. He scoffed to himself, he wouldn't even consider this a cupboard; it was so tiny. All the furniture was scuffed, dented, and obviously had been used and abused for years. Such things were an insult to him.

'This had to be a ploy by the King,' he thought to himself. Obviously, the King's agents had infiltrated Harry's base, kidnapped him, and

brought him to this place. This room must be some sort of odd cell.

But then, if this was a cell and he was a prisoner, why did they give him his wand? Perhaps this was done to give him false hope or to lull him into an artificial sense of security. Yes, he came to the conclusion that the wand had some sort of trap on it. He eyed the wand, using Ward Sight, a technique the King himself had taught him, to find any magical traces on it.

After close examination, he came to realize two things. First, there were no traps on the wand, only some sort of tracking and recording charm. Second this wasn't his wand. It was close to his, it had a phoenix tail feather for the core like his, but the wood was different. It wasn't oak. The wand felt natural enough in his hand and he could use it. Although he'd prefer his own wand, he was in a pinch and he'd have to settle.

A tracking charm wasn't like the King of Europe. The King was a brutal and vindictive man. It was more his style to send in Shock Wizards and kill everybody in the house, the neighbors to the North of the house, the cousins' of the neighbors to the West, and so on. And the King had a personal vendetta against Harry ever since he left the service which meant that Harry was as good as dead if the King ever caught him. There had to be more to the plan than just this.

Harry looked at the door. Using the Ward Sight again, he found that there was no magic around the door; no locking charms, no repelling hexes, no alarm wards, or any traps. Why, with a simple kick, Harry could knock the door off of its hinges and escape. It was too easy.

Perhaps that is what the King wanted. Harry speculated that the King wanted him to escape this simple prison and then track his movements through the charms placed on the wand.

This was perplexing to Harry. What would the reason be for the King to waste his time on such a scenario? Harry was the King's hated



enemy and therefore the King would've just killed him, not set up such an overly elaborate plan. There was more going on than Harry knew, and he needed to find out what that was.

He dressed in the only clothes available in the small room: a drab, overly large pullover, colorless jeans that would fall to his ankles if he didn't wear a belt, and a pair of worn and ratty trainers. Harry looked at his outfit in disgust. The first moment he got, he would buy proper clothes.

Once again, Harry looked at the door. Because of the tracing and recording charms on the wand, he couldn't just blow it to smithereens. Magic, for the time being was out of the question. He smiled, he liked to break things every once in a while without the aid of magic. It was cleansing in a way. Good for the soul.

Harry ran to the door and stomped his heel next to the bolt lock. With a thundering crash, the door flew open, sending splinters from the doorframe scattering in the hall.

"WHAT THE BLOODY HELL WAS THAT?" someone hollered.

Exiting the small room and stepping into the hall, Harry was quickly joined by three people in pajamas. One look told him that if they were his prison guards, they were poor ones. Not one of them had a wand, and they were no match for him physically. The woman was so thin she looked like she might snap in a strong breeze. The two others, one man and a boy, were the polar opposite of the woman. To call them morbidly obese would be a stinging insult to the morbidly obese. The older one looked like he got winded just by breathing, while the younger one probably had never seen his cock because of the flap of fat that covered his groin, obscuring his view.

"That's it, you freak!" the fat man bellowed in what he obviously assumed was a threatening manner. Harry snickered while the man turned a nasty shade that reminded him of an eggplant. With his

walrus-like mustache bristling, the fat man threatened, "I don't care what those other freaks said at the train station. You'll pay for what you did to my home. You'll pay dearly!"

"What are you going to do?" Harry asked, not even bothering to conceal his laughter. "Sit on me and suffocate me with your acres of blubber?"

The long-necked woman and rotund boy had gasped at the insult and the fat man sputtered; "Wha – You – foul – unnatural!"

"That is if you can actually walk over here and sit on me without giving yourself a heart attack," Harry said with a grin.

"YOU FREAK!" the fat man shouted and threw his immense girth at Harry. With a look of boredom on his face, Harry casually stepped to the side. As the fat man sailed through the air with all the grace of a plummeting lead blimp, he looked at Harry with a surprised look, as if the thought of Harry stepping to the side was an alien concept that had not entered the fat man's mind. With a resounding crash that seemed to shake the entire house to its foundation, the fat man fell to the floor next to Harry's feet. The man groaned pitifully in pain while the floor still trembled from the impact.

"VERNON!" the woman screeched, her scream pierced Harry's ears. She flung herself down on his immense back and sobbed into the rolls of flesh that surrounded his neck.

"I wish I had a camera," Harry said idly. The image of the twig-like woman lying on top of the whale-like man was priceless. It looked like an asparagus stick on top of a beach ball.

Chuckling to himself, Harry walked away from the humorous image, passed the rotund boy, and down the stairs. He used the Ward Sight once more on the door. Like the door to the small room he had just left, this had no ward or traps. This was easy, too easy and it set

Harry on edge.

"Dudley, stop him," the woman ordered shrilly. Thunderous footsteps announced the boy charging down the stairs.

"I'M GONNA KILL YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID TO MY DAD!" the boy screamed with buckets of sweat cascading down his red face (the short run down the stairs was obviously very straining for him). As the boy rushed at Harry, the latter wondered if he did hit the boy, would the boy be able to feel it through the layers of fat or would it act like a cushion.

Before Harry could happily test out this theory, the front door flew open and a disheveled man rushed in. The man, who looked and smelled like a drunken vagrant, brandished a wand.

The fat boy's small eyes widened in fear at the sight of the wand in the vagrant's hand. Clutching his backside, the boy quickly turned and waddled up the stairs.

"Good thing I was here," the wizard said with pride. "Who knows what might've happened if I wasn't, huh?"

The wizard pocketed his wand and smiled toothlessly at Harry. "I learned my lesson last year. You won't catch me wondering off while on guard duty again."

"Give me your wand," Harry ordered.

"What was that, Harry?" the wretched wizard asked.

Like a coiled snake striking, Harry's foot flew and slammed into the wizard's belly. With a loud grunt, the wizard doubled over, and the force of the blow caused the bum to empty the contents of his stomach on the floor. Before the wizard could even take a breath, Harry reached down and hooked the tips of his fore and middle

fingers into the bum's nostrils. Harry yanked up, forcibly pulling the man back up by his nose.

"Did I stutter? I told you to give me your wand," Harry commanded. His voice warned the unknown wizard that he was not to be trifled with.

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At that exact moment in the Burrow, Hermione gazed down at the slumbering form of Ron Weasley while muttering to herself; "What have I gotten myself into?"

It was sad and pathetic. That is what it was, no bones about it.

She had come to the Burrow three days previously to discuss with Ron how they should help Harry with the loss of his godfather. She, being who she was, arrived at the Weasley home with a thoroughly thought out and meticulously planned note book. Her notes included such segments as how to approach Harry (just walking up to Harry, due to his volatile nature, and asking how he was coping was a bad idea). So, Hermione had listed possible topics (such as "How do you like the weather?" and "Do you think the Cannons have a prayer next season?") followed by practical ways to slowly and subtly divert these conversations to Harry and his godfather.

However, when she arrived on Ron's doorstep ready and willing to try and find a way to help their mutual friend, Harry, Ron began to sob hysterically.

After guiding him up to his room, Ron balled "After the mess at the Ministry, I came to a realization."

"And what's that?" she had asked patiently.

With red and puffy eyes, he admitted "We could die at any moment."

She rubbed his back in a comforting gesture. The brunette couldn't bring herself to lie and say that dying wasn't a possibility. Voldemort was back and waging a war. What Ron had said was true; everyone was in mortal danger.

"And then," he paused and sniffled pathetically. "I also came to realize something else; I'm still a virgin."

He looked at Hermione with wide, pitiful eyes. Pleading with her desperately.

"Oh, no," she said automatically. Hermione stood and walked a few feet away from him. She felt it would be for the best to put some distance between the two of them.

"P-please," Ron blubbered and slid off his bed. He knelt on the floor and begged "Look at me, I'm a wreck! I'll die a virgin!"

"Once you get a hold of yourself, you'll find someone, Ron, don't worry," Hermione said, half contemplating making a run for it.

"No, I'm not talking about crying," he whimpered and the tears continued to rain from his puffy eyes. "I'm such a loser. No one would ever touch me."

"Ron, you're being melodramatic," Hermione said as she inched to the door.

"No I'm not," he wailed. "Name one witch who'd even talk to me."

Hermione opened her mouth to say a name, but found that she couldn't name one.

"I'm a berk, a louse, and I'm constantly shoving my foot in my mouth," Ron continued to sob. Hermione fought the urge to nod her head in

agreement with Ron's assessment of his personal traits. He fell to the floor and pulled at his hair frantically. "No one will talk to me, much less ever touch me."

"Ron, don't worry," Hermione said and stood next to him. She knelt down and placed an arm around his shoulders. "You'll find someone special. Just wait and you'll see."

"We don't have time," he said looking up at her with a tearstained face. "You got hit with a hex that could've cut you in half for all we know; and I was attacked by brain monsters. I can't wait around for someone who might not even exist." With his lip trembling like a leaf in the wind, he uttered "I'll die not knowing the touch of a woman."

"I'm going to regret this in the morning," Hermione muttered to herself. And regret it she did. She regretted it with the fury of a thousand burning suns.

'It could have been worse,' she told herself. Mercifully, it was done in a short matter of time, she added kindly. Then Hermione corrected herself by pointing out that describing it as "a short matter of time" wasn't an act of kindness; it was a downright lie. Ron had only given her one sloppy kiss before he had pushed into her and began pumping away madly. Hermione was barely given enough time to say "Ron, please slow down," before the red head grunted and promptly fell asleep, snoring into the nape of her neck.

When Hermione had freed herself of the sleeping form of Ron, she had sworn that she would not do such a thing with him again. It was wrong (and not very good either). But the tearstained post Hermione got the next day forced her to return to the Burrow.

"I'm sorry I put you through that, Hermione. It wasn't fair of me to do that to you," Ron said through the tears as he led her up to his room. Once in the privacy of his room, Ron threw his arms around Hermione and sobbed into her hair. "You're my friend and I used

you."

"No you didn't, Ron," Hermione said patting his back. Part of her wanted to say "Damn right you did!" But to do so with Ron in this state would be in bad form.

"It's just that I've been so scared since the trap at the Ministry," he whimpered. "I wake up in the middle of the night screaming, thinking that there's Death Eaters in the shadows."

"It's okay, Ron," she said, trying to soothe his nerves. "Everything will be all right."

"Could you just hold me?" Ron asked with a sad quiver to his voice. "Just for a bit. I slept the best I've had for days after yesterday and I think it's because you were with me."

"Just holding right?" Hermione said.

"Yeah, I won't use you like that again," Ron promised.

Ron's vow lasted a whole twenty minutes. In those twenty minutes, he did nothing but whine and cry about death and pain and that Hermione was the only one who could drive those thoughts from his mind. Finally relinquishing Hermione requested in a huff, "Fine, just go slower."

Ron had nodded his head before pushing into Hermione for a second time in as many days, this time he didn't even bother to kiss her. Like before, Ron moved rapidly.

"For Heaven's sake, slow down. I'm getting dizzy," complained Hermione the instant before Ron grunted and fell asleep on top of her.

The next night Hermione tried to break it off. At first, Ron took it

rather well. He said that it would be for the best and he returned to his room. A few minutes later Hermione found Ron sobbing once more on his bed.

"I'm a bad lover, that's why you're leaving me," he sniveled.

Again, Hermione fought the urge to agree with him whole heartedly. Instead, she decided to let him down easy because he was her friend. "No, Ron, I'm just not the right person for you. It would never work out."

"Really?" he paused in his incessant wailing. "You're not just saying that to let me down easy because I have a small willy?"

Hermione wanted to correct Ron. He didn't have a "small willy," he was stunted (one might even argue "stubby"). The brunette had read some books on human sexuality and Ron fell well below the average. She thought bitterly how the old saying "big hands and big feet" meant nothing in regards to Ron. He was barely the length and girth of her first two fingers. And just to prove how bad this comparison was, Hermione had small girly hands!

But to point this fact out to Ron would be too harsh. It would be like kicking him while he was down.

"Could we do it just one more time?" he pleaded pathetically. "So you can show me how to properly love a woman?"

"Will you slow down and promise to listen to me?" she asked in a demoralized fashion. He nodded emphatically.

Of course Ron was like a jackhammer (a small jackhammer, mind you, one that might just have enough power and size to breakup peanut brittle, but definitely not concrete).

"Ron, slow down. No, no, too fast, too fast," she said the instant he



entered her and hammered away. Mind you, just like the two times before, Ron was finished by the time Hermione said her first "fast" (he added a new definition for the term "quickie").

"Ga-aaahh," he grunted and collapsed on top of her. "Zzz-z-zz."

So, after she wriggled out from underneath him once more, she looked down at him mournfully. The whole thing was sad and pathetic. She had sex out of sympathy for Ron because he was sad and pathetic. And to top it off, the sex was utterly sad and pathetic as well.

As she dressed (which didn't take very long, seeing as she never even had the chance to remove her blouse or bra), she swore to herself she would never do this again. Feeling down and a little used, Hermione decided she needed, no deserved a pick-me-up. And some books from Flourish and Blotts would do just that. She walked out of the Burrow and held up her wand. Once the Knight Bus showed up, Hermione declared "Leaky Cauldron please."

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"Ah, good morning, Severus," Dumbledore said happily as he padded around his office in his blue fuzzy slippers. "What news do you bring?"

"Troubling, I'm afraid," Snape answered morosely. "The Dark Lord has attempted to bring his duplicate from an alternate dimension here."

"That is troubling," Dumbledore said while stroking his beard. After a moment, he asked "I take it Lord Voldemort has the Summoning Sapphire?"

"Yes, Headmaster."

"But he was unable to perform the ritual correctly?"

"Yes, sir. It seems that he had charged one of his less capable minions to find a virgin. He failed and used a sacrifice that wasn't pure," Snape said.

"Hmm, this is interesting," Dumbledore thought aloud. "An impure sacrifice can have some nasty side effects."

"Such as?" asked Snape.

"Well, this is pure speculation, but for example, instead of bringing forth his duplicate, Lord Voldemort could have ended up with two heads on his shoulders, one from each dimension," the ancient wizard said. "Or something far worse could have happened."

"Like what, sir?"

"I can hardly bear to think about it, but lemon sherbets might change into raspberry sherbets," Dumbledore said gravely. "Dreadful."

"Yes, truly horrific, sir," Snape said while surreptitiously rolling his eyes.

"Obviously, Lord Voldemort will attempt the ritual again," the Headmaster said after getting over the shocking thought of sherbets. "We must stop him from succeeding. Having two versions of Lord Voldemort in one universe would be devastating."

"How do you suggest I precede, sir?" Snape asked. "The Dark Lord keeps the Summoning Sapphire on his person at all times. I cannot steal it when he watches it so closely."

"True, you must stop the ritual another way," Dumbledore answered. "You must make sure he can't get a virgin as a sacrifice at any cost."

This is for the greater good."

"Yes, Headmaster," Snape said before walking out of the office with his robes billowing behind him.

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Harry Potter stood on a hill in the Highlands of Scotland. To say that he was angry was an understatement. After he used the vagrant wizard's wand to remove the tracking and recording charms on his wand, Harry Apparated to his hideout only to find it missing. Nothing was there, no jewel encrusted swimming pool, no elegant dining room, and no master's suite with a sex swing. The King had gone too far this time. He could kidnap Harry, but he could not take his hideout... especially since he had just broken in the sex swing.

Harry. Was. Upset.

After firing off a dozen Blasting Hexes in random directions to blow off steam, Harry called for his House Elf.

"DOBBY!" Harry shouted.

The House Elf Harry had acquired as a ransom payment in his second year appeared before him with a pop.

"Yes, Harry Potter, sir, what can Dobby be doing for you?" the House Elf asked.

"Where is my hideout?" Harry asked.

"Hideout, sir?" Dobby asked nervously. He looked around, thinking that Harry had asked Dobby to find his hideout as a test. But there was no hideout to be seen. With worried trepidation, Dobby asked "Does Harry Potter be wanting a hideout?"

"Yes, I want a hideout," he snapped angrily. "Just like the one before!"

"The one before?" asked Dobby.

"Yes, a grand hideout."

"How grand, sir?"

"Very."

"How very, sir?"

"Big, grandiose rooms, sparkling chandeliers, swimming pools, and a master suite with a bed big enough for six people," Harry said, recalling his previous hideout.

"Yes, sir," Dobby said, his nervousness disappeared and was replaced with the joy of doing something for Harry Potter, the greatest wizard of all time.

"And a sex swing," added Harry. After a moment, he adjusted; "Make that two swings."

"Yes, sir," replied Dobby with tears of joy bubbling up in his bulbous eyes.

"How long will that take?"

With his lip quivering happily, Dobby speculated "Dobby will be done with Harry Potter's grandiose hideout with two sex swings in three or four weeks, sir."

"That means I'll have to find a place to live in the mean time," Harry said. "We shall go to Gringotts to get you money so that you can build my hideout and I can find a suitable flat."

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In Little Whinging, Surrey, Kingsley Shacklebolt walked up to Potter's relatives' home. Before he was able to reach the parameter of the home, Mundungus Fletcher stumbled out of the house clutching his face.

"He took me bleeding wand," Dung cursed through his hands.

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There were benefits to being a wizard, thought Wormtail as he sat at a table in a Muggle coffee shop and cast a Notice Me Not and Muggle Repelling Ward around himself.

He had stumbled on this coffee shop after he had escaped Sirius and Remus a few years back. While in his rat form, he watched the silly Muggles type away at the dozen computers supplied by the shop. By watching he learned how to use the strange Muggle device. After a few days, he grew curious, and he reverted to his human form and played with one of the computers. He quickly came upon something called a "chat room."

In this "chat room" (username: super-rat1959), Wormtail could be anyone he wanted. He wasn't a short, plump wizard with small watery eyes. No, he was a dashing and debonair man with large muscles and a chiseled chin.

But on this day, Wormtail wasn't logging onto his favorite "chat room" to speak with his on-line friends about trivial topics. Today, he had the brilliant idea to fulfill his Master's wish by using the chat room.

super-rat1959: greetings, friends!!1!

smuuthtalker: Hey, rat-man, long time no chat.

super-rat1959: i've been tied up with work

flowergir-r-rl: missed u luv 3

long-johson: welcome back, m-8

super-rat1959: good to be back. listen everyone, i need to find someone special

ladykillarz: what type of someone?

super-rat1959: i need to find a virgin

Wormtail's eyes lit up as dozens and dozens of offers appeared on the computer monitor. Propositions from users such as "shygirltonelegs" and "goodhoneyfortune" lit up the screen.

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"Good day, Mr. Potter," a goblin greeted Harry as he and Dobby walked into the Gringotts lobby. "I am Griphook. If you remember, I was the one who first-"

Harry cut him off, "If I cared to know your name, goblin, I would've asked for it."

"Forgive me, Mr. Potter, I was under the impression that all of your kind liked to talk about the past," the goblin bared his teeth in a smile. "Reminisce and the like.

"You should know I'm not like most wizards," Harry said curtly. "Now take my House Elf to my vault so that he can retrieve some gold."

Dobby nearly wet himself out of pure happiness when Harry referred to him as his House-Elf.

"May I assume you would like to give him access to your godfather's vault as well?" the goblin asked, knowing that the wizard had just inherited the vast Black estate from his recently departed godfather.

"Of course I do," snapped Harry. He didn't understand why this goblin had asked such a stupid question. Harry had gained access to the Black vaults when he killed his useless godfather in a duel five years previously.

The black haired wizard turned to Dobby and commanded, "Take as much gold as you need. Drain the Black vaults if you like, but make my hideout grand."

Dobby trotted after the goblin and Harry walked out of the bank. Harry was concerned as he walked through Diagon Alley. Not once had someone tried to bow to him or even attempted to kill him like they normally did. The situation was strange. He needed to find something familiar.

Then he found what he was looking for.

"Granger," he called out.

The bushy haired witch who had just left the book store, turned to face Harry with a surprised and annoyed expression. Her surprise came from the fact that she had not expected to see Harry in Diagon Alley. Her annoyance came from how he had called to her; never had Harry referred to her by her surname. She returned the greeting in an annoyed fashion, "Potter."

"What did you do to your hair and why are you wearing that?" Harry asked while he walked up to her.

"There's nothing wrong with my hair and I always wear these robes when I'm not in school," she said with a touch of anger. Harry had

never paid much attention to what she wore, much less made snide comments about it. Then an odd question came to her lips as she looked at her black haired friend. "Have you been working out?"

Harry gripped her arm above the elbow and ordered, "Help me find someplace to live for a month."

"What are you on about?" Hermione demanded as Harry began to drag her toward Knockturn Alley.

"My House-Elf is building my new hideout, but it'll take him some time," Harry said.

"Can't you go live at your relatives' home?" she asked, stumbling trying to keep up with him.

"Ha, is that what you call that place?" Harry scoffed at the description of the tiny building he had woken up in that morning.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Harry, was it that bad?" Hermione asked, thinking that Harry's troubled home-life had finally reached the breaking point and that he had run away.

"I won't miss it," he said dismissively.

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Dumbledore's fireplace erupted in bright green flames. The flames flickered and formed into the face of Kingsley.

"Albus, Harry's gone mad!" Kingsley shouted through the floo connection. "He pummeled his uncle and thrashed Fletcher before stealing his wand and he disappeared."

The only sound in the Headmaster's office was the fire crackling.



"Hello, Albus?" Kingsley called out.

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In Greenhouse number nine on the Hogwarts' grounds, Dumbledore was standing behind Professor Sprout. Gently, the wizard put his wrinkled hands on her plump shoulders.

"It's time for your 'review,' Pomona," he whispered knowingly in her ear.

"Albus, I can't," the Herbology professor said with her hands rooting around in a pot of soil. "I must tend to these Mucus Hydrangeas."

"Those can wait," he said, his voice deep and husky. "I can't."

He pressed his thin hips against her round backside and wriggled into her, basking in the warmth of her posterior.

"My, we are frisky today, Albus," Pomona said with a girlish giggle.

"Call me 'Daddy,'" the ancient wizard requested.

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"This will do nicely," Harry said, nodding his head in appreciation of the flat. It was a little cramped for his tastes, but it'd do for a month until his hideout was completed.

"I'm glad you like it," the blonde haired witch who was letting the flat said. "That'll be eighty gallons a month."

"That's too much," Harry said with his back to the witch.

"Well that's the going rate," the witch said firmly.

"Harry, it's just for a month," Hermione pointed out. "It isn't that bad."

"Do you know who I am?" Harry asked the blonde menacingly.

"Yes, I do," the witch replied.

"And do you know that you are forcing me to pass on this flat because of the price," Harry said and leveled his eyes at the witch.

"And do you know what will happen then?"

"Yes."

"So will you lower the price?" he asked with a mean smile.

"Damn," she grunted. "Have it for forty."

"Good," Harry shook the witch's hand. "I'll have a goblin give you the gold."

When Harry had been negotiating, he was coyly telling the blonde witch that if she would not lower the price that he'd gut her like a trout, burn down the building, and piss in her mother's mouth. However, the witch in question had thought that Harry was suggesting that she turn the flat into a lucrative tourist attraction after his lease was up; she could lead people through the flat for a galleon a piece and say "This is where the Boy Who Lived slept!"

After the witch left, Harry pulled out his wand and flicked it in the direction of Hermione. To her, it felt as if a breeze blew by her neck.

"What did you just do?" she demanded.

"Your hair was too long," he answered and pocketed his wand.

"WHAT?" Hermione screeched and felt her hair. She groaned while her hands ran all over her head. Her frizzy hair was now cut just a

few inches above her shoulders where as before it reached down just passed her shoulder blades. "Why'd you do that?"

"I like your hair shorter, frames your face better," he said casually. He then commanded "Take off your clothes."

"What?" asked the brunette.

"I'm randy," he answered and stalked to her. "Now take off your clothes."

"Oh, this is just brilliant," complained Hermione. "Both my friends think I'm just a sexual object to use when-"

Without warning, Harry crushed his lips to hers. Her face immediately began to heat up. Her heart fluttered and pounded in a strong tattoo. His lips played with hers, pushing and shoving them around. When he wrapped his arms around her, Hermione opened her mouth to take a breath. Harry seized this opportunity and slid his tongue into her mouth. Hermione moaned and her toes curled involuntarily.

After a few minutes of kissing (and tongue wrestling) Harry pulled back and repeated "Take off your clothes."

Hermione, whose eyes were so dark and heavy lidded that the witch looked like she had been hit with a powerful Confundus Charm, asked throatily "Why?"

"Because it'll be easier for me to use this if you're naked," he said and pulled his organ out of his oversized trousers.

Hermione snapped out of her daze and exclaimed;"HO-LEEFUCK!!!"

As stated before, Hermione was not completely naive; she had read several books on male anatomy. But nothing she had seen had prepared her for this. It was as if someone had made a clay model of

an average sized penis and had decided that they couldn't give the model enough detail so they made it larger. And significantly larger at that, they added another two clay models of the same sized penis, mashed them together and then formed this monument, this shrine to the male organ that was jutting out of Harry's trousers.

While she still stared at his member, completely dumbstruck, Harry murmured peevishly "Do I have to do everything myself."

In one deft motion, Harry pulled Hermione's robe open. Another well practiced move and her robe was tossed across the empty room. Twenty seconds later, the robe was joined by Hermione's blouse, bra, skirt, knickers, and one of her shoes.

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Out of all the virgins that had answered Wormtail's call, he selected "mary1138heart." Wormtail had chosen her because she seemed the most adamant of the group of virgins (her constant use of "smiley faces" also led Wormtail to believe her claims of being a virgin). Also, she had used the phrase "very open minded and willing to give anything a try" to describe herself. She said she was a thirteen year-old girl (her young age only seemed to cement her virginity to him) who would love to meet him.

So Wormtail waited in the coffee shop for mary1138heart to join him. He kept eyeing the door as people continued to pour in, waiting for his sacrifice to arrive. Idly, he commented to himself at how busy the shop had gotten; he had never seen so many people in there. He also noticed that many of these people had a piece of opaque plastic jutting out of their ears, and connected to that piece of plastic was a curly string that disappeared into their tops or blouses. Wormtail paid this no heed; it was probably just some silly Muggle trend.

At exactly twelve noon, a small Muggle girl with a red cap strolled in. Hesitantly she approached Wormtail.

"Are you super-rat1959?" she asked with a cute smile that accentuated her crow's feet.

"Are you mary1138heart?" Wormtail asked while eyeing her tiny wrinkles. He hadn't known a thirteen year old who had wrinkles. But then again, Muggles had a much shorter life expectancy than magical folk, so he just assumed that they tended to show their age earlier in life.

"Hi, it's great to meet you," she said in a high, almost forced voice.

"Likewise," Wormtail returned. The wizard gestured with a trembling hand that the girl should take a seat. He was so excited about proving himself to the Dark Lord that he was shaking.

"I'm so nervous," the girl said as she sat. "I've never met a stranger like this before."

"But I'm not a stranger," he said, trying not to squeak in excitement. "We talked so much already in the chat room."

"So, what do we do now?" she asked with a shy grin.

"First of all, are you sure you're a virgin?" Wormtail asked.

"Yes," she answered and added "but hopefully not for much longer."

"Fantastic," cheered the rat-like wizard.

"Could you tell me what we're going to do?" she asked.

"Well first, I'm going-"

"Speak up, please," she interrupted. "I can't really hear you."

"Uh, sure, well I'm going to take-"

"Could you speak more clearly?" she requested and leaned closer to him (if Wormtail had not been so keen on the notion of pleasing his Master he might have noticed that mary1138heart had the same piece of opaque plastic in her ear too).

"Ah, yes, well we're going to go to a castle," Wormtail said eagerly.

"What are you going to do to me there?"

"I'll tie you up and-"

She interrupted once again; "Thanks, that's all I need." She pulled out a leather wallet and flipped it open, showing an official looking id. With a much deeper, yet still feminine voice, she shouted "West Bridgford Police, you're under arrest!"

"W-w-wh-what?" sputtered Wormtail.

Suddenly, all the Muggles with the pieces of plastic in their ears rushed at Wormtail. Before he could turn into a rat and run away or Apparate out of the coffee shop, the girl who Wormtail had thought was a thirteen year old whipped a telescoping baton out of her jacket and swung it, hitting him hard above the temple.

After crashing to the floor and just before he blacked out, mary1138heart stood over Wormtail and said "We don't take too kindly to pedophiles in West Bridgford."

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"My nose is still out of whack," complained Mundungus Fletcher as he followed Kingsley down the halls of Hogwarts. He had trailed behind the Auror through Arabella Figg's floo. "I want compensation."

"Would you stop whining," barked Shacklebolt.

"Oi, you didn't get hoisted up by your nostrils, now did you?" Dung grumbled and he squashed his nose against his face. "I think Potter stretched it out."

"Listen, we need to find Dumbledore and tell him what happened," Kingsley said.

"Fine, you go find the old coot and I'll head to the Hospital Ward," Dung began walking away. "I'm gonna go see if someone can fix my konk."

Kingsley huffed angrily and headed off to find Dumbledore.

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"There isn't a single part of me that isn't extremely happy right now," Hermione said lazily through a slack jaw (she wondered idly about that fascinating charm that Harry had taught her, allowing her to temporarily unhinge her jaw – the use of this charm gave her the necessary ability for an exciting activity that she found fun and arousing – and apparently, Harry thoroughly enjoyed himself when she performed that activity). She was completely naked (save for the one shoe Harry never bothered to take off) and glistening with a thin sheen of sweat, laying on her belly on a bed that Harry had conjured. "If they could, I think my toes would be singing they're so happy."

"Glad I could please you," Harry said nonchalantly while slipping his trousers on.

"I'm tingly all over."

Harry had a honking big willy (unlike Ron), he took his time (unlike Ron), and he knew how to please her (unlike Ron). His kiss alone got her knickers sopping wet and when his tongue and lips played with

her nipples, the witch's knees almost gave out. Not to mention the sensations Hermione got when Harry used his aforementioned lips and tongue on her wet bits. Then the witch went crossed eyed and saw stars when he finally stuffed his stiff monument in her. She had stopped counting her orgasms after she reached a baker's dozen (four of which were delivered by Harry's tremendously talented tongue dancing on, around, and in her sex). It was like the Powers That Be had decided to compensate Hermione's dreadful experience with stunted-Ron by giving her trouser-Basilisk-and-knows-how-to-use-it-and-a-talented-tongue-to-boot-Harry.

When she had intercourse with Ron (if one could be ignorant enough to call it intercourse) she had barely felt a tickle. But with Harry, it was as if a two pound summer sausage was pushed into her; a big – hot – throbbing summer sausage. And added to Hermione's ecstasy, Harry didn't just rely on his immense size to pleasure her. He knew, almost instinctively, when to speed up, to slow down, to change the angles of his thrusts, how to rub and caress, how to kiss, and the proper times to pull his meat out of her and give her hot cunny a good hard smack with his heavy cock.

"Where's Luna?" Harry asked, tugging on his pullover.

"Don't rightly care just about now," Hermione groaned happily. She snuggled into the pillow remembering the wonderful sensations she felt when he had kissed every inch of her breasts. She asked absentmindedly, "Why do you ask?"

"Go find her," he commanded, ignoring her question. He pulled off Hermione's remaining shoe and tapped it while incanting "Portus." As the shoe was being transformed into a Portkey, he continued "She's probably visiting her barmy father in Ottery St. Catchpole."

"Why don't you go fetch her," moaned Hermione. "I'm tired."



"Because I'll be busy running my own errand," he said.

"Like what?"

"The King has messed with me too much already," Harry said venomously. "I am going to show him that I'm not to be trifled with by killing one of his peons."

Without another word, Harry silently Apparated away.

Hermione shot up and screeched "Harry's going to kill someone?" in disbelief.

Had the death of Sirius affected him that much? Had he snapped? She had noted that he was surprisingly aggressive (not that Hermione was complaining about his aggressive behavior when she had been shouting "YES! MORE! YES!").

Worried that he might follow through with his threat, Hermione quickly dressed (minus her shoes because one was now a Portkey meaning that she couldn't touch it without activating it), she had to warn someone in the Order of the Phoenix, preferably Dumbledore himself. She couldn't go to the Ministry, they were too corrupt and she didn't trust them. Unfortunately, she couldn't Apparate yet (she was curious however how Harry had learned it). Thankfully, Harry had made a Portkey for her that would take her to Ottery St. Catchpole which not only was where the Lovegood home was located, but so were the Weasleys. She could go there and run to the Burrow and use their floo to contact Dumbledore.

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"Good afternoon, Ginny. How are you?" Luna Lovegood asked in a sing-song voice as she walked up to the Burrow.

"I'm fine," Ginny replied as she looked at the petite blonde. "Aren't

you supposed to be Snorkack hunting?"

"Yes," Luna answered. Satisfied that she had answered Ginny's question, the blonde didn't elaborate further.

"So what brings you here?" Ginny asked, hoping for something more than a one word response.

"I had a dream that Harry would meet me here," Luna said with a sweet smile.

"Harry's not here," Ginny pointed out. "He hasn't been here since the summer before last."

"Oh, but he will be here, just you wait. My dream told me he'd be coming and dreams never lie."

"Well, I dreamed that I was smart, popular, and so beautiful that all the girls envied me and the boys wanted me," Ginny stated with a blush to her cheeks.

"Oh," Luna said and cupped the red head's face lovingly. "Your dreams do lie to you. That must be awful."

Ginny stared at Luna with her mouth open in shock.

"Look, here comes Hermione," Luna said happily as she saw the brunette running toward the Burrow. "Hello Hermione!"

"I need to use the floo," shouted Hermione as she ran, barefoot, to the Weasley home.

"What's wrong?" Ginny asked.

Finally reaching the doorstep, Hermione answered between pants and holding a stitch in her side. "Harry's lost it; threatened to kill

someone."

"Who?" asked Ginny.

"I love your hair," commented Luna.

"I don't know-" began Hermione. She paused and touched her hair. Looking at Luna, she asked "Really, you like it?"

"Yes, definitely," Luna said with a nod. "It frames your face well."

"Thanks. I was afraid that it was too short-"

"Who's Harry going to kill?" Ginny shouted. The wizard of her dreams was about to kill someone; she couldn't marry him and have scores of green eyed babies if he was locked up in Azkaban.

"I don't know," breathed Hermione. "He mentioned something about a King and said he was going to kill one of his underlings."

"That isn't good," Luna said.

"We have to alert Dumbledore," Hermione announced and pushed her way into the kitchen.

"I hate to say this, but I hope Ronald isn't here," Luna said following Hermione into the house. "I can't stand it when he cries," she said with annoyance.

"Tell me about it," Hermione muttered.

"Even after I took his virginity, he kept crying," added Luna.

"Wait – what?" Hermione demanded, stopping dead in her tracks.

"I just can't handle his crying," Luna stated.

"No, what about the virginity part?" clarified Hermione. Luna's off handed comment had pushed Hermione's plan to alert Dumbledore out of her head.

"Two weeks ago, when we got back from school, he called me over and began sobbing," explained Luna. "He told me that he was frightened that he'd die a virgin. He wouldn't stop crying so I offered myself to him. It was sad really."

"The sex or Ron's crying?" Ginny asked.

"Both," the blonde replied.

"He pulled that same trick with me," Hermione admitted. She was so angry that her blood was boiling.

"Oh," Ginny muttered, worrying that she was about to lose a brother.

"And when he called me over yesterday afternoon, he kept crying that he was lousy at sex and needed help so that he could move on. I relented and we had sex again," Luna said with shame. "Most boring twenty-one seconds of my life."

"He did that with me, too," Hermione hissed. "Although he never came close to lasting even that long with me."

"When did this happen?" Luna asked.

"Three times over the last three nights," the brunette answered through clenched teeth.

"But that means he had sex with me just a few short hours before he had sex with you," Luna pointed out.

"Yes, I do realize that," Hermione said angrily.

"Oh," again Ginny muttered, this time knowing for a fact that she was about to lose a brother.

"Where is Ron?" Hermione asked Ginny.

"He's at Fred and George's shop," the red head answered. "He said he had to pick up some supplies."

Hermione pushed past Ginny and marched up the stairs.

"Where are you going?" Luna asked as she fell in behind Hermione.

"Ron's room," she said. "He's a lousy actor – he's a worst liar than I am – which means he couldn't have faked those tears on his own. I'm going to see how he did it."

It only took one look in Ron's trash bin to find out where the tears came from. Hermione held up an empty vial with a brilliant label that read:

"Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes Sob Story!

Do you have a test you haven't studied for? Don't worry, Triple W's new Lesson Skiving Potion; the Sob Story, is just the thing you need. Just two drops and you'll be blubbing like Cho Chang on Valentine's. All you need to do is tell the instructor that an Aunt died and the tears flowing freely from your eyes will do the rest!"

"Look at what I found under his bed," Luna said and handed a book to Hermione.

The book, entitled "12 Easy Charms to Bewitch Your Witch," had a page marked. Hermione open the book to that page and read:

Hook, Line, and Sinker Ward!

This is a simple ward that will make your witch easier to fleece. You have a little fib you want to tell your special witch but you're afraid she won't buy it? Just set up this ward around a small space (for example, your bedroom or shed) and bring your witch in. The ward will magically lessen the witch's reticence (Hermione noted with a little awe that Ron had written a definition of the word "reticence" in the margin of the text; the awe came from the idea that Ron knew how to use a dictionary), as well as impair her judgment, making her extremely gullible. Yes, she'll believe most anything you say!

Warning! This ward will make your witch gullible, but not stupid. The author suggests that you only use little lies (i.e. "I was late to dinner with your folks because the Knight Bus broke down" or "I wasn't looking at that other witch's bum, I was looking at her handbag and thinking that it would be a lovely present for you."). This author does not recommend you use this ward for larger lies (i.e. "I only slept with your sister because you two look so alike and I got confused" or "I swear I don't know how you got Dragon Clap, it wasn't from me. What? No, this rash isn't Dragon Clap; it's just a little bit of sunburn on my bits and pieces").

Also, if you happen to be a piss-poor liar, this ward won't help too much. The author suggests that you take some acting lessons or use some other charm or potion in addition to this ward to help you out of your jam.

"I guess this means we have to kill Ronald now, doesn't it?" Luna asked evenly, after reading the passage over Hermione's shoulder.

"Oh, yes. Yes it does," Hermione said.

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Harry approached the Ministry Building. He knew the truth, that the Ministry was nothing more than a front for the real power. And that

power was the King. In fact all of the Ministries and other forms of governments all over Europe were nothing but puppets for the King.

As Harry rode the lift down to the lobby, he knew the best way to deliver a message to the King was to leave a present. A cold, lifeless present.

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Minister Fudge surveyed the stacks of gold in front of him. His newest scheme to line his pockets had worked wonderfully. When he had first announced the idea of the "War Orphan Fund," he remembered how he led the reporters on.

"Wait, the war just started and yet you've already started a War Orphan Fund. Is the Ministry planning on having a lot of orphans in the near future?" one reporter had asked.

"Listen, we all know You Know Who likes to kill people; it's how he gets his jollies," Fudge had replied. "There's no point in pretending there won't be a number of orphans when this is all said and done. So it's best to be prepared."

The War Orphan Fund was nothing more than a plot devised by Fudge to earn some last minute gold for himself. He wasn't completely dense; he knew his time in office was coming to an end. And he planned on getting his hands on as much gold as possible before he got the sack.

"Fudge," a voice grumbled from the shadows behind him. "Make your peace with whatever god you pray to."

The Minister felt the tip of a wand press against the back of his head.

"Avada-" the voice began.

"Wait, I haven't made my peace yet," protested Fudge.

"It's just a saying," the voice argued. "A killer doesn't expect his victims to actually make their peace. We just say it to mess with people."

"Wait, I recognize that voice," Fudge said. "You're Harry Potter."

"Congratulations," Harry said mirthlessly.

"Do you work with You Know Who now?" Fudge asked, trying desperately to buy time.

"You know I work alone, Cornelius," Harry said, not really knowing or even caring who Fudge was referring to. "Avada Kedavra!"

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"Albus, thank God I've found you," Kingsley cheered as he trotted up to the old wizard. "We have a major problem on our hands."

"What's wrong?" Dumbledore asked.

"Harry Potter's gone mad!" shouted Kingsley. "He attacked his uncle and Fletcher. And now he's gone!"

"Oh, dear, this is troublesome," Dumbledore uttered. "Let's activate the tracking charm on Harry's wand and locate the boy."

"We can't do that," Kingsley said. "Harry used Fletcher's wand to remove the tracking charm."

"Oh my, this is worse than losing all the lemon sherbets," bemoaned the Headmaster.

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Harry silently slinked through the shadows in the lobby. He had done so many kills like this before, that it was now as simple as child's play to him. As he worked his way through the lobby, unseen by the scores of witches and wizards around him, he noticed a wizard reading a newspaper. The headline of the paper made Harry stop.

"The Ministry asks Dumbledore for assistance in the War with He Who Must Not Be Named!"

'Dumbledore?' Harry asked himself. 'But he's dead! The King killed him over fifty years ago!'

To Be Continued

## Chapter Two

**WARNING:** Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad parody with over the top humor (most of this humor is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (OutOf Character actions). To reiterate; this is a parody with a great amount of sex jokes and sex scenes.

Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (femmslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

Also, major, and I do mean M-A-J-O-R Ron bashing.

Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

Ron stepped out of the floo with a sack-full of new Sob Story vials clutched in his hand only to be promptly hit over the head with a frying pan. And hit hard. For a second, everything went black. As his vision returned (well, mostly returned, there were loads of sparkling white stars all over the place) Ron found that he had fallen to his knees. More distressingly, Hermione was standing over him, brandishing a now-dented frying pan like a club.

"You son of a bitch!" hollered Hermione, swinging the pan at Ron again. Desperately, Ron lurched backwards in an attempt to avoid the blow. It was enough; Hermione missed his head and the pan slipped from her hands, clattering on the floor.

"What the hell?" shouted Ron.

Luna, who was standing behind Hermione with her arms full of kitchen utensils, pots, and pans, handed the brunette witch a large wooden spoon. Hermione swung the spoon like a sword, slapping Ron across the face.

"Worthless piece of shite!" cursed Hermione.

Standing on the other side of the kitchen, Ginny watched in mute horror as Hermione beat Ron with various cooking utensils. The red haired witch flinched with empathy for her brother as the wooden spoon snapped over Ron's forearm.

"Here, take this one," offered Luna as she handed Hermione a cast iron skillet. "Hit him in the balls for me."

"Please, you've seen his goods," the brunette said as she wrapped her fingers tightly around the handle of the skillet. "They're not big enough to be considered balls."

"Point taken; hit him in his pea-sized testicles," corrected Luna.

Hermione swung once again. This time her aim was only slightly off. She had attempted to strike Ron directly on the side of his head. Unfortunately, she had only glanced the top of his skull with the edge of the skillet.

"Try to visualize it, Hermione," suggested Luna helpfully. "See yourself hitting Ron squarely. Imagine the sound of metal on bone. And think about how the handle will vibrate in your grasp as you land the blow."

A loud clang echoed through the Burrow as Hermione's aim proved true.

"That's the ticket," cheered Luna.

"I couldn't have done it without you," Hermione returned the compliment.

"Aw, that's sweet," the blonde said sincerely. "I feel like we're bonding, Hermione. We'll have to work on that later. For now, hit him again."

Just then, Harry Apparated silently in the rear of the kitchen. Ginny (the only one who noticed his silent arrival) rushed to him and urged, "They're going to kill Ron! You've got to stop them!"

"Get out of my way, you sniveling inbred sow," Harry said. He roughly grabbed Ginny around the shoulders and forcibly shoved her to the side.

As Harry walked toward the scene of commotion, Ginny was taken back (and not just physically – Harry had effectively tossed her into the doors of the kitchen cupboard). However, she wasn't taken back over the fact that Harry had never insulted her nor had he ever manhandled her (or touched her for that matter) before. She was surprised that she found she rather liked it. His rough touch and harsh words made the red head tingled in places that are inappropriate to talk about in public (but since she wasn't in public, she was coyly referring to her fiery crotch).

"We're leaving," Harry commanded. With this statement, he grabbed Hermione's arm in his right hand and Luna's with his left.

Upon seeing Harry, Hermione remembered his threat. "You didn't kill someone, did you?" she asked, hoping he'd answer "no."

"I said I would, didn't I?" he replied, and dragged the two witches to the kitchen table leaving Ron in front of the hearth, bloodied and beaten.

"But you couldn't have," Hermione protested. "You didn't have enough time! You left me less than twenty minutes ago!"

"Twenty minutes is more than enough time for me to kill someone," Harry said with pride. "All it takes is two words."

"But you thought I was going to Luna's house, you didn't know I'd be

here," argued Hermione. She was desperately trying not to accept that Harry had just admitted to killing someone. "There wasn't enough time for you to go someplace, kill someone-"

"I killed Fudge," he smiled.

"Good grief, Harry!" exclaimed Ginny.

"You couldn't have killed Fudge, then Apparate to Luna's, and then come here to find us," protested Hermione. "There's no way you had enough time to do all of that."

"I didn't go to Luna's after I killed Fudge. I knew you were here," he said and tapped his wand on the dinning table. "Portus."

"What? How'd you know I'd come here first?" Hermione pressed on as the table glowed and trembled. "If I had followed your orders, I would've been at Luna's still."

"Tracking Charm," he answered.

"You put a Tracking Charm on me?" Hermione screeched at the invasion of privacy.

"No, not 'on' you," he said with a knowing smile. "I put one 'in' you."

Hermione's eyebrows rose up as Luna and Ginny looked at Harry questioningly.

"I created a charm that can track and follow whatever 'vessel' that has my semen; anywhere, no matter what wards or protections the place has," explained Harry.

"Wait, semen?" Ginny asked. Her face was turning red with jealousy. She looked at Hermione with her eyes burning in rage. "You have Harry's semen in you?" The red head fumed. That trollop had her

dream wizard's seed in her!

"I didn't have time to clean up, okay?" Hermione shot back.

"We're wasting time," Harry announced and pushed both Luna and Hermione onto the table turned Portkey. With a pop, the table and the two witches disappeared.

From the hearth, Ron began to stir. He raised his head up just in time to see Harry vanish.

"That conniving SLUT!" screamed Ginny. The witch's cry of rage covered the loud thud of Ron's head hitting the hearth as he lost consciousness.

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The moment the Portkey landed in the flat in Knockturn Alley, Hermione was flung off and fell to the floor.

"Are you alright?" asked Luna as she gracefully hopped off the table.

"We need to get out of here," Hermione stated while she stood up.  
"Harry needs hel-"

"What I need is right here," Harry said as he appeared next to the two witches with a barely audible pop.

"Harry, listen to me. Something happened to you," pleaded Hermione. "Let's go to Dumbledore and he can help us."

"When I kill someone, I tend to build up a lot of energy," he said while pulling off his shirt. Hermione tried to ignore his rippling muscles and the dark line of hair that jutted out from behind his beltline. "Right now, I need to work that energy off."

"This isn't like you," Hermione protested, although a part of her was requesting that they should go get help after Harry burned off the excess energy.

"Luna, we're going to have sex," Harry said to the svelte blonde.

"Okay, that sounds like fun." Luna sounded as if she was agreeing to a game of chess.

"What?" Hermione asked in surprise. "You're going to have sex with Luna?"

"Don't be jealous, Hermione," Harry said with a lopsided grin. "You know there's enough of me to share."

"Oh, I'm not jealous," she half lied. She wanted to feel him again, but she realized she could use this situation to her advantage. While Harry and Luna had sex, she could sneak off and fetch Dumbledore (that and Harry was right, there was more than enough of him to share). "You two go at it. I'll just go out for a bit."

Hermione had made it two steps before Harry said, "You're not going anywhere."

"No, really, it's fine," urged Hermione. "I'll just be a third wheel."

Harry waved his wand and conjured a chair at the foot of the bed. He flicked his wand and Hermione felt an invisible hand wrap around her wrist before tugging her toward, and then tossing her in, the chair. Before she could get back up, Harry twirled his wand and a length of rope erupted out of its tip, coiling around Hermione's wrists and ankles, tightly binding them to the arms and legs of the chair. The rope continued to wrap around Hermione's midsection, from the top of her hips to the bottom of her breasts, tying her torso to the back of the chair.

"No, I must insist, stay," Harry said still grinning. He turned back to Luna and told her "Take off your clothes and get on the bed."

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"So, Severus, have you brought me any virgins?" Lord Voldemort asked.

"No, my Master," Snape said while bowing in front of Voldemort. "I have failed you and I submit myself for punishment."

"Normally, I would penalize your failure, but I'm in a particularly good mood," Voldemort said. "And why am I in such a good humor, Bellatrix?"

"Because I got not just one virgin but two!" the demented witch cheered from the other side of the throne room.

"Are you certain they are pure?" Snape asked Bellatrix.

"I'm positive," she said snidely at him.

"What means did you use to verify this?" the Potions Master inquired.

"Trust me, they're virgins," she replied with an air of arrogance.

"You did not use the Virginitas Charm?"

"What are you talking about?" she demanded.

"It is an ancient charm used to test the purity of a bride and groom-to-be. I would've assumed that anyone who brought a sacrifice to our Master with claims of capturing a virgin would be more thorough," he lectured.

"Bellatrix, do you know this charm?" Voldemort asked.



"N-no, sire," she admitted shamefully.

"Severus, go to the dungeon and perform this charm on Bellatrix's offerings," the Dark Lord ordered. "I must be certain that they are virgins."

"Yes, my Lord," Snape bowed. "The charm, which is difficult to cast, takes time to reveal the purity of the person. For two people, it should take twenty to thirty minutes."

"Do it," Voldemort said, and waved Snape away.

Walking briskly to the dungeons, Snape recalled his orders from Dumbledore: he had to make sure the Dark Lord doesn't perform the ritual by any means. And for the ritual to be successful, it needed virgins. So Snape came to the decision to remove that option.

He opened the cell door and found two people cowering in the corner. One was a skinny woman covered in pimples. The other was a tall, pear shaped man.

Snape took a breath and screwed up his courage. He pulled three vials out of his robes; two mild love potions and one stamina potion.

"Drink these down if you want to live," the greasy wizard commanded as he handed the two Muggles the love potions.

Snape drank the stamina potion in one gulp. He fought the growing revulsion by repeating "For the greater good" over and over as his organ grew as hard as steel.

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"Any sign of Potter yet?" Moody grumbled as he limped into Dumbledore's office.

"No," Kingsley said.

"Arthur and I were having lunch at the Leaky Cauldron when we heard the news. I told him to go to his home. There's a good chance the boy will head there," Moody explained.

"We must find him and return him to his relatives," Dumbledore announced. "It is vital that we do this. Harry is in grave danger."

"Do you think his relatives will take him back?" asked Kingsley. "They were very upset, to say the least. In fact, the Dursley man said some foul words that I never even heard before."

"We may have to erase their memories of this morning's events, I'm afraid," Dumbledore said with sorrow. "I hope that it doesn't come to it, but it may be necessary to adjust their memories."

The flames in the fireplace turned green and Tonks stumbled out. She didn't even bother brushing the soot off of her robes before she cried out, "Fudge is dead!"

"What?" Dumbledore stood in surprise.

"He got a Killing Curse to the back of the head in his own office," informed Tonks.

"When did this happen?" demanded the Headmaster.

"No more than half an hour ago."

"Damn," Moody cursed. "You Know Who couldn't have picked a worse time."

"What do you mean?" Tonks asked.

"You haven't heard? Potter's gone. Disappeared," the retired Auror said.

"Now, not only do we have to find Harry, but we have to deal with Fudge's assassination," Kingsley said bitterly.

Once again the flames in the fireplace turned green and Arthur Weasley rushed out.

"Any news?" Dumbledore asked the red haired wizard.

"Ah," Arthur fidgeted for a moment. "Yes."

"Well, what is it?"

"This may be unrelated but, Hermione Granger, with the help of Luna Lovegood, beat Ron nearly into a coma," the Weasley patriarch stated.

"Is he going to be okay?" Tonks asked.

"I hope so; Molly's taken him to St. Mungo's. They should fix him up easily. Although his head looked a bit like a turned potato," Arthur answered and added, "According to Ginny, Hermione and Luna were having some sort of lovers' spat over Ron."

"Wow, both of them? Good on him," congratulated Tonks.

"Yes, I've never had two witches fighting over me," Arthur said with a hint of pride for his youngest son. "The only thing that stopped the two from killing Ron was Harry. He pulled them off of my poor boy."

"Harry was there?" Kingsley asked.

"Yes, but Ginny said he was acting strangely and before he Apparated away, which is odd because I didn't think he could do

that," Arthur said and added lightly; "I think he was pulling a prank because he was talking about having killed Fudge."

The office grew very quiet. Arthur looked around at the others with concern. They had all grown pale and their eyes were wide in disbelief.

"Was it something I said?" asked the red haired wizard.

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Dobby reached up and rang the brass bell on the counter of the magical building supply store.

"What can I do for you?" an old wizard with a large, frog-like mouth asked as he waddle up to the counter.

"Dobby be needing supplies to build Dobby's Master's hideout," the House Elf said proudly. He was so ecstatic that he was Harry Potter's House Elf that his previous ambition of being free and needing pay was thrown to the wind. He didn't need silly things like pay or freedom because his Master was the Greatest Wizard in the world.

"Sure thing, little fella, what type of hideout are you planning on building?" the wizard asked. House Elves coming into the store to build hideouts for their masters were very common place (occasionally, the House Elf belonged to an up and coming dark wizard and therefore needed a secret location to practice the dark arts, but most often the House Elf belonged to a wizard who was building a hideout as a place to store his mistress so his wife wouldn't find out about their affair) and he took Dobby's request in stride.

"Dobby do be building a grand hideout with two sex swings," the excited elf answered (the comment about "sex swings" confirmed the wizard's assumption about the elf's master needing a place to hide his mistress, or, since the elf mentioned two sex swings, the hideout

was for two mistresses... lucky bastard). Dobby dropped a very large sack of gold on the counter in front of the wizard.

"Crikey, you weren't kidding about it being grand," he said in near awe of all the gold. After he composed himself (which consisted of wiping the drool off of his chin and adjusting his trousers – yes, he was that excited at the sight of that many galleons) he asked "What style does your master want?"

"What do you be meaning by style?" Dobby asked.

"Well, there's loads of different style, or looks, of a building," the wizard explained. "There's your standard stone and mortar keep or castle. Then there are Victorian palaces, classic cottages, and log cabins. We even have a few things lying around here that you can make the hideout look like a Muggle metal and glass building. And there's dozens of other styles."

Dobby fretted. Harry Potter had not told Dobby what style he wanted his grand hideout to be built in. The House Elf worried that he would choose the wrong style and Harry Potter would be upset with him. But then, Dobby remembered that Harry Potter was the Greatest Wizard in the world and because of this, he needed the greatest hideout in the world. With this in mind, Dobby came to a decision. With his bulbous green eyes twinkling like fairy lights, he said to the wizard behind the counter; "Dobby be buying all sorts of materials to be building all different styles."

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Hermione had tried to look away, but it was like a train wreck (a big – hot – throbbing train wreck). It didn't help matters in how the three were positioned. Luna was face down in the pillows with her knees tucked under her and her bum in the air. Harry was bent over her, sliding his monument in and out of the blonde's cunny. And Hermione was bound to a chair at the foot of the bed. She had, in a manner of

speaking, a front row seat.

During their foreplay, Hermione had attempted to ignore Harry and Luna. But the way he worked his hands, fingers, lips, and tongue on the other witch made Hermione yearn and burn. When Harry fondled and kissed Luna's small breast, Hermione wanted his lips on her tits, to feel his tongue roll around her nipples. And when Harry buried his face between Luna's legs, Hermione wanted to be the one to spread herself wide to give him access. When these thoughts popped up, the brunette struggled to force them out of her mind. But her resolve all but disappeared when he pulled that thing out of his trousers (she had equated the bulging veins on his organ to that of roads on a map and she wanted to take a trip, following that map wherever it may lead).

As Hermione watched Harry take Luna from behind (as mentioned before, the brunette had gotten a good view of it) three thoughts preoccupied her mind. First, Harry had a very nice bottom (she imagined it as a ripe apple and she wanted to take a bite out of it). Second, Luna really, really enjoyed Harry plowing into her (the joyous cries, the red, engorged labia, and the ample amounts of fluid trickling from her nether lips proved this fact). Third, (and most importantly) this wasn't Harry.

If Harry had snapped like she had first feared, he would have shown signs of some sort of nervous breakdown (by acting mad if not insane or at least frantic). But this person (whose penis was playing "peek-a-boo," using Luna's vagina as a hiding place) showed no signs of a breakdown. He was cool and methodical, both in the way he claimed Hermione herself and Luna, as well as his claim of killing the Minister, as if he had become quite accustomed to sex and murder some time ago (also, even if Harry had lost it, Hermione doubted that he would've tied her up and shagged Luna right in front of her – it was just so out of character for him to do such a thing).

Hermione doubted that it was the Imperius Curse; Harry had easily

thrown it off before. And she had never heard of a potion with such effects. So she assumed that it was a doppelganger (she doubted that it was a dark wizard using polyjuice because he had not drunk anything when they had sex earlier that day – and seeing how they had sex much longer than the effects of polyjuice lasted, that option was ruled out). So that meant this person was some sort of an evil twin or a version of Harry from another reality (this was highly unlikely, but still a possibility). And there was the physical change. There is no way that this buff and chiseled wizard in front of her was the previously scrawny underdeveloped boy she knew. Especially given the limited time that had elapsed since she last saw "her" Harry at King's Cross.

With an animalistic series of grunts, Harry came (Hermione saw the proof of this dribble down Luna's thigh – hot, wet proof). A moment later, the black haired wizard pulled out of Luna and sat next to her on the bed. Luna, who was too exhausted from the experience, didn't move an inch. She just laid there, with her bum in the air, showing off her recently shagged cunny to Hermione.

"That was," Luna began and paused to let out a content sigh, "the most," she sighed again, "fun I've," another long sigh, "had in my," this time, her sigh shuttered and lasted a good five seconds, "life!"

Harry draped one arm over Luna's bum, much like someone drapes their arm over the armrest of a chair. He looked at Hermione (perfectly comfortably with his arm hanging over a naked witch while he, too, was nude) and said; "I'm not the Harry you know."

"Really? Are you positive?" Hermione asked sarcastically while looking between his face and Luna's (still wet and dripping) cunny. "Because the Harry I know ties up one witch while shagging another all the time!"

"That would've been wonderful if he had. It truly is a neat activity," Luna commented, her voice muffled by the pillows. The moment after

she made this statement, the blonde began to snore softly.

"I believe I'm from an alternate reality," Harry said, ignoring Hermione's snide comments.

"That was one of my theories," agreed Hermione. "When did you realize this?"

"At the Ministry," he answered. "I saw a newspaper that mentioned something about Dumbledore being asked to help the Ministry."

"Yes, he's the Headmaster at Hogwarts," Hermione informed him.

"In my world, he was killed by Grindelwald over fifty years ago," explained Harry.

"Oh, wow," Hermione muttered.

"Dumbledore had been the opposition's last hope. With him gone, Grindelwald conquered all of Europe easily. He now rules from the shadows, controlling the various puppet governments," Harry continued. "He renamed himself the King shortly thereafter."

"And let me guess; he, like many Dark Wizards, burned the scourge of Muggleborns out of Europe," Hermione assumed.

"He is a believer in blood purity, but only in regards to social status. He doesn't practice genocide," answered Harry. "Pure bloods rule the governments; halfbloods and Mudbloods aren't allowed to hold office. Halfbloods are allowed to vote, but their vote is worth only half of a Pure-blood vote. Mudbloods, who can't be citizens, aren't permitted to vote.

"For the most part, Mudbloods are treated slightly better than House-Elves," the naked wizard continued. "They aren't allowed to go to school; they are only taught basic household charms. And they



mostly work in the lower levels of the service industries; garbage collectors, dish washers, and critics. They're permitted to own wands and perform basic types of magic, but they're not allowed to defend themselves, even if they knew how. This makes them easy targets for pure blood gangs. Many Mudbloods are raped and beaten with a number killed each year."

"That's disgusting," Hermione said in revulsion. Luna would've agreed, but the blonde had lost consciousness.

"A revolutionary group made up of old hippies and mods formed in the mid-seventies, led by some flower child named Tom 'Believe in True Love or I'll kill you, you bastard!' Riddle, waged a war against Grindelwald. Riddle and his ilk were violent peace-mongers. This group was a thorn in the King's side for many years. A prophecy was made about me before I was born, never heard it so I don't know what it said, but it brought Riddle to my home when I was a year and a half old. He killed my father, his wife, and my mother who was acting as a surrogate for my father and his wife – or more correctly, I was conceived because dad came home drunk and randy one night and entered the wrong room. My mother was the Potter's maid, you see. And since my father's wife was barren, they adopted me as their own even though I'm technically a Half-blood. Riddle came into my house, slaughtered my father and his wife, then he killed my mother, but when he tried to murder me, the Killing Curse backfired and killed him instead. And all I got was this scar," he said, pointing to the lightning shaped scar on his forehead.

"That happened here, too. Well, except for the surrogate mother business," Hermione stated. "In this world, Riddle renamed himself Lord Voldemort. But nearly everyone refers to him as 'You Know Who' or 'He Who Must Not Be Named.' We believe our Harry's mother did something that caused the Killing Curse to rebound on Voldemort."

"But the news article I read said that Dumbledore was being asked to

take care of Voldemort. If he was hit with a Killing Curse years ago, how could he still be a problem? Shouldn't he be dead?" asked Harry. "That is what a Killing Curse does after all."

"Well, for some reason, it didn't kill him completely. He became some sort of shade. And a year and a half ago, he resurrected himself," explained Hermione.

"That must've been a neat trick," commented Harry.

"What happened to you after Riddle tried to kill you?" Hermione asked.

"Well, the King, who had heard the whole prophecy, took me in and made me his apprentice," Harry said. "He was going against his own rules of blood purity by training a half blood to be his apprentice. But he was the King and he made the rules so it was okay.

"He trained me, taught me everything he knew. He was a good teacher, only punished me with the Cruciatus if I didn't properly perform whatever spell or curse he was teaching me by the second try. And he stood behind me, with his hand on my shoulder – showing me his support, when I killed my first victim. I was the proudest nine year old in the world," he said happily reminiscing.

"That's horrible!" Hermione said in disgust. "How could he make a nine year old do that?"

"Because he was kind and generous," he replied. "Many apprentices are forced to perform their first kill by themselves.

"Then he helped me when I lost my virginity," commented Harry. "I was in the middle of taking one of his lesser concubines when he scolded, 'No, no. You're doing it all wrong. Get out of the way and let me show you how to do it!' After shoving me off of the witch, he took over. He taught me so much.

"But then, when I was thirteen, I started to slowly grow away from the King and his teachings," Harry continued with his voice growing colder by the second. "I no longer believed that pure bloods were better than anyone else. Some of my so-called peers were nothing more than in-bred Neanderthals who barely had enough cognitive ability to breathe, let alone cast a proper spell. And by this time, I already had my world's version of you, Hermione, as my concubine. She was just a Mudblood, yet she could outwit and out perform most of my peers, even the ones who weren't imbeciles. This was a very impressive thing for a Mudblood to do."

"Oh, why this Mudblood thanks you for your kind words," Hermione said scathingly.

"You're welcome," he returned, either not understanding her sarcasm, or (more likely) not caring. "But the final straw was when I met my betrothed. When the King took me as his apprentice, he betrothed me to one of his lieutenant's daughters; Millicent Bulstrode. Can you imagine? The King wanted me to put this," Harry paused and held his monument to manhood, "in that ugly gorilla so that I could propagate the wizarding race? That would be sacrilege! It would be like drawing a mustache on the Mona Lisa or like a madman chiseling off one of the toes of Michelangelo's David!"

Hermione had not followed a single word uttered once Harry put his hands on his member. Almost every single cognitive thought was chased out of the witch's mind. The only thing that remained was that big – hot – throbbing sausage.

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After Snape cleaned himself of sweat and other sticky liquids, he returned to the Dark Lord's throne room. He bowed respectfully and stated, "Sire, I regret to inform you that Bellatrix's sacrifices are not virgins. The Virginitas Charm proved this beyond a doubt." Of course

this was a lie. He didn't perform the Virginitas Charm since he knew for a fact that the Muggles were not virgins (he knew this because he was the one who took their innocence).

"What? That can't be!" cried Bellatrix.

"Are you certain, Severus?" asked Voldemort.

"Yes, my Lord, neither one passed the Virginitas Charm," Snape answered.

"They have to be virgins!" protested Bellatrix vehemently. "I took them from a Star Trek Convention!"

A bloodied and battered Wormtail stumbled into the throne room and promptly crashed to the floor.

With a disgruntled sigh, Voldemort asked the rat-ish wizard; "I take it your search for a virgin was unfruitful?"

"F-fo-forgive me, M-master," Wormtail begged and spat up another tooth (if he had been keeping count, that would have made an even ten teeth lost). He considered himself lucky to have escaped the mad Muggle authorities. The moment the wizard had woken up in a drab, grey room after the debacle in the coffee shop; two big and burly police officers pounced upon him and proceeded to pummel him with heavy phonebooks and lengths of rubber hoses. "Like to violate innocent little children, do ya?" one had asked rhetorically before smashing the phonebook in Wormtail's face. After the two coppers got tired, the woman that Wormtail had known as mary1138heart took over and used a handheld device that sent agonizingly painful electric charges through the wizard's body. As he twitched and screamed, she mocked "I told you we don't take kindly to pedophiles here." But the phonebooks, hoses, and electrical devices were the least of the anguish Wormtail suffered. Let's just say that two of the police batons got a new sheath that day. Once he was finally left

alone in the room (and after he removed the batons), Wormtail escaped by Apparating to his Master's castle. In comparison to the beatings (and especially the un-lubricated batons) Wormtail would gladly suffer the Dark Lord's punishment for failure.

Which he did.

"Curcio!" Voldemort shouted and Wormtail screamed (even though a part of him was cheering on the inside; "At least it's better than sticks up the bum!").

After a few moments, Voldemort lifted the curse and turned to Bellatrix. "Crucio!" The witch screamed in agony for a minute before Voldemort lifted the curse. He turned to Snape and ordered "Severus, dispose of Bellatrix's inadequate sacrifices."

"I live to serve, Master," Snape bowed once more before leaving the throne room.

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Meanwhile, in St. Mungo's, Ginny was crying pathetically in her mother's arms.

"Shh," Molly hushed and rocked her little girl in her arms. "Ron will be okay. The healers will fix him, you'll see. His head might remain misshapen, but he'll be okay."

"It's not that, Mum," Ginny hiccupped. "He had sex with Hermione!"

"Ronald did?" Molly asked and her temper flared instantly. "How dare he!"

"No, not Ron... wait, yeah, he did... and Luna too," corrected Ginny.

"Ronald had sex with Hermione AND Luna?" At that moment, Molly

was sorely tempted to push the Healers away from her son so she could beat him to within an inch of his life.

"But Mum, that's not why I'm crying. Harry had sex with Hermione!" wailed Ginny. The unfairness of it all cut through her. Harry was meant to be hers, and she knew it (she had even planned out their wedding already, down to what dress she would wear, what the cake would be made of, where they would spend their honeymoon, and how many candles would be lit – 328 by the way – when they consummated their marriage).

"Hermione had sex with Ron AND Harry? I knew she was a scarlet woman but I never knew it was this bad," Molly said.

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"So, how can we find a way to send you back to your world and bring our Harry home?" asked Hermione (after she got over her daze caused by looking at the massive thing between Harry's legs).

"Why would I want to go back?" Harry asked. "This world is ripe for the taking."

"What?"

"I'm going to take over this world," he repeated.

"Wait, what about your world?" Hermione pressed. "Won't you miss it?"

"Nah, Grindelwald can keep it," commented Harry.

"What about this world's Harry? He's stuck in your world!"

"So what?"

"He could get killed there!"

"No he won't," Harry said, brushing her concerns off. "If he's half as smart as I am, he'll do wonders. Like I said, most of my peers are inbred morons. Besides, over there he's got ten personal guards who'll die to protect him so I doubt much harm will come to him. And he has a harem to boot, which meant that he was getting sucked-off the moment he woke up... which is a wonderful way to wake up. By the way, that was a hint as to how you should wake me up from now on.

"Besides, we don't even know how it happened. For all we know it could've been some sort of cosmic fluke. And I don't reckon that swapping people from alternate realities is very easy," he speculated. "I mean, there must be loads of realities out there. What if you just swap me with a different Harry from another reality?"

"There has to be a way," Hermione persisted.

"Well, I won't help you. I'm staying right here," he said with a smile. "This world will be mine."

"Why?" Hermione asked. "Why do you want to rule the world?"

"Because it needs to be led," he said as if the answer was the simplest thing in the world. "The people practically beg to be controlled, and I want to be the one who does it."

"That's wrong and you know it," Hermione shot back.

"Why is it wrong to want to control the world?"

"Because it is," Hermione snapped. "Only evil people want to control others."

"Luna," Harry woke the blonde up by giving her naked bum a

squeeze (which was still propped up in the air).

"M-huh?" she said groggily.

"Am I an evil person?" he asked Luna.

With her head still buried in the pillows (and her arse in the air), she asked for clarification sleepily; "Mm-wha?"

"Am I a bad person?" he repeated while still massaging Luna's bottom.

"No, you're the greatest," she said.

"See, that," Harry said to the bound brunette (the blonde was purring, thanks to his hand rubbing her backside). "Luna says I'm not evil. Therefore your argument that only evil people want to control others is flawed."

"It's wrong, Harry," Hermione persisted.

"You know what, you're just a little upset over this whole 'this world's Harry got swapped for another world's Harry' thing," Harry said casually.

"Yes, I'm upset over that. But it's still wrong to want to control people," Hermione argued. "It's a sign of a megalomaniac."

"And being a megalomaniac is a bad thing?" he asked.

"Yes, because it is wrong," Hermione concluded.

Harry sighed disappointedly. He reached for his wand and waved it at Hermione. A rope appeared from the ceiling over the brunette's head; it reached down and tied itself around the back of the chair. Without warning, Hermione and the chair were hoisted into the air.



"What are you doing?" demanded Hermione as she slowly rotated two feet off the ground.

"Obviously, you need some time to concoct a better argument than 'because it's wrong,'" Harry ordered. "You have two hours."

"What? You're leaving me like this?" screeched Hermione.

"Yes, it's for your own good," he said, and swatted Luna on her bum. "Get up, poppet."

"Huh, why?" groaned Luna, "I'm tired."

"Too bad, you need to go find a tailor so we can all get proper clothes. And I'm going to catch up on some history," Harry said.

"What's Hermione going to do?" Luna asked as she stretched like a cat (shoving her nude bottom even further up).

"Oh, she's just going to hang around here," Harry said with a smile.

"That's bleeding hilarious," Hermione said with no humor as she continued to slowly spin in mid-air. "You're a regular comedian."

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"Nice place you got 'ere, guv. Very swank," the old witch said as she trudged into the parlor of Malfoy Manor.

"Yes, it is," Lucius Malfoy stated as he reminded himself to magically disinfect anything she touched. He turned his back on his "guest" and called up the stairs; "Draco, come down here please."

A few moments later, the pale blond haired boy trotted down the stairs. "Yes father, wh- - GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THAT?"

"Draco, don't be rude to our guest," Lucius scolded (even though he himself had the same reaction upon seeing the witch).

"It's alright, guv, 'appens all tha time wit' me," the witch replied with a smile (proudly showing the two remaining, albeit green, teeth in her skull).

"Draco, please say hello to the woman who will make you a man," Lucius introduced the witch.

"What do you mean?" the boy asked.

Lucius was about reply with some elegantly chosen words, but the witch answered before he could.

"I'm a 'ore and I 'ere ta shag ya," she said, and her tongue (which was less pink and more purple with brown spots) slid out of her mouth and licked her lips (which were more like a set of wrinkly prunes) sensuously (or more accurately; nauseatingly). "Normally, I'm a four sickle 'ore, but yer dad 'ere offered me two galleons ta shag ya. I couldn't say no, now could I?"

"Wh-what?" Draco stammered in fear.

"Draco, listen to me; I know she isn't easy on the eyes... or the nose, but I was in a rush and she was the only one I could find," Lucius explained. Because of his status of being an escaped Death Eater, Lucius couldn't go to Lady Marmalade's (the finest brothel in England with gorgeous witches aplenty) so he had to settle on hiring the first whore he stumbled across in the shadows of Knockturn Alley. "The Dark Lord is desperate for virgins to sacrifice and there are rumors that he will start taking his followers' children if none are found. You are my son and I can't let that happen to you."

"I can't, Father," Draco replied.

"You have to. Your life depends on it," Lucius said firmly.

"No, I mean 'I can't' as in I don't think I can physically do it with... that," Draco said with a frown. He eyed the whore with disgust. Even though she was wearing a robe (which looked to be rat infested) Draco assumed that the witch had flat tits that sagged to her knees. And she was also giving off an odd smell that reminded him of someone boiling cabbage in an outhouse on a hot summer day. In short, when Draco had said that he couldn't physically perform the deed, he meant that he not only didn't have an erection (also known as a "woodie") but in fact had the reverse (called a "hiddie").

"Don't worry, Draco, your Father has what you need," he gave his son a squeeze on his shoulder before heading up the stairs. "Let me fetch it from my lavatory."

A minute later, Lucius returned with a vial in his hand.

"Drink this," he commanded and gave the vial to Draco. "It's an arousal potion."

"Father," pleaded Draco as he looked in horror at the whore.

"You must do this, Draco, I cannot bear to see you used as a sacrifice for the Dark Lord," Lucius implored. "If we had more time, I'd get you a proper woman. But time is a luxury we don't have. Your life depends upon this."

Draco continued to look at the wretched witch. He weighed his options; either refuse to have sex with this poor excuse of a woman and die. Or have sex with this poor excuse of a woman and live. It was a very tough decision. With his hand trembling in fear and apprehension, Draco brought the arousal potion to his lips (the dying option had almost won out in the end).

"Now take her up to your room, son, and become a man," Lucius said to Draco as compassionately as he could.

"This'll be tha' easiest two galleons I ever earned," the whore said with her toothless (save for two) smile as she trudged up the stairs behind Draco.

"Be brave, son," encouraged Lucius as Draco and the whore walked out of sight. "Be brave."

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"But, Harry couldn't have possibly killed Fudge," protested Arthur to everyone gathered in the Headmaster's office. "It's not in him to kill anybody."

"But Fudge was murdered. And Harry claimed to be the one who did it, according to your daughter," Moody stated grumpily. "I don't like it myself, but I doubt that it's just an innocent coincidence."

"Could someone have used Polyjuice? You know, they could've gotten some hair from him, killed the Minister, arrived at the Burrow to brag about it and frame him," offered Tonks, desperately trying to clear Harry of any wrongdoings.

"It's a long shot," Kingsley said.

"Headmaster, what should we do?" asked Arthur.

"We have to find Harry," Dumbledore said. "We'll search Diagon Alley, the school and the surroundings, Hogsmeade, and the Shrieking Shack. Once we find the boy, we'll sort this all out."

"We'll start on the castle and the grounds," Moody said, indicating himself, Arthur, Tonks, and Kingsley. "Albus, you contact the rest of the Order and have them search the rest of your list."

Shortly after the four left Dumbledore, the flames in the fireplace turned green once more. Snape stepped out with his head hanging low.

"There were two virgins, a man and a woman, in the Dark Lord's custody. With the aid of some love potions, their virginity was taken away," Snape informed and he shivered in shame.

"It's a pity that you had to force the man and woman on each other in order to save their lives, but it was for the greater good," Dumbledore said.

Snape's eyes grew wide in shock. 'Force the man and woman on each other? Why didn't I think of that?' he thought morosely. A part of him could still feel the woman's thin legs wrapped around his hips. As disturbing as that memory was, the lingering feeling of the Muggle man's hands as he steadied Snape's hips for his entry into the Potions Master's rectum troubled him more.

"At least you were able to delay Lord Voldemort from summoning his duplicate," the Headmaster continued, oblivious to Snape's shame. "Were you able to save the victims?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, trying to forget the nauseating sensation of the pear-shaped man panting in his ear and thrusting against Snape's bum. "I told the Dark Lord that I had performed the Virginitas Charm and confirmed that they had previously lost their virginities. I was then charged with disposing of the sacrifices.' I led them back to a nearby village and freed them, but the Dark Lord believes I killed the two."

"Good, good," congratulated Dumbledore. "Who knows what type of havoc Voldemort could have caused if he performed the Summoning ritual with impure blood again."

Then, like a bolt of lightning, Dumbledore came to a rather shocking revelation. The havoc of that tainted ritual was running around right now. "Oh, Bugger," he muttered.

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As Lucius waited for the necessary (yet nasty) act of his son losing his virginity to end, a knock on the front door drew his attention. He opened the door to find Rhys Parkinson and his daughter, Pansy.

"Good afternoon, Rhys, what brings you here?" Lucius greeted in a happy but formal fashion.

"I need to have a word with you, Lucius," Parkinson requested.

"Now is not the best time," the blonde wizard said politely. Lucius didn't want his fellow Death Eater or his daughter to see the whore as she exited Draco's room.

"This is urgent," begged Rhys. "I'll make it worth your time."

"Fine, come in," Lucius acquiesced.

"Pansy, dear, wait in the parlor, my sweet," Rhys said lovingly.

"What's this about?" demanded Lucius after the young witch left.

"I've heard some rumors that say the Dark Lord may be snatching up our children for some sort of virgin sacrifice," Parkinson said.

"Let's say this is true, I think it would be an honor to give one's child to our Master," Lucius said haughtily.

"Come off it, Lucius. You know I'm a Death Eater in name only. I'm no killer or fighter, I only become a Death Eater because my wife liked bad boys when we were first dating and it was a good way to get in

her skirt," Rhys returned. "There's no way in hell I'm giving over my daughter to the Dark Lord."

"What do you want me to do about it?" Lucius asked.

"If my little girl isn't a... virgin," Rhys said with some difficulty. "Well, then the Dark Lord won't be interested in using her as a sacrifice. And seeing that your boy is the same age as my daughter..."

"True," agreed Lucius. Even though he knew what his fellow Death Eater was requesting, Lucius wanted to see him squirm a bit. "What are you suggesting?"

"You're a berk, you know that," Rhys said bitterly, knowing that Lucius was toying with him. "I want Draco to take my daughter's virginity, in order to save her life."

"Let me get this straight; you want me to use my son like a common prostitute?" Lucius asked in false offence.

"I'll give you ten galleons," offered Rhys.

"Deal," Lucius said and shook his hand.

"I haven't told my little girl what I was doing," Rhys said nervously. "I don't think she'll be too keen on the idea of this. You know how some girls are; they want their first time to be special and romantic."

"Don't worry, I have some potions that will make her more agreeable to the situation," Lucius stated.

"Good, now if you don't mind, I'll take my leave," Rhys said, heading for the door. "I don't want to be in the same house when my little girl is deflowered."

After Rhys left, Lucius headed up the stairs. He knocked on his son's

door softly.

"Come in," the whore replied.

Lucius entered to find the whore dressed and smoking a cigarette that let out a thick green smoke. Draco was on the bed, clutching his legs to his chest, and his eyes were wide in shame and disgust.

"Is it done?" Lucius asked the witch.

"Oh, yeah, firsties are always done right quick," the witch smiled.

"Fine, I'll make you a Porktey so you can leave," Lucius said.

"Oh, you don' wan' anyone ta see me leave, do ya?"

"Precisely."

After the whore left, Lucius told Draco of the situation (well, most of it, he left out the ten galleon deal).

"Father, I fancy Pansy and all, but I don't think I can do it just now," admitted Draco.

"I have a potion for that too, Draco," Lucius smiled.

A few minutes later, after Lucius had given Draco and Pansy their different potions and as his son was in the process of taking the girl's innocence, another knock on the front door drew Lucius' attention. When he opened the door, he found Francis Bulstrode and his daughter, Millicent, standing on his porch.

"I need your son to pop my daughter's cherry," Francis offered brutishly.

"I can always count on you, Francis, to be direct," Lucius drawled.



"I'll give you ten galleons," Francis said.

"Deal, just give my son a few minutes to freshen up."

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For two full hours, Hermione hung in the air tied to the chair, two feet off the ground. During the first hour, she could think of nothing besides what type of curses she would use on Harry when he returned. Since the ropes burned against her skin, perhaps she would use something that would cause his skin to burn. Or maybe she would just conjure up a frying pan and beat him with it much like she had done with Ron. But then, after her anger at Harry subsided, she pondered over his challenge.

When Harry and Luna finally returned from their separate tasks, he walked up to Hermione and asked, "Have you come up with a better argument?"

While still slowly rotating, she answered, "Yes. I believe that people are smart enough to lead their own lives. Also, it is in our nature to be free, to live our lives the way we see fit. Throughout history, humankind has overthrown despots who tried to rule their lives because it is our nature to rule our own lives the way we want." She smiled, knowing in her heart that Harry could not argue against her well thought out conclusion.

"Wrong. People are sheep," returned Harry. "They beg, or bleat rather, for someone to tell them what to think, eat, wear, and when to sleep. When I was going through some of your recent periodicals, I came across an interesting example of this. Look at the World Cup of that game you lot have in this world; Quidditch."

"You don't have Quidditch?"

"No, our favorite game is 'Throw the Big Rock at the Imbecile,'" he answered. "But back to my point. Hundreds of people ran from twelve Death Eaters after the match was over. The Death Eaters were outnumbered at least ten to one, yet everyone ran away from them."

"But most, if not all, of those people who ran knew no Defensive spells," Hermione maintained. "The Death Eaters are trained killers. Those people couldn't have fought against them."

"Tell me, who is the least talented or skilled of your peers?"

Hermione thought for a moment. At first, she was about to answer with Neville. But the boy had made some improvements over the last year. He wasn't the best by far, but he wasn't completely horrible anymore. So she offered, "Colin Creevey."

"Can this Colin fellow cast a Leg-Locker Curse?"

"Of course," Hermione replied with a scoff of annoyance. "Everyone can."

"Everyone, you say?" Harry smiled as if he had won the argument already. "Do you know what would happen to someone if they were hit with a dozen Leg-Locker Curses within a five second period?"

"Oh," Hermione said in realization. Some hexes had a cumulative effect. Such as the time Harry, Ron and she had hit Snape with three Expelliarmus; instead of simply disarming the Potions Master, they had successfully thrown him across the room and knocked him out.

"There would be a good chance that the person would have their legs severely broken, if not torn off," he said, answering his own question smugly. "Even combinations of different prank hexes have devastating effects."

Hermione recalled how Draco and his goons had been turned into giant slugs on the train just a few days previously after being hit with a bevy of simple hexes.

"Those Death Eaters could've easily been taken care of with simple childish pranks," concluded Harry.

"But the Death Eaters could've block the hexes," challenged Hermione as she slowly revolved in mid air.

"How many could they have blocked? Ten? Twenty? Perhaps, but certainly not a hundred hexes. But that isn't the point, really. The point is that the people who ran didn't have a leader to tell them to fight back, so they didn't. What they had was a small group of Death Eaters telling them to run in fear. Those witches and wizard listened, like the sheep that they are, to this order and ran in fear. Basically, the Death Eaters were their leaders at that point, and the people were more than willing to comply with their orders."

"But that was just one instance," Hermione argued.

"I have dozens more," he returned. "Would you like to hear them?"

"Uh, do I have to listen to them while I'm tied up?" Hermione asked.

"Do the ropes hurt?" he asked sincerely.

"Yes," she said with a frown.

Harry waved his wand and Hermione was slowly lowered to the floor. Once all four of the chair's legs touched the ground, he waved his wand again and the ropes vanished. Hermione rubbed the red welt on her left wrist.

"Let me take care of that," offered Harry. Gently he took her hand in his and brought it up to his lips. He pressed his lips softly to her

tender skin.

"Does that feel better?" he asked.

"No," she said and tried to stop the blush that was threatening to show on her face.

"Ah, then I'm not trying hard enough," he said and returned to kissing her rubbed, raw skin. He kissed every square inch of her left wrist before taking her right and repeating the process. When he began kissing her red, raw ankles, Hermione was biting her lip, trying to tell herself that she didn't enjoy the feeling of his lips on her skin. 'Yes,' she told herself, 'that fluttering sensation in your belly is obviously revulsion, not butterflies of anticipation.'

But when he began to open her blouse, that little voice that had urged her to fight was now making a happy purring sound. Harry discarded her blouse and began to kiss the skin of her belly where the ropes had rubbed. He finished by probing his tongue in her belly button for a good three minutes.

"Does it hurt anywhere else?" he asked while kneeling at her feet.

"No," she answered sheepishly.

"Are you certain it doesn't hurt here?" he asked and ran his fingers up the insides of her thighs under her skirt.

"A-ah, may — maybe, just a bit," Hermione said breathily.

As Harry began to kiss Hermione's thighs, Luna walked up and stood over them before asking, "Do you mind if I watch?"

"Not at all. In fact, you can take this seat," offered Harry and scooped Hermione up into his arms and carried her over to the bed.

Over the next few minutes, Harry would ask if Hermione hurt anywhere else. She pointed to several (very sensitive) areas and each one in turn received tender kisses, suckles, and licks. Soon (after Hermione experienced three large, screaming orgasms), Harry informed Hermione that she would need an injection to help her feel less pain (yes, he actually referred to it as a "beef injection," but Hermione was so hot that she didn't seem to mind the cheesy line). To Harry's credit, Hermione didn't feel the pain of the rope burns once she had received said "injection."

Luna didn't have her hands bound like Hermione had when she was in the chair, so she put them to good use. Her fingers danced and probed as she watched Harry and Hermione on the bed (of course while she was pleasuring herself, she was singing a modified nursery rhyme; "This little piggy went to the market and this little piggy got sticky...").

After they were finished (and Hermione "finished" several times, each one a bigger and better "finish" than the one before) Harry rolled off of the brunette.

"It's good that you're done now," Luna said. There was a bright glow to her face (this glow told Harry and Hermione that the blonde was "done" as well). "Madam Malkin will be here shortly to measure us for our new clothes."

"Did you hear that, Hermione? We're going to have a guest," Harry said to the glistening brunette. "We better get you cleaned up!"

He placed his hands on Hermione's thighs, framing her messy cunny, and said to Luna "Could you help me clean Hermione?"

"Wait, what?" Hermione asked in disbelief. She was still dazed and hadn't quite followed what Harry had asked Luna to do. She tried to get up, but Harry's hands held her in place.

"Why?" Luna asked Harry.

"Because it would be entertaining, both for me as I watch, and for the two of you," he responded. "If you two don't like to entertain me together, I could always get two others who are less frightened of a little experimentation. I mean, you ladies are this reality's version of my favorite concubines, but if the two of you don't want any more of my talented and gifted attentions...."

Luna pondered over the veiled threat for a moment. She then shrugged her shoulders in a sign of acceptance before she hopped off of the chair, scurried onto the bed, and buried her face between Hermione's legs.

x Slurp! x

"O-OH I'm v-very sen-sensitive r-right now!" exclaimed Hermione.

x Slurp! x

"Ah Oh! Did she j-just m-mm-make a s-slurping sound?" the brunette asked as she involuntarily arched her back.

x Slurp! x

With an impressed nod, Harry said "Yes, yes she did."

To Be Continued

## Chapter Three

**WARNING:** Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad parody with over the top humor (most of this humor is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (OutOf Character actions). To reiterate; this is a parody with a great amount of sex jokes and sex scenes.

Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (femmslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

Also, major, and I do mean M-A-J-O-R-Ron bashing.

Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

Harry had magically expanded the shower so that he, Hermione, and Luna could clean themselves at the same time (this time, the cleaning would be done with soap as opposed to the tongue bath that Luna had just given Hermione). Luna hopped into the shower without hesitation, ready and eager for the group cleaning. Hermione, on the other hand, was overly timid to shower with two people. Such an intimate action scared her (yes, even though Harry had just shagged her silly with Luna promptly slurping her pussy out, showering with them was an intimidating concept). She hid this fear by taking a practical approach to diffuse the situation by saying, "I've never showered with anyone else, so I think I'd be pants at it. You two go ahead, and I'll clean up after you're finished."

"It's not Advanced Transfiguration, Hermione," Luna said, dismissing her argument. "We'll simply lather one another."

Before Hermione could protest further, Harry took hold of her wrist and pulled her into the running (and occupied) shower.

A few minutes later, Hermione asked a question. "When you said that we'd lather one another, I had thought that you would clean something in addition to my breasts?"

"I just want them to be clean," Harry said as he continued to work the suds into Hermione's orbs.

"You've been washing them for five minutes; they're clean," she returned. "In fact, they are quite possibly the cleanest they've ever been."

"Fine then," Harry said, and promptly began to rub and caress Hermione's bottom.

"Luna, just because Harry stopped 'cleaning' my breasts doesn't mean you have to take over," the brunette pointed out as the blonde began to squash and squeeze Hermione's large boobs together.

"I'm just inspecting the job Harry did," Luna explained. "Besides, my tits are small; I've never gotten a chance to play with big ones before."

Luna gave them another squeeze and giggled. "I think they just squeaked. Your titties are squeaking!"

"Yes, that means they're clean," the brunette said dryly.

"Harry listen to this," Luna said, and began to move her hands over Hermione's breasts rapidly; squeezing, rubbing, and pressing them together. "I can make music with Hermione's tits!"

"That's fantastic," cheered Harry. "Let me see if I can copy you with her bottom."

While the wizard and the blonde witch attempted to create a symphony with various parts of her body, Hermione looked up and



asked silently what she had gotten herself into. She focused on her indignation to hold off the growing sense of arousal that she got from her partners' manipulations.

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Lucius counted the recently earned stack of gold on his desk. After Bulstrode paid to have his daughter deflowered, Thomas Davis brought Tracey over for the same "service" bringing Lucius another ten galleons. Then Ephraim Greengrass showed up a half hour later with both of his daughters, Daphne and Astoria, which netted Malfoy thirty galleons (Lucius took the standard ten for Daphne, but had argued that since Astoria was two years younger than Draco, he was running the a risk of being prosecuted for molestation. The blond Death Eater negotiated an extra ten galleons above the standard fee for the younger girl to have her maidenhead taken).

"Father, I'm very tired," Draco complained as he stumbled up to Lucius with only a bed sheet wrapped around him.

"Draco, you insolent whelp, I would've killed to have bedded five witches in one day when I was your age," Lucius scolded, quickly hiding the gold in the desk's drawer (there was no reason for Draco to know about the money).

"Six, Father," the boy corrected.

"Is it?"

"Yes, that nasty whore and my five house mates," Draco stated.

"That's right, I had forgotten about the whore."

"I wish I could," Draco shivered in disgust at the memory of that saggy-titted, wrinkly, foul smelling witch bouncing up and down on him.

"Draco, the whore was not up to par, I admit," Lucius said soothingly. "But you've had five young, nubile witches to erase any unpleasant memories away."

"Millicent didn't help," Draco frowned as the memory of the mannish witch riding him (much like how a gorilla who had, for some unknown reason, decided to crush a gourd by slamming its buttocks on the target repeatedly).

"You've done a noble thing today Draco," Lucius said proudly. "You've saved those five girls from becoming potential sacrifices," (and earned his father some gold). "Here," he paused and handed a single galleon to Draco as a reward, "you've earned it."

"Thank you, Father," Draco said. "May I go to sleep now? I'm so very tired."

Lucius gave Draco his permission. The elder Malfoy counted his money once again once his son trudged up the stairs. Taking away the two galleons he paid the whore and the one he gave Draco, with the gold he got from his fellow Death Eaters, Lucius was fifty-seven galleons richer.

A frantic knocking on the door stopped him. Lucius opened the door and Miles Pritchard stormed in.

"Sorry for the intrusion, Malfoy, but I'm desperate," Pritchard said. "I'm in deep trouble."

"What is it, friend?" Lucius asked with a happy smile. His happiness came from the fact that Pritchard had four daughters, each as ugly as the day was long. He was fairly certain why Pritchard was there.

"My girls, they're the only thing I have left in this world," he said with a tear in his eye. "I can't bear to lose them as sacrifices to the Dark

Lord."

"Not all four, Miles. The rumor is that our Master needs virgins, surely some of your daughters have known the touch of a man?"

"Come off it, Malfoy, you've seen them," Pritchard said with sad disappointment. "Their faces could stop a Time Turner."

"That may be true," (which it was: the eldest daughter, Violet, was brought into the Department of Mysteries to test this statement and had actually stopped a Time Turner from working just by looking at it) "but how is this predicament my concern?"

"Your boy's young and virile," Pritchard said with a smile.

"One hundred galleons."

"You've got it," Pritchard said and shook Lucius' hand. "My girls are just outside, let me bring them in."

As Pritchard retrieved his daughters, Lucius called out, "Draco, I'm sorry to say you can't take that rest just yet!" He almost chuckled at the whimpering noise that came from Draco's room.

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"Mrs. Weasley, I decided to once again reexamine the injuries to your son. It turns out to have been a good thing: in addition to the concussion, fractures, and bruising, I discovered some untreated damage," Healer Phelps said in a hushed tone to Molly. "It appears that your son was hit with a Pusillus Virilitas Jinx. But, mysteriously, when I preformed the counter jinx, nothing happened."

"Excuse me, but what is the Pusillus Virilitas Jinx?" Molly asked gently.

"Oh, dear, how to explain," Phelps said while his ears turned a bright pink. "Err, it's understandable that you don't know about it; the Pusillus Virilitas Jinx isn't something that is discussed in public. It's a fairly nasty spell that turns... well... it shrinks... um, well, a certain part of someone."

"I'm not following, could you be more specific, please?" Molly asked.

"Ah, a certain... male part of the... er... male anatomy," the Healer said in embarrassment (he had firsthand knowledge of just how nasty the jinx was: he was hit with it in his sixth year at Hogwarts while he was in a cupboard with Phyllis Towley – it took him a full year before he could convince another witch that his stature was caused by the temporary effects of the Pusillus Virilitas Jinx and not nature).

"Oh, that," Molly said. She looked around to make sure no one was nearby before whispering to Phelps; "Poor Ronald didn't inherit his father's 'wedding tackle' if you catch my drift."

"Do you mean that this... well, tiny size is his natural state?" he asked in disbelief.

"It's a perfectly normal condition that happens fairly often. The Muggles' have a funny name for the condition," Molly replied softly. "They call it micro something-or-another."

"That poor bloke," Phelps said compassionately.

Molly's eyes glazed over as she began to reminisce. "I remember when the midwife held him up and I saw him for the first time. I thought that I had finally gotten a baby girl. His name was 'Bridget Muriel Weasley' for a full hour before I changed his nappie for the first time.

"But I don't worry," Molly continued with a hopeful lilt to her voice. "I

live in the belief that there's a witch somewhere out there for him, in spite of his little setback. After all, even though he's a tad small in one aspect, my boy compensates by having a big heart" (well, her "hopeful lilt" turned out to be more delusional, but even a more stable mother would tend to pad the truth when it comes to her children).

"Now if you don't mind, I have a meeting I have to attend," Molly said and she walked away from Phelps. "I'll leave my Ginny here, in case something happens."

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Harry answered the door to his flat with nothing but a fluffy towel and a bright smile.

"Madam Malkin, thank you for coming," Harry greeted, ushering the robe seller into the flat. "Sorry, you caught us just out of the shower."

"All three of you?" the plump witch asked as she noticed Hermione and Luna, both of whom had a towel tucked under their arms and wrapped around their bodies.

"We're conserving water," offered Harry.

"Well, that must have been an exciting way to do it," Malkin said with a mirthful chuckle. "Now, how about you get some trousers on and I'll get your measurements."

"I feel that one can get more accurate measurements if the person is nude, don't you?" Harry asked.

"My, I haven't had a young man offer to be naked in front of me in a long time," Malkin said while blushing.

"Then let's remedy that," Harry said, throwing off his towel with a flourish.

With her eyes fixed on Harry's (far from small) bits, Malkin's head slowly, ever so slowly, began to tilt to the left. Inch by inch her head tipped until it was resting on her left shoulder. With a happy chirp in her voice, Malkin commented "It looks like I'll have to use my largest measuring tape today."

As Malkin measured Harry (paying close attention to his groin, "I just want to get my numbers right. I don't want your trousers to be too binding, after all") Luna asked Hermione in a whisper so that only the brunette could hear; "It's rather bothersome what Harry said about Fudge, isn't it?"

"That's not the half of it. While you were asleep-" began Hermione.

"Unconscious, not asleep," corrected Luna.

"He confirmed my suspicion that he's from an alternate universe."

"I had a hunch that was it."

"And he said that he's not going to help us bring our Harry back because he's going to take over this world," Hermione concluded.

At this point, Madam Malkin was "confirming" her numbers in regards to Harry's genitals and the surrounding areas for a third time. "It doesn't hurt to be thorough."

"You mentioned something about bringing our Harry back; do you have any theories as to how to do that?" asked Luna.

"Oh, my, it's growing," Malkin said with a breathy sigh.

"It does have a tendency to do that," Harry said.

"I'll just have to re-measure from the base... I mean from the sack..."

err, start."

"I don't know," Hermione answered Luna's question. "I can do some research. But the little I know theorizes that there has to be an infinite number of realities out there. Finding the one our Harry was sent to, even if we had this Harry's help, would be exceedingly difficult if not impossible."

"Can I ask you a personal question?" Luna asked.

Hermione was about to respond "Well, you just lapped up my pussy like a thirsty puppy and then spent another five minutes fondling my boobs in the shower, so I don't see why you shouldn't ask a personal question," but thought better of it. "Go ahead," the brunette said.

"Why are you still here?" she asked. "This Harry is violent and aggressive, he claims to have just killed the Minister, and he is talking about ruling the world. Why don't you leave?"

"I believe he is boasting if not lying," the brunette witch stated. "He's elaborating at the very least, I assume."

"But Hermione, it's been my experience that people boast or lie because they feel insecure or inadequate," Luna countered. "Do you think this Harry lacks enough confidence to boast about false deeds or unrealized desires?"

Hermione pondered over this for a moment. Though she didn't like to think about it, Luna was right, Harry had confidence; a big – hot – throbbing confidence.

"I think you're sticking around for the same two reasons that I am. You and I are hoping that we can guide him away from his evil tendencies," the blonde speculated. "The second reason is that the sex is fantastic, of course."

"I'm not that shallow," protested Hermione. She had agreed with the first part of Luna's speculation, but not the second (well, the sex was beyond wonderful, but Hermione was telling herself that she didn't need it).

"Oh, please, Hermione, I was there watching you two go at it," Luna countered. "There was nothing shallow about it. It was deep and penetrating."

"When I said shallow, I wasn't referring to physical depth," Hermione said while rolling her eyes.

"I know. I just wanted to reiterate my conclusion about the fantastic sex."

"Well, he's all done," Malkin said. Beads of sweat had blossomed all over her face. "Who's next?"

"Hermione is," Harry said, and walked up to Hermione. He reached for her and Hermione assumed that he was going to guide her to Malkin. But instead, Harry tugged her towel off.

"HARRY!" screeched Hermione and she tried to cover up her naked bits with her hands.

"You're going to be measured nude, just like I was," Harry said and tossed the towel over his shoulder. "Now get over there!" he commanded and gave her round bottom a swat.

"You lot don't mind showing off, do you?" Malkin said eyeing Hermione from her head to her feet.

"You'll have to forgive Harry, he's been under a lot of stress," Hermione tried to make up an excuse while still hiding behind her hands.



"Dearie, your breasts are too big to try and cover up with your hands," Malkin said with another cheery chuckle. "Besides, if I had your figure, I'd show it off."

"Really?" asked Hermione bashfully.

"Oh definitely, an hourglass figure like that," Malkin said with a nod of approval. She looked over at Luna and added "Not that there's anything wrong with small breasts and a lithe figure."

"Thank you," Luna said genuinely with a blush gracing her cheeks.

"All right then, dearie, lower your hands so I can get your measurements," the older witch asked Hermione.

The brunette sighed in resignation and lowered her hands. Malkin eyes grew wide in surprise at the sight of Hermione's naked form (particularly her chest).

"My goodness, they are certainly clean, aren't they," said Malkin. "I can see my reflection."

"Wait 'till you see her bum," said Harry. "It's downright shiny."

"If you like, Harry and I can hum the tune we came up with while we washed Hermione's bottom and titties," offered Luna.

"It's always nice to have a little music while one works," Malkin said cheerfully.

CMCMCM

In the dining room of Grimmauld Place, Albus Dumbledore sat at the head of the table with all of the members of the Order of the Phoenix surrounding him.

"Thank you all for coming," the ancient wizard began.

"Albus, I don't understand why you've called us here," Remus said anxiously. "We should be out looking for Harry."

"Yeah," Bill Weasley added. "We've got to find him so we can prove he didn't kill Fudge."

"Harry did murder Cornelius," Dumbledore said with his ever present twinkle in his eyes.

The Order members drew a startled gasp at Dumbledore's declaration, all save for one.

"Oh, bugger, I know that look," Moody moaned. "The old bastard's going to start speaking in riddles again."

"Yes, Harry was the murderer," Dumbledore continued, eyes twinkling like mad. "But then again, Harry is not the killer."

"You old codger, must you always do this?" Moody demanded. "Every bleeding time it's 'It is, but it isn't' crap. It's never direct with you."

A few of the Order members tried to work out the Headmaster's riddle, including Tonks, Arthur, and Remus. The members soon knitted their brows in confusion. Dumbledore giggled.

"I'll give you a galleon if you just speak plainly. Please," Moody pleaded.

"Harry, our good young lad, is innocent. However, Harry, that naughty lad, is guilty," Dumbledore added, and his lips curled into a mischievous smile.

"God, I hate you," Moody grumbled as he put his face in his hands.

"Albus, please speak clearly," begged Minerva McGonagall. "Time is of the essence."

"You really don't want to try and figure it out," the Headmaster tittered. "It's such fun!"

"Headmaster, Minerva is right," Snape spoke up. "We are wasting valuable time."

"Fine, spoil my fun," Dumbledore said, and his lips pouted while his eyes continued to sparkle. "Lord Voldemort attempted a ritual last night. If the ritual had been performed correctly, it would've called forth his duplicate from another reality, to help him conquer this reality. However one key ingredient was off; the ritual called for a virgin's blood to draw a pentagram. The blood that was used was not from a virgin. And instead of calling forth his duplicate, it should've, I believe, swapped the two Voldemorts; the one from this reality would go to the other and the one from the other reality would've come to this one."

"I liked it more when he spoke in riddles," Bill bemoaned.

"What the devil does this have to do with Harry?" Molly demanded.

"I believe that the reality Voldemort chose to call to did not have his duplicate. Either his double had died sometime in the past or was never even born," Dumbledore explained, clearly dazzled by his own brilliance. "Since the ritual was performed, and a virgin's blood was not used, thereby tainting the ritual, it had to swap someone from that reality with someone from this reality. We now have this predicament."

"What the hell is he talking about?" Remus asked his peers.

"Does he need medication?" one Order member asked. "My

grandmother got like this before she croaked. She had some kind of potion that helped to keep her lucid."

"So you're saying that since the ritual couldn't find You Know Who's double, it searched for another person to swap," Tonks summarized.

"How the hell did you get all that from what he said?" asked Moody.

"I don't know how," replied Tonks. "But my head really hurts now."

"But what does this have to do with Harry?" Molly repeated her question.

"I cannot go into detail, but Harry is connected to Lord Voldemort," Dumbledore said.

"You mean because Voldemort tried to kill Harry when he was a baby?" Remus asked.

Dumbledore chose not to answer.

"So, since Harry is connected in some way to You Know Who, this ritual nabbed the Harry from the other reality and swapped him for our Harry," Tonks summarized again. "Ow, my headache's getting worse."

"Essentially, yes," Dumbledore answered.

"And now that other Harry is here and he's the one that killed Fudge for some reason?" Moody asked.

"Yes," the old wizard answered.

"Then all we have to do is find this foreign Harry from the other reality and bring him in," Moody said.

"Yes, but it is clear that this Harry doesn't value life as our Harry does," Dumbledore warned. "He has murdered an unarmed wizard in cold blood. Therefore, we must approach him with caution."

"Wait, what about our Harry?" Remus asked. "We have to get him back."

"It would be immoral and also improbable, if not impossible, to do that," Dumbledore countered. "First, we would have to murder someone as a human sacrifice. Then we would use his or her virgin blood to draw the necessary pentagram for the ritual. Finally, we would have to randomly select one reality out of the potentially millions in hopes of finding the single reality that currently hosts our Harry. Needless to say, if we selected the wrong reality and didn't get our Harry, we would have to murder another human being and try the ritual again. It is conceivable that we could perform the ritual over a hundred million times, while killing just as many people, and still not get our Harry back."

"What if there's another way that doesn't need a human sacrifice?" offered Remus who was clearly trying to find a way to rescue Harry. "And what if we could narrow the search down somehow and find what reality Harry's in?"

"Even if there was another way, it would still be nearly impossible to locate our Harry," Dumbledore said with the merry twinkle in his eyes still present. "There is a reality for every possible decision and every possible outcome. Think of it, there is an alternate world where I had coffee this morning instead of tea; everything else in that world is the same except for that one, insignificant detail. There could be another world where I don't like lemon drops, as hard as that is to believe. An extreme example would be a world where the human race possibly evolved from plant life. Could you imagine that, we'd all be talking flowers. I hope that I would be a daisy," the old man chuckled merrily (this talk about plants got Dumbledore thinking about Sprout and how he'd have her "prune" his "hedges" later). "Or a world where you,

Remus, were in love with Nymphadora, quickly married, had a child, only to both die pointlessly within minutes of each other leaving the newborn an orphan."

"Uh... that would be strange," Remus said, clearly taken back by the unlikely pairing of he and the young Auror in the outlandish (or as some might call it "unbelievable") theoretical life that Dumbledore had whipped up for them.

"So you're suggesting that we just leave our poor Harry stranded on another world?" Molly questioned, clearly concerned for the boy (or her plans for her daughter with the Boy Who Lived).

"Please understand, Harry is a very capable young man," Dumbledore said. "I am certain that he can overcome whatever obstacles he might face.

"But for now, we must focus on finding the Harry now in our world. He is clearly a threat, and we must treat him as such," Dumbledore continued, his twinkle gone. "What we know, thanks to young Miss Weasley, is that he took Miss Lovegood and Miss Granger. Arthur and Minerva, go to Miss Granger's parents and see if she has returned home. If not, ask her parents if they know of her location or if they can contact us if she returns. Alastor and Kingsley, do the same for Miss Lovegood's home. The rest of us will search Hogsmeade, Diagon Alley, and even Knockturn Alley for any signs or clues."

CMCMCM

Ginny sat next to Ron's bed, waiting for the dolt to wake up. She was charged with watching over her brother so that the rest of the family could go to an emergency meeting of the Order of the Phoenix. The red head witch was rightfully upset; she was being forced to look after her brother (who was sleeping like a baby thanks to all the healing potions that had been shoved down his throat) when she

should be out there, looking for her one true love and rescuing him from Hermione (the slut).

As Ron snored like a troll in a cave, Ginny daydreamed about saving Harry from the bushy haired temptress. In the little scenario that played in Ginny's head, she imagined stumbling upon a room where Harry was about to crawl into bed with Hermione (the slut).

"No Harry, don't defile yourself with that hussy!" Ginny cried out passionately.

"Get out of here, Ginny," Hermione (the slut) snarled like a mad banshee. "I cannot allow you to tempt Harry with your long, shimmering, bouncing, copper hair!"

"Even though my hair is more than enough to get his heart, it isn't the only thing I can win him with. Just look at these!" Ginny declared proudly, popping her blouse open to reveal her gloriously perky double D's (in the real world and not "daydreamland", Ginny had modest B's, and furthermore, to describe them as perky would be charitable. And in this little dream, Hermione – who was the one who had perky double D's in the real world – was so flat that a training bra would slip off her chest. To make herself feel even more superior to the slag, Ginny altered daydream-Hermione's breasts so that they went beyond being small and became slightly concaved, leaving two small pink nubs in a set of little valleys).

"Oh, you are so amazing. Why didn't I notice your radiant beauty and your stellar breasts before, my perfect Ginny?" Harry asked himself. With tears of joy welling up in his eyes, Ginny's black haired Prince Charming uttered an emotion fueled "I-I think I'm in love with you, Ginny, my copper-haired Goddess."

As Harry bounded to Ginny in slow motion, Hermione (the slut) snatched her wand. Snarling (with a bit of foam dribbling out of her mouth like a deranged lunatic that she was) the frizzy haired brunette

cursed; "Damn you Ginny, with you splendiferous breasts and your long, shimmering, bouncing, copper hair, you've shown Harry that I'm not worthy to even kiss his feet!" the concaved chested witch leveled her wand at Ginny and threatened; "For that, you will pay!"

But before Hermione (the slut) could cast her curse, Ginny elegantly pirouetted like a skilled ballerina around Harry (who was still bounding to Ginny in slow motion) and, with her long, shimmering hair dancing behind her, Ginny cast her dreaded Bat Boogy Hex!

"Insupidius Spellius!!!" Ginny called out, and her righteous voice echoed off the walls.

With a loud bang, green snot-dripping bats appeared and snatched Hermione (the slut) by the shoulders. As they carried the hussy out of the room, the defeated, concaved chested witch screeched: "Damn you, Ginny! Damn your perfection!"

"Oh, Ginny, my love, my life, my heart's desire, the future mother of my scores of green eyed babies, will you ever forgive me for not noticing your beauty, your awe inspiring long, shimmering, bouncing, copper hair, and your immense magical ability, my precious jewel?" Harry pleaded with cute puppy dog eyes.

Ginny was about to respond yes and kiss him. But then, she recalled how she felt when, in real life, Harry had grabbed her about the shoulders and insulted her before tossing her aside. And she remembered how incredibly good (read: hot and wet) it made her feel. So, Ginny tweaked with her daydream to incorporate that sensation.

Daydream Harry wrapped his hands around her shoulders, and with his steel-like fingers digging into her soft, milky white flesh, her Prince Charming said through clenched teeth, "I'm going to throw you on that bed, you whelp, spread your legs wide, you insolent dog, and plow my manhood into your core, you sniveling snot nosed Pembroke Welsh Corgi."



Ginny's heart fluttered. With the happy daydream (full of foul name calling, rough nipple pinches, and clit slapping) still running through her head, Ginny got up from her chair next to Ron's bed and made her way to the loo. The daydream had been so intense she just had to take care of her urge.

As his sister went to go finger herself in a public loo, Ron dreamt. He dreamed that he was on a hill with his enemies' lifeless bodies strewn across the battle field. Voldemort's crumpled and broken corpse lay at Ron's feet while the most feared wizard's decapitated head dangled from the red head's clutched fist, gore and blood dripping from its severed neck.

"We owe you a great debt, Ron," Dumbledore said, suddenly appearing next to Ron. "Our misguided faith in Harry, the supposed 'Boy Who Lived' was wrong. We should've trusted you in ridding the world of the scary and nasty Voldemort from the beginning."

"Yes, in celebration of your effortless defeat of the scary You Know Who, the Wizengamot has just passed two new laws," Fudge said, as he too appeared on the other side of Ron. "The first law has knighted you, granting you the new title of Ron the Magnificent, Defeater of Evil, and All Around Stud – but Ron the Magnificent for short. The other new law will allow you, Ron the Magnificent, Defeater of Evil, and All Around Stud, to marry any witches of your choosing."

Suddenly, in-between the corpses of Death Eaters, hundreds of beautiful witches appeared, cheering "Pick me!" "I'm a great cook," and "I swallow!" trying to get Ron the Magnificent's attention. However their pleas and offers of spontaneous anal sex and snowballing (of which there were at least a dozen) did not matter to Ron the Magnificent, for he had already made up his mind.

"Hermione and Luna, my soon-to-be wives, come forth," Ron the

Magnificent called out over the mass of pleading witches. As his future wives walked out of the crowd, the other hundreds of witches sighed in defeat.

Hermione and Luna flung themselves at Ron the Magnificent's feet (which meant they had to lie on Voldemort's broken body and knock Fudge and Dumbledore to the side). The blonde wrapped her arms around Ron the Magnificent's muscular leg and kissed his knee adoringly. While the brunette dropped all pretenses and reached up under his leopard skin loin cloth and took hold of his massive bulging manhood.

"Oh, Ron, my manly-macho-masculine-master, you grace Luna and I with your decision," Hermione said as if she was in worship, with tears of happiness in her eyes.

"We're not worthy to be your wives," Luna said and ran her tongue up his thigh.

"Let Luna and I show our appreciation by making love in front of you," Hermione offered. "You can watch us lick each other until we scream your name!"

"Then you can pound us with your epic willy," added Luna.

In the waking world, Ron came in his bed before dream-Luna and dream-Hermione even kissed.

CMCMCM

After both Hermione and Luna were measured, Harry spoke with Malkin about the types of clothes he wanted, while the two younger witches dressed in the bedroom.

"Have you seen my bra?" asked Hermione as she looked under the bed for the missing garment.

"I think Harry tossed it out the window," Luna answered.

"Why would he do that?" Hermione asked. She had remembered Harry removing her bra, but she had been so focused on the other things (i.e. her throbbing wet bits and his monument) that she couldn't recall anything else.

"He said that it was in the way," explained Luna.

"So he chucked it out the window?"

"Apparently he was so angry with your bra for being in the way that he decided to punish it, I suppose," the blonde offered.

Harry (who was still quite naked and had no apparent intention of covering up) joined Hermione and Luna in the bedroom.

"Tell me about this Voldemort and his followers," he commanded. "Who they are, what they've done, and the like."

"Aren't you going to get dressed?" Hermione asked. She half hoped that he was going to answer yes because she was becoming rather distracted. The other half of her was very happy being distracted and wanted him to answer in the negative.

"Why should I get dressed when we're planning on having sex after you tell me about Voldemort," Harry stated.

"Excuse me, that's presumptuous," Hermione said, scandalized (of course the part of her that liked to be distracted cursed her and said "Get on with the Voldemort discussion so we can get to the shagging!").

"Oh, oh, can I go first?" Luna asked excitedly. Hermione knew that the blonde wasn't offering to talk about Voldemort first, but rather she

was referring to the other part of Harry's plan.

"Actually, I was thinking about watching the two of you go at it for a while," Harry said. "Of course I'd jump in when you two are good and randy."

"I'm not going to have sex with Luna while you watch," protested Hermione with anger (of course she was using the mask of anger to hide her initial surprise at the fact that she rather enjoyed the idea of being intimate with Luna).

"Your argument would have more merit if I couldn't see that your nipples were already hard," Harry said while looking at the stiff nubs poking through Hermione's blouse.

"Oh, damn," Hermione moaned as she looked down and lamented the loss of her bra and the extra amount of coverage that it would've provided.

"Does that mean you liked it when I 'cleaned' you out earlier?" Luna asked with a genuine smile.

Hermione refused to answer. However the blush burning her cheeks and her nipples growing even harder gave away the truth.

"I think it was the slurping. That probably did the trick. I reckon that it tickled nicely," speculated Harry. "Now get on with this fellow Voldemort, tell me everything you know about him and his underlings; their actions, histories, personalities, and whatever else you can think of. I want to know about my competition in this world. And make it quick so Luna can start slurping out your pussy."

"I never realized that I was a lesbian," muttered Hermione, surprising herself with this revelation.

"Actually, since you like the pole, you're bisexual not lesbian," Luna

pointed out.

"I like the 'pole'?" Hermione asked, a little taken back that the blonde witch could use such a crude term.

"Yes, you know; dick, cock, willy, John Thomas, meat torpedo, the nimbus model thirty-one centimeter flying-broom, the sperm tube, beef lifeline," Luna listed. "Venus' lasso, honey pot whisk, happy hole-punch, the Gland Imperial Master – you'll noticed that I just said 'Gland' and not 'Grand', Goliath's big toe-"

"Yes, I get the point," Hermione said while blushing madly.

"No, you'll get the point after you and I go down on each other in turns," the blonde said while unbuttoning her blouse. "And when I said 'you'll get the point,' I was obviously using literary imagery to describe Harry's cock plunging into you."

"All right then, it's settled," Harry said and clapped his hands together. "After you tell me about Voldemort, the two of you start muff-diving each other and then I'll shag you silly."

'Well, there's no point in fighting it,' Hermione tried to rationalize to herself while the part that like to be distracted cheered with great joy.

CMCMCM

Early the next day, Voldemort found himself pacing back and forth in his throne room mumbling obscenities. His minions had been unsuccessful in bringing him virgins. The plan he had concocted of overthrowing the world with his counterpart from another reality was dependent on acquiring at least one virgin.

There had to be a way to find virgins, but he didn't know how. He had hoped that Bellatrix's offerings were untouched (especially seeing where she had picked them up), but his hopes were dashed. Then,

Voldemort decided to order his followers to sacrifice their own children so that he could perform the ritual. But it seemed like all of his followers' sprogs were sluts; there wasn't a single virgin among the bunch. Parkinson, Bulstrode, Greengrass, and Pritchard brought their daughters in and each one failed the Virginitas Charm.

"If you have to have a job done right, you might as well do it yourself," Voldemort grumbled and walked out of his throne room.

CMCMCM

Hermione groaned as she slowly woke up. She was wedged between Luna and Harry with the morning sun spilling in through the bedroom window.

After she told Harry everything he knew about Voldemort and the Death Eaters the night before, Harry held true to his word and watched as Luna and Hermione had some intense sex. At first, the two witches fumbled around a bit, but they then fell into a groove, so to speak. Their kisses and touches were soft and gentle. And when Hermione tasted Luna's petals for the first time, both witches moaned in passion (of course, Hermione couldn't tell over Luna's slurps if the blonde was moaning when it was time for her to perform oral sex). Then, after both witches had reached the heights of ecstasy (several times), Harry joined them. He first took Luna, then Hermione, and then he made the two witches lie on top of one another, face to face, and alternated thrusts between the witches.

Now, in the morning light, a troubling thought came to Hermione; Harry was just like Ron. Well, not like Ron in many, many (important) aspects (i.e. a great kisser with a talented tongue, a honking big willy, and the knowledge to use said honking big willy), but both wizards were just using her for their own jollies. A disappointed frown marred her face. As she distractedly played with the soft black hairs on his strapping chest, she berated herself internally. This was worse than the times she was duped into having sex with Ron. At least then, she

could blame the Hook, Line, and Sinker Ward for making her gullible enough to fall for Ron's potion induced false tears. With Harry, Hermione found herself hopping in bed with him (and Luna) because he was a fantastic kisser and was great at sex. She was willingly letting Harry use her for sex.

"A knut for your thoughts?" asked Harry.

"I thought you were asleep," Hermione said softly.

"I was, but then someone started running their fingers through my chest hair."

"Sorry," she apologized.

"Well, as long as I'm up you might as well tell me what's bothering you," Harry said.

Luna let out a delicate snore and Hermione said to Harry "Nothing's bothering me."

"What would you say if I told you I was a master Legilimens and can tell you're lying," Harry said. Of course he was lying; he never even took one lesson, but Hermione didn't need to know that.

"I'll tell you later, I don't want to wake Luna," whispered Hermione. In truth, she hoped to avoid the topic.

"I don't think Luna's going to wake up even if the roof caved in," Harry said. "You really did a good job of tuckering her out."

"I did?" Hermione asked while blushing. "I think you had more to do with that than I did."

"Oh, please, after my last shot, you pinned Luna and gave her a very thorough, and extremely sensual, tongue examination," the black

haired wizard said with a chuckle.

"Did I?" Hermione asked in surprise. Slowly the image of pushing Luna onto her back and doing exactly what Harry had described formed in Hermione's mind. "Oh, I forgot about that. I guess I just got caught up in the moment."

"So now that I know you're lying about nothing bothering you, and the excuse of waking Luna has been debunked, start talking," prodded Harry.

Hermione closed her eyes, and said dejectedly, "I've become nothing more than a sex object."

"Okay, how'd you come to that conclusion?" Harry asked, as he brushed a loose strand of Hermione's hair behind her ear.

"Ron tricked me into giving up my virginity to him by using a ward that made my judgment falter, and using a potion that made him weep. The berk did the same thing with Luna. He then used the same trick two more times on me. Next, I meet you and the first thing I know is that you've got me on a conjured bed giving me earth shaking orgasms."

"So I'm better than Ron?" Harry asked coyly.

"Oh God, Ron's not even a tenth of a man that you are," Hermione answered. "But that's not the point. We had sex pretty much right after we met. And since then, all we've done is have sex. I'm just afraid that the only reason that you're interested in me is for shagging," she concluded.

"To be honest, I really do like making love to you... and to Luna... and watching you and Luna make love," he said. "But that isn't the only reason why I'm interested in you. If you're anything like the Hermione Granger from my world, you're smart as a whip, can do anything you



put your mind to, also stubborn as a troll, and you're not afraid to tell me when you think I'm wrong. Those are excellent qualities for a good second in command."

"You're not just telling me that to make me feel better, are you?" she asked, touched by his words.

"Hermione, if I wanted you to feel better, I'd just shag your brains out," he affirmed. "Which I can do really well. And often."

"What about Luna, then?" Hermione asked, feeling better.

"Oh, I can shag her senseless, too."

"No, no," the brunette giggled. "Do you keep her around for sex or do you have other reasons?"

"Well, like you, if Luna is anything like the one from my reality, she's very smart, but she has the unique ability to look at something from a unique angle. That, and she's incredibly open minded."

"In what ways?" asked Hermione.

"Watch," he said and poked Luna in the shoulder. "Oi, poppet, wake up."

The blonde slowly stirred and grumbled "Wha' for?"

"Because I want to bugger you while Hermione tells me all about this world's Ministry and their recent actions."

"M'okay," Luna said and yawned. She slowly rolled over onto her belly and gradually began to lift her bottom up into the air. The blonde witch was priding herself at how adventurous she had gotten in the past day.

"See, open minded," Harry said to Hermione. He reached over the brunette and snatched a small tube from the night stand.

"What's that?" asked Hermione. Even though it looked like a tube of toothpaste at first glance, Hermione was fairly certain that Harry wasn't going to brush his teeth in preparation for sodomizing Luna.

"Here take a look," Harry said and handed her the tube.

A caricature of Harry was on the tube, giving the reader a "thumbs-up" signal. There, in bold letters, was:

"Harry's Bum Mint Foaming Gel!

Cleans out the nasty place lickety-split, leaving nothing behind but a pleasant mint flavor. Just place the tip of the dispenser in the opening, squeeze a dollop into the cavity, and all the dirty bits are cleansed and removed magically by Harry's Bum Mint Foaming Gel. After the path is cleared, the foam turns into a vapor. No mess and no clean up!"

"Where the hell did you get this?" Hermione asked.

"Oh, I conjured up the necessary ingredients last night while you were ravishing Luna," Harry informed. He took the tube away from Hermione and crawled behind Luna. With one hand on her bottom, Harry place the tip of the tube to Luna's pink button and gave the package a little squeeze.

"Oh my, that tickles!!" Luna exclaimed over the sound of the foam expanding in her bottom.

While Luna shivered and giggled under the effects of the cleansing gel, Harry conjured two sticks. Each stick was slightly larger than Harry's forefinger.

"What are those for?" asked Hermione as she held up one of the sticks.

"It's to stretch poppet out," Harry said and conjured a tub of a clear gel-like liquid. "They expand on command, to help loosen her anus. I can't just stuff my cock in her without preparing her now can I? Now, start talking about the Ministry."

Hermione decided to give Harry a lesson in current events, rather than question the need for a second expanding tool.

CMCMCM

"What's the news, Albus?" Remus asked when he walked into the Headmaster's office.

"Alastor and Kingsley have returned from Sweden. It seems that Miss Lovegood and her father had planned on spending their holiday searching for mythical beasts. But Miss Lovegood had a number of dreams that apparently told her to stay at home. Mr. Lovegood gave his daughter his blessing and went off on his trip alone. He has not heard from his daughter, but has agreed to inform us if he does," Dumbledore said, and poured himself and Moody tea.

"What about the Grangers?" the former Defense Professor asked.

"Well, they are not overly concerned that their daughter has not contacted them," Dumbledore replied and sipped on his tea. "They brought up the fact that Miss Granger has spent less than two weeks at their home over the last two years. They have, apparently, grown accustomed to not hearing from her for great lengths of time."

"We should post guards on both the Lovegood house and Granger home," Remus suggested. "Just in case one of the girls returns to their home."

"Very good, make sure that it is done," Dumbledore said and placed his tea cup down. "Now if you'll excuse me, I must go. There is a pressing matter that I must attend to."

"Do you need a hand, Albus?"

"No, thank you. This is a school matter," he said with a smile (the arousal potion in his tea was already starting to work).

Humming softly to himself, Dumbledore strolled down to the school's greenhouse. He walked up behind Pomona and pushed his hips into her backside.

"My, Albus, you're certainly frolicsome lately," giggled Pomona.

"It all your fault, baby, with your big bottom," Dumbledore cooed seductively. "You know what big witches do to me."

"Oh, Albus, you're such a sweet talker," she giggled again.

"I've told you before, call me 'Daddy.'"

"Why don't you slap my fat bottom, Daddy," she requested.

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With his black wizards' robes billowing behind him, Voldemort walked into the offices of the Muggle periodical Top-Floor Apartment Forum Magazine. He had the perfect plan to get his hands on virgins, and this filthy periodical would be the key to finding his sacrifices.

"Oh, don't you look smashing," the square-faced receptionist greeted Voldemort. She smiled at him with a crooked tooth grin. "That black cloak and the pale, nose-less face makes you look so exotic."

"Your magazine is made up entirely of stories written by readers,

correct?" the Dark Lord demanded, ignoring her compliment.

"Yes, sweetie," the receptionist replied with a gravelly voice as she dug a bit of food that had become jammed between her front two teeth with her overly long and garishly red fingernail.

"Show me where you keep these letters," Voldemort ordered.

"Sweetie, we here at Top-Floor Apartment Forum Magazine only allow contributors who hand in their posts in person to see where we keep our letters," she replied (her large Adam's apple bounced up and down with each word) and adjusted the flaming red wig perched on top of her head.

"I could kill you and find it myself," snarled Voldemort and he brandished his wand.

"I don't know if you could it with that stick or not, but it wouldn't be as much fun as writing a story, now would it?" the receptionist asked.

"You don't know me or know what I consider 'fun'?" he replied with a cruel smile.

"Well, you've obviously never written a story for Top-Floor Apartment Forum then," she returned and leaned back in her chair.

His curiosity got the better of him and Voldemort asked; "Is it more enjoyable than torturing people?"

"Oh, loads better," she replied. "And if torture is your thing you can throw that in as well."

"Really?"

"Sure, your imagination is the only limit," she smiled. "Why, if I were you, I'd take a seat right over there," she added, pointing to a group

of chairs on the other side of the waiting room. "And I'd pick up that pad of paper and pen on the coffee table and write a story about how one day I strolled into an office and met a charming receptionist. And how this receptionist and I shagged in the loo."

"That could be interesting," mused Voldemort, knowing full well that this woman was referring to herself.

"And it's important to give loads of details," she continued. "The more details the better; adds a bit of realism to it."

"What kind of details?"

"Well, for example, this receptionist has a firm C-cup, topped with sensitive pink nipples, can not only swallow, but gurgle, and has a six inch cock," she offered.

"Wait, you have a penis?" Voldemort asked in shock.

"Yes, I was born a boy and still have most of those parts; would you like to see it?"

The Dark Lord weighed his options for several seconds before responding, "That could be nice."

"Well, if you write a story and if it's good, I might just show you," the receptionist said. "And if your story is fantastic, I just might do my best to reenact that story with you."

Voldemort stalked over to the coffee table, sat on a nearby chair, and began to write on the pad of paper.

"Dear Top-Floor Apartment Forum,

I never thought it could happen to me..."

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"Here are the clothes you asked for," Madam Malkin said as she walked into the flat with dozens of boxes floating in after her. "Although, I don't know why you'd need so many clothes, I've been here twice and both times all three of you have been naked."

"You don't sound disappointed," Harry said and he walked up to the happy witch (his monument swinging like a pendulum).

"Honey, I'm not," Malkin replied (while her eyes swung back and forth in time with Harry's manhood). "Well, I hope you'll enjoy your clothes... if you ever wear them."

"We'll try them on right now," Harry offered.

"That's a shame. Have a wonderful day, I know I will," Malkin said and walked out of the flat (she had an appointment with a large cucumber that she was going to name "Harry" and she didn't want to keep it waiting).

"Now let's get you two dressed," Harry said and rummaged through the stacks of boxes. After tossing five boxes to the side, he placed two boxes apart from the others and held up his wand.

"Where did he get his wand from?" Hermione asked, having not seen where he retrieved his magical tool.

"He had it in his hand the entire time," Luna said. "You didn't see it because you were focused on his John Thomas."

"True," Hermione said with a nod.

Harry tapped his wand on the box on his right. It popped open, and a shimmering cloth shot out. With a whoosh, it wrapped around Luna. In the blink of an eye, the blonde witch was draped in gossamer

fabric that hung from a pearl choke-collar. The fabric was so sheer that Luna's nipples and blonde muff could easily be seen through it.

"It's beautiful," Luna said, and spun to show it off.

"She can't wear that in public," Hermione objected. "I can see right through it."

Harry tapped the other box and something black with a hint of red flew out and wrapped around Hermione.

"Oh come on," protested Hermione. She was now dressed in skin tight black leather trousers (though Hermione would argue that trousers need a front and back to be considered actual trousers – this outfit left her round bum and cunny exposed), a red thong (that was so small that she assumed it would barely cover a House Elf's genitals... that or Ron's manhood... then again, comparing Ron's genital to that of a House Elf would be an insult to the House-Elf), a black leather strap that was bound around her chest (this strap was so narrow that it only covered her large areolas – and then just barely; the leather was only a hair's width wider than her areolas). The leather band was so tightly bound around her chest that her impressive breasts were squashed, showing off acres of awe inspiring cleavage. The outfit was finished with thigh-high black leather stiletto platform boots; the platforms were a whopping four inches thick leaving the stiletto heels slightly over six inches long.

"I can't wear this in public," the brunette complained looking down at her own expansive cleavage.

"That's what cloaks are made for," Harry said. "You can wear these ensembles under a concealing robe."

"To hell with that," protested Hermione. "If a strong gust of wind comes along, I'll show everyone that I only have a bit of floss covering my arse-hole."



"That makes it exciting," Luna said with a smile (the fact that she found this concept thrilling was evident by her clearly visible nipples becoming hard).

"And I can't walk in these... these torture devices," the brunette continued to whine. As if to drive this point, she stumbled slightly.

"I can't walk right either," Luna offered. "But I think you'll get used to it."

Hermione looked at Luna's bare feet with a questioning look.

"Oh, the reason that I'm having difficulty walking has nothing to do with dominatrix style boots – which look smashing by the way," Luna began cheerfully. "It is because Harry stuffed his... what was the phrase you used to describe it? Oh, yes, a summer sausage!"

"Big – hot – throbbing –summer sausage," Hermione corrected.

"Yes, my difficulty in walking comes from the fact that Harry stuffed his big – hot – throbbing summer sausage up my bum," Luna concluded happily. "Although I do hope I become accustomed to it. It was fun!"

Harry walked up to Hermione and unceremoniously crushed his lips to hers. Like before, Hermione's face instantly began to heat up. She opened her mouth and Harry slid his tongue in. Eagerly, she pressed her breasts into his chest.

He removed himself from Hermione's lips and pulled Luna toward him and kissed the blonde just as intensely. After a minute, Harry released Luna. After taking a deep breath, Luna asked huskily "How do you kiss so good?"

"It's 'so well,'" Hermione (whose voice was just as husky) corrected.

"A Hindu Mystic taught me how to kiss," he said and kissed both witches in turn. "It's an ancient technique designed to illicit the most arousal."

"Well, it works," Hermione commented dreamily.

"Can you teach us how to do it?" asked Luna.

"Later, right now I'm going to kiss Hermione's tits, place a few kisses down her belly, and then eat her out, 'kay?"

Harry kissed Hermione on the lips before slowly trailing kisses down her chin, neck, the valley of her ample cleavage. The wizard took his time kissing every bit of her exposed flesh before moving his attention down. Hermione's head became dizzy as he kissed her belly. Then he knelt in front of her. Before she could even register what he was planning on doing, he tore off her flimsy red thong.

"What are you doing?" she asked in surprise. "You just bought that!"

"A quick spell will fix it up good as new. And the only thing clothing is good for is to strip it off," he explained, and quickly dove right between her legs.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed with a yelp (that yelped caused the thin strap of leather covering her breast to slide down, exposing a good portion of her nipples).

"Hrrmhnee, thlth mm ahbut Doombldrk," Harry spoke directly into Hermione's wet core.

"Oh my," she exclaimed again. The vibrations of his voice sent happy shivers up her spine.

"I'm sorry, Harry, we couldn't understand you," Luna interrupted. "You

had your mouth full."

Harry pulled away and repeated "Hermione, tell me about Dumbledore," and then dove right back to her snatch.

"Ah-ah well, wh-where to s-s-start," she stuttered as Harry licked and suckled her tender bits.

Harry pulled away once again, this time he ordered Luna; "Hermione's tits need a little attention, how about you suck on them."

"Gladly," the blonde chirped and wrapped her lips around Hermione's left nipple and Harry continued his ministrations on the brunette's cunny.

Hermione wove a long tale (full of long pauses, shuttering breaths, and "oh's" and "ah's") about Dumbledore and his adventures. When she got to the history of the Order of the Phoenix, Harry bent her over and took her from behind (coincidentally, the number of current Order members that Hermione could list was also the same amount of orgasms she had).

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Draco woke up late in the afternoon. After the day he had (having sex with ten witches through the help of various potions), he could've easily slept the day away. However the urgent need to pee woke him up. The blond wizard stumbled and staggered to his bathroom.

He pulled his organ out of his pajama bottoms and wasn't surprised to see a rich red color to it. After all, he had used it so much yesterday that he suspected that it would be rubbed raw.

With a smile, he recalled the more pleasant witches he had shagged (he had planned on asking his Father to adjust his memories so that he wouldn't remember the whore, Millicent, nor the four Pritchard

girls). Pansy had a very nice rack that bounced in wondrous ways. Daphne made such arousing moaning sounds. And Astoria had fulfilled a nasty fantasy that Draco had. As he held his sore manhood, Draco thought of how he would treasure the memories of that day (well, the memories that he didn't plan on magically wiping from his mind).

With a groan, Draco began to relieve himself. Soon after the steady trickle began, that relief turned into intense pain.

"OH MY GOD!" he shouted in agony. "WHY DOES IT BURN?"

To Be Continued

## Chapter Four

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad parody with over the top humor (most of this humor is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (OutOf Character actions). To reiterate; this is a parody with a great amount of sex jokes and sex scenes.

Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (femmslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

Also, major, and I do mean M-A-J-O-R Ron bashing.

Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

"Now obviously, you've all heard about that nincompoop Fudge's execution," Lucius said to his fellow Death Eaters gathered around his dining table. He had invited them all to his home, Malfoy Manor, to discuss the Minister's death because the Dark Lord was off on a mission (hunting down his precious virgins, no doubt).

"Who did it?" Rodolphus LeStrange asked. "Was it one of us?"

"It would make sense that our Master had one of us kill the fool. It's the perfect ploy to throw the Ministry into chaos," Rabastan, his brother, said with pride.

"I'm the Dark Lord's best assassin. If any Death Eater did it, it would've been me," Bellatrix said arrogantly.

"Then perhaps the Dark Lord did it himself," offered Nott.

"No, he has been too preoccupied trying to obtain virgins," Bellatrix

said. "It's clear to anyone with half a brain that someone other than our Master and his followers assassinated Fudge. It's imperative that we find out who did it."

"It doesn't matter who did it. Whoever it was did us a great favor and, more importantly, created an opportunity that we must seize," Lucius announced. "We must get the new Minister, whoever he will be, on our side."

"I still think that it is important to find out who the real culprit is," Bellatrix stated. "It could be another dark witch or wizard. We need to find out if they will join our ranks and properly serve the Dark Lord; such a person would be a valuable asset to the Master. And if this person is dumb enough to not wish to join us, then we will treat them as a threat and eliminate them."

"And let me guess, if this assassin happens to be a wizard and he does join our glorious organization, you'll sleep with him as part of initiation," Rodolphus, her husband, said with unveiled bitterness. "And if he doesn't join, you'll still shag him before you kill him."

"Don't be jealous, Rodolphus. I gave you a chance the night we were freed from Azkaban," Bellatrix said dispassionately. "If you were a real man and had been able to perform, I wouldn't have been forced to seek pleasure from another man."

"Well, excuse the hell out of me," Rodolphus snarled. "I had just spent a decade and some change having my mind and soul munched on by Dementors, so I refuse to be blamed if I couldn't get it up straight away. And let me correct you; it wasn't just another man that you sought pleasure from, it was men. As in plural. As in all of them! You hopped on anything that had a penis, save for me, your own husband. You even went so far as to cuckold me with Wormtail!"

"Can you two please discuss this some other time," Lucius ordered. "Perhaps away from me, so I don't have the image of my sister-in-law

taking Wormtail's virginity."

"Yes, let's get back to the matter at hand," requested Nott (who was trying to quell the image of Bellatrix mounting Wormtail as well). "We need to gain control of the new Minister. And I, for one, believe that we should have him or her on our side before they are elected Minister."

"Why don't we just put one of our Death Eaters in office?" offered Rodolphus, still feeling quite upset (and a touch left out) by his wife's indiscretions. "We have enough of the Wizgamont in our pockets that we can elect anyone we want. So why don't we have one of our members who isn't openly known as a Death Eater become Minister?"

"Yes, that's a wonderful idea," echoed Rabastan. "Once our man is Minister, we can start enacting some decent Pure Blood laws."

"Brilliant, we can finally have Muggle Hunting Laws," cheered Bellatrix. "And we could even use the legal power of the Ministry to purge the Mudbloods from our world."

"Don't be dense," snapped Lucius. "Just because the Minister is dead, it doesn't mean that we can overthrow the government and alter society with such brute force. If we act too quickly or forcefully, we'll show our hand. The people at large would be able to figure out that we were in control."

"And why would that be bad?"

"Do you think the people of wizarding Britain will just stand by and let a Death Eater or an open sympathizer to the Death Eaters become Minister?" asked Lucius snidely. "Will they let us print up anti-Mudblood pamphlets? Will they sit back and let us round up Mudbloods in a Ministry sanctioned Inquisition? No, they won't. The mudbloods, half-bloods, and blood traitors outnumber us by too large

of a magnitude. We must lull them into complacency first; and that takes time. Slowly and subtly we can begin to enforce our way of life, but only after we have a grasp on the seat of power. We must remember that the people are cattle and they, being cattle, will startle easily. But if we move slowly and take our time, they won't even know they have been overthrown."

"You do have a point, Lucius," Rodolphus said with a hint of apprehension. "But I believe that we should wait for our Master to tell us what to do. For all we know, he might like my idea better. He might want a Minister with the proper mind set over trying to influence an outsider."

"The Wizgamont will vote for a new Minister in three days. We can't afford to delay," Nott informed.

"Perhaps we should prepare both scenarios then," offered Rabastan. "That way, when the Dark Lord returns from his errand, he can notify us of which option he desires us to take."

"Good idea," echoed Bellatrix. "Rodolphus and Lucius should each select the witch or wizard they think would be best for their proposed strategy."

"And in the meantime, Bellatrix and I can search for the assassin who killed Fudge," Nott said.

"My first priority is to our Master. Therefore, I need to find him a virgin for the ritual," Bellatrix said with passionate conviction. "However, while I search for my Master's sacrifices, I will keep an ear out for the assassin."

"Tell me, Rodolphus, who did you have in mind for Minister?" Nott asked.



The wizard began to answer, "I was thinking Jamie-"

"OH MY GOD! WHY DOES IT BURN?"

"What the hell was that?" Nott asked while looking up at the ceiling where the scream had come from.

"My son has been sick," Lucius lied. He was curious as to why his son had cried out like that; he had been told never to raise his voice in the house, especially when guests were present. "Some of the potions he's taking have odd side effects. Please go on, Rodolphus."

"As I was saying, I think Jami-"

"ARGH! NOW IT'S COMING OUT THICK AND CHUNKY! IT FEELS LIKE A KNOTTED HEMP ROPE IS BEING PULLED THROUGH MY PRECIOUS!"

"I'll be right back," Lucius said, excusing himself. He dashed up the stairs and found his wife, Narcissa waiting outside Draco's closed door.

"What's wrong?" he demanded.

"I don't know," she snapped. "I just got here myself!"

Lucius pulled his wand and magically opened the door. Narcissa rushed in and was in Draco's bathroom before Lucius even entered his son's bedroom. A startled scream ripped from Narcissa's throat. Fearing the worst, Lucius bolted into Draco's bathroom.

"Good Lord! What is that?" he asked, pointing to his son's groin.

"I don't know, but it burns!" Draco sobbed.

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"Harry, where are you going?" Hermione asked, while the wizard slipped on a pair of formfitting black trousers. The witch was currently lying on her back on the floor with Luna strewn across the brunette's belly. Both witches had just gotten shagged silly and were utterly exhausted and spent from the experience. But neither had been happier in their lives.

"Correction; where are we going," he replied, stuffing his monument in his pants. "We are going to get something to eat."

"Can't we just get something delivered?" asked Luna (who had no intention whatsoever of moving).

"I'm in complete agreement with Luna," Hermione moaned. She discovered that she was perfectly content to lie on the floor while various parts of her body continued to tingle from the shag.

"Nope, we need some fresh air," Harry said and buttoned up his black silk shirt.

"Open a window," Luna groaned. "We can get plenty of air that way."

"Get dressed or I'll put you under the Imperius Curse and march you two around Knockturn Alley completely starkers," he threatened.

"Can I at least wash up first," Hermione requested. "I'm a touch too messy to go out in public right now."

"Hell, I'm still dripping," commented Luna.

"I know. I can feel it dribbling on my thigh," added Hermione.

"Conluo Abluo," Harry incanted while waving his wand at the witches. With a soft "whoosh" sound, Luna and Hermione felt the various liquids that clung on their bodies vanish and left them with a pleasant and fresh aroma. "Now you're clean. Get dressed. I'm hungry"

After the witches got dressed (this didn't take long at all. Because Luna had been wearing her gossamer outfit the entire time, all she needed to do was slip on a pair of shoes. And Hermione only needed to pull the band up over her breasts and have Harry magically fix the tiny thong) and threw on long cloaks. Hermione clutched the opening in front of her cloak, fearing that the slightest puff of air might reveal her state of "nearly naked." Whereas Luna let her hands dangle, as if she dared the wind to reveal her state of "nearly naked."

Walking very gingerly (because Hermione wasn't used to walking in her high platform stilettos while Luna's bottom was still quite a bit tender from the bugging), the two witches slowly followed Harry out of the flat.

"Can we go someplace close?" asked Hermione, stumbling for the fourth time in six steps.

"Sure, let's go there," Harry pointed at a restaurant across the street from the flat.

"Um, I think I can walk," the brunette said apprehensively (the restaurant had a painted sign showing a severed human head floating along with carrots and onions in a stewpot, which didn't bode well for the cuisine).

"Can we make it to the Leaky Cauldron?" Luna asked with the doubt evident in her eyes (and the way she lurched forward with each step).

"If you lean on me, I'll lean on you. That way, we'll help each other

out," offered Hermione.

The two witches stumbled and bumbled for several feet (with Hermione's ankles twisting and tweaking, and Luna clutching her bottom with each step). It took them nearly ten minutes to walk a hundred yards.

"If you two keep this up, we'll die of starvation," Harry said snidely.

"Let's see how well you'd walk if you were wearing hooker-shoes-from-hell or had just gotten a summer sausage up your bum," challenged Hermione.

"A big - -hot - -throbbing - -summer sausage," corrected Luna.

"Fine," grumbled Harry as he scooped up Luna effortlessly, "I'll carry you two in turns."

He offered his shoulder for Hermione to lean on. Once everyone was set, they began walking (albeit slowly) again. The wizard easily carried the blonde witch.

"Thanks, Harry, we appreciate this," Hermione said, and kissed him on the cheek. Luna mirrored this action on his other cheek.

As he walked through Knockturn Alley, Harry admitted happily "Actually, I planned this."

"What do you mean?" asked Hermione.

"Well, I had you wear those shoes knowing you couldn't walk very well in them yet; which meant I'd have to carry you at one point. And because of Luna's sore bum, I knew I'd have to carry her as well," he said.

"Why would you plan this?" the brunette asked.

"Because I feel noble helping you two out," he said.

"And also with his arm wrapping around from my back, his hand is in the perfect position to fondle my left tit in public," Luna informed. The blonde then added with a pleased grin; "which he's doing as we speak."

"Well, I planned this for the noble feeling and public tit fondling," corrected Harry. "It's a double whammy so to speak."

"And you're getting off on this I assume?" Hermione asked Harry.

"I know I am," answered Luna.

"Don't be jealous, Hermione. Once it's your turn to be carried I'll play with your titty as well," Harry reassured.

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"Have you seen three kids in here lately?" Remus asked a Diagon Alley shopkeeper. He and Tonks had been going from shop to shop, asking everyone if they had seen the wayward teens. Now, at the last shop before they entered Knockturn Alley, the two Order members were growing weary. They had spoken to dozens and dozens of witches and wizards, but to no avail. Hours of searching had not given them a single clue or hint as to Harry and the witches' whereabouts. Tired and frustrated, Remus forged ahead. "One's Harry Potter; black hair, glasses and a scar. The other's Hermione Granger, fuzzy brown hair, and a nice full figure. And the third's Luna Lovegood, a blonde with big blue eyes, and a skinny build."

The shopkeeper, who was standing behind the counter thought for a moment before answering, "No, sorry. I haven't seen anyone like that around."

After the shopkeeper turned his attention to another customer, Tonks shot a scathing and disapproving look at the werewolf.

"What's the problem?" Remus asked the pink haired Auror.

"Hermione's got a 'nice full figure'?" she asked in revulsion.

"There's nothing wrong with that," he retorted. "Hermione should be proud of her body."

"Oh, I agree with that. My problem is that you checked out a teenager's body," Tonks shot back. "She's literally young enough to be your daughter."

"I'm barely old enough to be her father," he corrected. "Besides, just because I'm older doesn't mean that I can't look."

"My God, you're like forty-five and she's sixteen," Tonks said in disgust.

"Hey, I happen to be thirty-six," Remus defended.

"You're a perverted old man."

"First; I am not old," he said firmly. "And second; every man looks at a woman's breasts."

"But Hermione's not a woman, yet. She's still just a kid."

"Yeah, a kid with a really nice set of knockers."

"You disgust me."

If Remus and Tonks had not been so focused on their argument, they would have seen the three teens they were looking for walking just outside the shop. In fact, the two Order members had ample time to see their targets because Harry had decided that the front of that particular shop would be a good place to switch witches. He gently lowered Luna to the ground and scooped up Hermione. Then, after they were all settled (with one of Hermione's large and perky breasts being nicely stimulated by Harry's talented fingers), the three ever so slowly walked away. But, alas, Tonks was too busy informing Remus that she thought he was some sort of pedophile and he was too busy defending his God-given ogling rights.

"Alright, let's just drop this," Remus ordered. "We're wasting time with your stupid attitude. Let's head into Knockturn Alley and continue the search."

Tonks' screeched "My attitude? You're the old leech!" was heard the length of Diagon Alley.

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"Oh, Arthur, he's waking up," Molly said with a mixture of joy and anxiety.

"Don't try to move too much, Ron," Arthur said rushing up to his son's hospital bed.

Arthur's pleas of staying still fell on deaf ears because Ron hopped up on his bed and stood heroically with his fists on his hips just seconds after his eyes opened. With his chin held high in the air, he said arrogantly "Ron the Magnificent wishes to know why Ron the

Magnificent is in St. Mungo's?"

"Wha... what?" asked Arthur.

"Ah, yes, now Ron the Magnificent remembers what happened," Ron said and smiled broadly. "Ron the Magnificent had celebrated Ron the Magnificent's defeat over You Know Who too much and Ron the Magnificent is recovering in the magical hospital."

"Healer Phelps, I think something is wrong," Molly called out frantically.

"Ron the Magnificent wants Ron the Magnificent's wives brought forth so that Ron the Magnificent may bed them," Ron said firmly. "Ron the Magnificent is aroused and needs to be satisfied."

"Seeing that Ron's awake, can I go look for Harry now?" asked Ginny peevishly (she wasted enough time watching over her unconscious brother, and now that he was conscious, Ginny had to find Harry so that she could woo her black haired, firm-handed Prince).

"Yes, dear sister, all is well. You may leave Ron the Magnificent's presence," Ron said with a noble wave of his hand.

"You stay right where you are, young lady," ordered Molly.

"Ron's fine and I have things to do," whined Ginny.

"He's 'fine'? Are you mad? He's referring to himself in the third person. How is that 'fine'?" demanded Molly.

"Ron, why are you talking that way?" Molly cried to her addled son. "What's wrong?"

"Wrong, mother? Why, nothing is wrong," Ron answered. "Ron the Magnificent now knows that this is the way a cultured and properly



reared hero speaks. Ron the Magnificent is simply too marvelous ever to be referred to with anything other than Ron the Magnificent's earned title of excellence."

"Healer Phelps, something's wrong with our son," Arthur pleaded with the Healer as he approached.

"What seems to be the problem, Mr. Weasley?" asked Phelps kindly.

"Nothing is wrong, kind and noble Healer," Ron said, and placed a hand on Phelps' shoulder. "As Ron the Magnificent told Ron the Magnificent's dear sister; all is well. Ron the Magnificent gives Ron the Magnificent's blessing upon you, Healer," at this point, Ron removed his hand from Phelps' shoulder and touched it to the Healer's forehead in a sanctifying gesture. "Ron the Magnificent commands you to go forth and work your healing magics upon the sick and infirmed."

"Oh, that's the problem," Phelps said, clearly unfazed by Ron's actions. "This was to be expected."

"What? We should've expected our son to give himself a title and only speak in the third person?" screeched Molly.

"Well, not that exactly, but there was a chance he would act strangely," corrected Phelps. "He was hit over the head several times with a frying pan, after all. That's bound to knock some bolts loose."

"Will this last long?" Arthur asked.

"Hard to tell, really," the Healer answered. "It may just be temporary."

"What if it isn't?" a nearly panicking Molly asked. "What if my Ronald stays like this?"

"Ron the Magnificent is now leaving," the young wizard in question

announced at the top of his lungs to the rest of the ward as if he were king addressing his subjects. "Ron the Magnificent wishes you all a speedy recovery. And you have Ron the Magnificent's permission to cheer for Ron the Magnificent as Ron the Magnificent leaves."

As Ron began walking out of the ward (while graciously waving at the other patients and Healers), Phelps answered Molly's question: "Well, if it's permanent, you'll have plenty of time to get used to it."

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Voldemort stumbled out of the office supply cupboard with the receptionist (named Lola) following close behind.

"Next time, sweetie, warn me about any augmentations," Lola said in her deep and rough voice, readjusting her bra. "I was quite surprised when I went to cup your boys. But that would explain your girly voice."

"Believe me, it was necessary to make sacrifices," Voldemort said dismissively.

"Oh, I know, sweetie, I know. When I had the twins installed, I told the plastic surgeon they were necessary," Lola said and squeezed her artificial breasts. "But it would've been nice to know before hand that you weren't carrying luggage. Not that there's anything wrong with that, it's just I had the rocket in my hand and I was expecting an explosion, if you catch my drift."

Growing bored with the conversation, the Dark Lord commanded "Show me where you keep the letters."

"Sure thing, sweetie," Lola said and walked down the hall, swinging her narrow hips back and forth.

She led him to a room with boxes and boxes full of posts. Quickly, Voldemort selected one box and tossing the lid to the side, began scanning through the pages (some of these pages were difficult to separate because a number of them had odd stains that clung to other sheets). He was looking for specific key words or descriptions. The ones that stood out were letters that claimed the writer had "enormous, gravity defying double K breasts and a twenty-one inch waist" or "a cock so big that the head is the size of a ripe apple." After he had a large stack of these deluded and farfetched posts, he waved his wand over them while chanting under his breath. A few moments later, the posts began to glow, clump together in a ball, and then reshape themselves into an arrow.

The arrow swung like a compass needle, pointing to the door. Voldemort headed to the door and the arrow kept pace with the evil wizard, hovering a foot in front of him. His charm was working perfectly; the arrow would lead him directly to the people who wrote the selected letters.

As he walked toward the exit, Lola bid him goodbye.

"Anytime you want to stop by sweetie, I'll be more than happy to fulfill your fantasy again. But next time, I'll be the one doing the 'Reach Around' okay, sweetie?"

Voldemort stopped and turned to look at the mannish receptionist. After a few seconds, he smiled and asked, "Why wait?" Hitching up the back of his robes, he led Lola back to the supply room.

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"It looks like it might be Dragon Clap," Narcissa said as her complexion turned green.

"If it is, it's the worst case I've ever seen," Lucius added in disgust.

"Oh, seen many cases have you?" the blonde witch snapped angrily. "Did some of your hussies on the side have so many nasty diseases that you're now an expert?"

"Now is not the time, Narcissa," Lucius said with heat to his voice.

"Can it be cured?" Draco asked pathetically.

"Yes, but it'll take some expensive potions and salves," replied Lucius.

"Is something crawling there?" Narcissa asked while pointing at the rash (which was so bad that it look like Draco's groin and genitals was encased in red scales).

"Oh, no, it's Troll Crabs," Lucius sighed (Troll Crabs are just like regular Crabs but Troll Crabs carry tiny little sticks in their pincers - - much like how Mountain Trolls wield clubs).

Lucius stood up and ordered, "Take him to St. Mungo's and have him treated. I need to run an errand for the Dark Lord."

"That's just like you, isn't it?" snapped Narcissa. "Whenever something important pops up, you're always dashing out for some errand or meeting."

"This is important work, Narcissa," Lucius growled. "I have to try and get the potential new Minister in our pocket."

"I'm sure you have to. And I'm sure that this 'potential new Minister' is a curvaceous young witch who can cross her ankles behind her neck for ten galleons," the blonde witch said bitterly. "She'll make a fine Minister."

"Ah, this really hurts," whined Draco. "Can we go to St. Mungo's now, please?"

"Once, just once I was unfaithful and you continue to hold it over my head," Lucius barked at his wife.

"You mean that I caught you only once," retorted Narcissa. "Who knows how many other times you've cheated behind my back."

"The Troll Crabs are picking at the Dragon Clap scales," whimpered Draco. "It really burns and hurts."

"And, just in case you've forgotten, that 'one time' I caught you, you happened to be in bed with two witches, one hag, a goblin, and a goat," lectured Narcissa. "And the hag was using a-"

"I wouldn't have needed to go behind your back if you were a little more open minded!" interrupted Lucius, snarling.

"I think it's bleeding now," wailed Draco.

"I told you on our wedding night; I won't go down on you while you go down on a goat," Narcissa yelled.

"And I accepted your reticence that night," Lucius countered. "But you have continued to refuse my needs and desires!"

"Being blown while you're blowing a goat is not a 'need'!" the blonde witch snapped viciously.

"Prude!" shouted Lucius.

"Pervert!" hollered Narcissa.

Hopping up and down frantically, Draco screamed; "STOP IT! I NEED TO GO TO ST. MUNGO'S!"

Lucius leveled his eyes on his wife and said, "I have to run an errand for the Dark Lord, whether you believe me or not. Take the boy to the hospital."

The blonde witch bared her teeth at Lucius as she grabbed her son's arm. "We're not finished," she threatened and dragged Draco to the fireplace.

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After conjuring a fluffy pillow for Luna to sit on, Harry sat in the booth across from the two witches in the Leaky Cauldron.

"Here's how we'll take over this world," Harry began after he ordered beef stew for everyone.

"Excuse me; 'how WE'LL take over'?" Hermione challenged.

"Oh, you want to rule the world, too. You just don't know it yet," Harry said dismissively.

"No, I don't," countered Hermione. "I happen to like the world as it is."

This statement not only got a snort of disapproval from Harry, but a chuckle of condemnation from Luna.

"All right, fine, I don't like the way the world is," admitted Hermione.  
"But that doesn't mean I want to take over the world."

"Out of anyone in the world, I'd argue (next to me of course) that you'd be the best person to run things," informed Harry.

"What about me?" asked Luna.

"You'd do a bang up job, too," he said with a wink.

"Thank you for believing that I'm capable enough," Hermione said sincerely (after all, when a megalomaniac like this Harry says that you're good enough to rule the world, you should take it as a compliment). "But I've told you before; I believe people are smart enough to rule themselves."

"You honestly believe that?" he asked.

"Yes I do," she answered firmly.

"What about Lucy Malfoy," Harry began.

"Lucius Malfoy," corrected Luna.

"Yeah, her," agreed Harry. "Anyway this Lucius Malfoy was a suspected Death Eater in the first war, right?"

"True," agreed Hermione.

"Yet you told me when you talked about Voldemort that Malfoy never spent any significant time in Azkaban," the black haired wizard stated.

"He used the Imperius Curse as a defense," Hermione said. "He claimed that he was forced to do those evil acts."

"Wait, 'he'? Lucius Malfoy is a bloke?" he asked.

"Yes."

"With a name like 'Lucius'?" he asked furrowing his brow. "Are you sure?"

"Just get back to your point," Hermione sighed.

"So, she, I mean he got off scot-free and this didn't arouse suspicion from the public," summarized Harry. "No one once bothered to feed her - -damn it, him Veritasum or the like. Just let him go on his merry way. Yet he still openly dabbled in politics; he was on the school board until he played his hand too heavy with the Chamber of Secrets doohickey you lot had, and he was very close to Fudge as well."

"Yes, that's true," said Hermione.

"A number of people also believed he was practicing Dark Arts," added Luna. "Some even claimed that he alluded to threatening them with Dark Magic."

"So, why didn't anyone remove him?" asked Harry. "He was a Death Eater who used a poor excuse to defend himself, was rumored to practice Dark Arts, and had a great amount of influence in key areas of government. Therefore, it would've been safer to assume that he was a threat and he should've been removed.""

"Because not all of us are cold blooded killers," Hermione said.

"Just because I said he needed to be removed doesn't mean killed," Harry said and added while looking directly into Hermione's brown eyes; "You sissy."

"If you didn't mean murder what else did you mean by 'remove'?"



"Malfoy and his lot have money; but more, it's their entire world. They are nothing without it," Harry said with a smile. "You take away their money and they'll lose everything: their families, respect, and influence."

"So instead of killing him, you're saying he should've been robbed blind," Hermione summed up. "You're just replacing one illegal and immoral activity for another."

"Oh, no, the world's in a tight spot because of people like Voldemort, Malfoy, and their flunkies, but I can't do anything about it because I don't want to get my hands dirty," Harry mocked in a high voice.

"I don't sound like that," protested Hermione.

"She's right," Luna agreed. "She sounds more like this; 'Evil and corruption have seeped into every aspect of our world, yet I lack the moral conviction to do what is right.' She does use bigger words after all."

"Thanks for clarifying, Luna," Hermione said with a disapproving groan.

"You're welcome," Luna chirped, oblivious to the other witch's sarcasm.

"You don't honestly agree with what's he's saying, do you?" the brunette asked Luna.

"Not entirely," she replied. "But I do think the world would be a better place if the likes of Malfoy had no powerbase."

"See, if someone took Malfoy's powerbase, his money, he'd have no control or influence," Harry smiled. "Of course, people like this Malfoy usually have large amounts of gold stashed away in other places

besides their homes and Gringotts in case someone does steal from them. There's always a chance that even if you do steal the gold from their homes and bank vaults, they'll just dip into their secret stashes and become a threat again. That's why I prefer killing them. Easier, and there's no chance they'll get more money and become a threat again."

"That's wrong," complained Hermione.

"Good point, Malfoy has a family and associates that could use his gold to further his evil plans," Harry said rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "It'd be for the best to steal their money and then kill them. That way none of their family or associates can carry on their work. See, you do have the proper knack to control the world, Hermione. I hadn't spotted that flaw."

"Perhaps you can even make it look like a robbery gone wrong. Set it up so it appeared that the target stumbled upon a thief and the target dies in the struggle," offered Luna.

"That's brilliant," Harry cheered.

"Don't help him, Luna," chastised Hermione. "It isn't right to kill someone."

"Why not?" asked Harry.

"Murder is immoral," she answered.

"Is killing in self defense moral?" he asked. "Let's say a Death Eater has you pinned and is so powerful that he can block every one of your spells. He's inching toward you; he's just blocking your hexes and curses like they were nothing. He's toying with you. You know that in any second, he'll kill you. But you know that he can't block the Killing Curse; that the only way you can save yourself is to use the Unforgivable. Would you take the Death Eater's life to save your

own?"

"I suppose."

"Alright, let's say you're a bystander and Luna is the one being attacked, would you kill to save her life?"

"Yes, but killing in self defense isn't murder," argued Hermione.

"Let's table this conversation for another time," Harry said. "Right now, I'm a touch randy. So which one of you fine ladies are going to go down on me under the table?"

"What?" both Hermione and Luna asked in surprise.

"C'mon, I'll flip a galleon," offered Harry. "Hermione, you're heads and Luna is tails."

"I won't go down on you in public," protested Hermione.

"I have to admit that I'm a little too shy to try that," Luna said.

"Fine," Harry said with a frown. Slowly, he began lowering himself in his seat.

"What are you doing?" asked Hermione.

Harry wriggled his eyebrows and disappeared under the table. A second later, both Hermione and Luna fell slack in their seats as Harry began to work his tongue and fingers on their tender areas (at first, he used his tongue on Hermione and his fingers on Luna, but he swapped tactics every once in a while - -after all, it isn't fair to play favorites).

"Hello there, girls, where's Harry?" Tom, the barkeep, asked as he dropped off the three bowls of stew.

"HE'S IN THE LOO!" Luna said loudly, and Hermione nodded her head vigorously.

"If you don't mind me saying, it's not good to sit like that. You need to work on your posture," Tom commented. The witches (who were still sitting like they had no spines) nodded. Tom pointed to his hunchback, saying regretfully, "You two don't want to end up like me, do ya?"

Tom was about to head away when he asked a question; "Are you girls warm? You're faces are all red and sweaty."

"We're f-f-fine," stammered Hermione.

"R-right as r-rain," added Luna breathily.

"Are you sure? I can adjust the temperature charms a touch," offered Tom.

"W-w-we'll b-be fine in AH moment," answered Luna.

"Less-s-s than a moment for me," Hermione said, and her face began to scrunch up.

"Okay, you two. Hope you like the stew," Tom said and walked away.

"It's-s-s s s-s-o-o good!" cheered Luna.

"I'm glad you like it. Made it myself," Tom said as he headed to the bar. He asked Hermione; "Do you like it?"

With her eyes screwed shut, she cried out a very emphatic "OH GOD YES!"

"If it's that good, I guess I'll have to whip up some more stew," Tom

said proudly. "Maybe even try my hand at some ice cream as well."

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"No, Ginevra," snapped Molly. They had not been home for a full hour and Ginny had asked to leave two dozen times already. "You have to stay here and help me with your brother."

"But Mum, he's okay," the youngest Weasley protested. "He's just got a knock on his head."

"You consider that okay?" Molly demanded and pointed to Ron (who was standing in his version of a heroic pose on the second step of the stairway, wearing only a small wash towel as a makeshift loincloth).

Ginny looked at her mostly naked brother for a moment before answering a firm "Yes."

"Ronald! Put on some clothes!" Molly hollered at her son.

"Please, Mum, I need to go find Harry," whined Ginny.

"Your father and the entire Order of the Phoenix are out doing that this very instant. They don't need your help," Molly said sternly. "You have to stay here and help me with Ron."

"It is quite all right, Mother," Ron said in a loud and confident voice. "Ron the Magnificent's sister can go chase her school girl crush."

"It's not a crush!" Ginny screeched angrily. "You don't understand the fated love that Harry and I have! We complete each other!"

"Um... Ron the Magnificent is at a loss as to what Ron the Magnificent's sister is referring to," Ron said dramatically. "Ron the Magnificent can only recall two or three times that you, dear sister, exchanged more than two words with Harry."

With a cross between a whimper and a shout of frustration, Ginny dashed up the stairs, knocking Ron over with her wide child bearing hips (at least that's what she had convinced herself to think of them as - she was a stocky young thing and such generous terms helped her self image, whereas the more accurate term of "massive saddle bags" would not help her self image at all).

"Ronald, for the love of all that is holy; PLEASE PUT SOME CLOTHES ON!" shouted Molly. When Ron was knocked over by Ginny, the wash rag he was using as an impromptu loincloth flipped up and revealed his manhood (or more accurately; tiny almost-boyhood) to his shocked mother.

Unembarrassed by his naked state (because in his delusion, he believed he was significantly more endowed than human males – and most centaurs for that matter), Ron stood in a heroic stance. "Ron the Magnificent must inform Ron the Magnificent's dear and loving Mother that simple clothes are now beneath Ron the Magnificent."

"I will tan your naked hide if you don't put on some trousers," threatened Molly.

"Oh-ho, dear Mother, Ron the Magnificent vanquished You Know Who with one blow," Ron said with a playful and patronizing chuckle. "What hopes do you have of 'tanning' Ron the Magnificent's 'hide'?"

"All right," Molly said while rolling up her sleeves. "If it's a beating you want, it's a beating you'll get."

The entire time Molly was smacking a wooden spoon (not the one Hermione had broken over Ron's arm, this one was much more stout) against her son's bare backside, Ron laughed and laughed... well in his deluded mind he was laughing, but in reality he was winching and crying in pain like the little bitch he is.

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Voldemort put the finishing touch on his pentagram on the stony ground at the base of the hill that hosted his castle. His plan to acquire virgins had worked flawlessly (of which the Dark Lord had no doubt; anyone who claimed to have such proportions as "three outstretched hands tall and one wide" had to be a virgin). After nabbing three virgin Muggles, he rushed back to his castle and quickly performed the Virginitas Charm on them. He was so excited over the outcome of the charm that he killed one of the virgins and drained him of his blood on the spot (sending the other two virgins into a panic).

This time, Voldemort performed the Summoning Ritual without his minions watching (simply because if the ritual didn't work, he didn't want an audience - - the two virgin Muggles cowering in fear a few feet away didn't count). He placed the Summoning Stone at the very tip of one of the star's points and began to chant:

"Hear me, oh masters of time, space, and anything else that might be listening! Open up the gates between worlds so that I can call forth my brother from that realm unto this world!" The air crackled once more around the pentagram and Voldemort completed his incantation. "Come forth from your world, my equal, and join me here in my world so that we can rule together!"

The pentagram shot pillars of smoke into the air. Voldemort smiled, the pentagram during the failed ritual had vanished in a puff, and he took the billowing pillars to mean that this time the ritual had worked. As the smoke started to clear, Voldemort saw a figure standing next to him.

"Welcome to this world, my brother," the Dark Lord greeted his peer.

"OOOH YEAH, BROTHER!!" the figure shouted in a deep and gravely voice and began posing to show off his overly muscular arms and chest. This mystery figure was wearing nothing more than knee-high lace-up boots, a small set of swimming trunks, and a full face mask (all three items appeared to have been made out of white snake skin). The unknown man had unusually small and pure white nipples with reddish skin stretched over massive muscles, and bulging veins popping out all over his arms and neck. The veins in his neck bulged even more as he shouted "THE FLYING DEATH WILL TAKE ANY CHALLENGERS DOWN, BROTHER!!! WOOO!!"

"Who the hell are you?" demanded Voldemort. He had expected his double to appear before him, not this steroid freak.

"I AM THE FLYING DEATH, BROTHER!!!" the unknown man shouted. "I RAIN PAIN AND SUFFERING DOWN UPON MY OPPONENTS, OOH YEAH!!!!"

Voldemort was about to kill this fool when he saw familiar red eyes looking out from behind the white mask.

"Tell me, has your name always been 'Flying Death'?"

"NO, BROTHER!!! BEFORE I FOUND THIS MASK OF POWER," he bellowed, and pointed to the snake-skin material covering his face while simultaneously flexing his massive arms and chest. "I WAS JUST A PUNY MAN NAMED TOM RIDDLE. NOW, I AM THE FLYING DEATH!!!!"



"Ah, I see," the Dark Lord said feeling slightly relieved that the ritual had not been fouled up completely. "And what do you do, Flying Death?"

"WOOO!!! I RAIN PAIN AND SUFFERING DOWN UPON MY OPPONENTS, BROTHER!!!"

"Yes, you said that. But what does that mean exactly?"

"I WRESTLE THEM!!!"

"You're a wrestler?"

"CORRECTION, BROTHER, I'M THE BEST WRESTLER!!!! I'VE KILLED OVER FIFTY MEN IN MANY A CAGE MATCH!!!"

"I thought wrestling was fixed," stated Voldemort.

"NOT WHERE I COME FROM BROTHER!!!! I'VE TORN HEADS FROM SHOULDERS AND THEN TOSSED THE BLOODIED REMAINS INTO THE CROWD!!! OOH YEAH!!!"

"Do you have to yell?"

"YES, BROTHER, I HAVE TO. IT'S THE FLYING DEATH'S STYLE!!!"

"Very well," groaned Voldemort. "I'm certain that you are wondering why you are here."

"TO KILL AND MAIM, BROTHER!! IT'S WHAT I DO BEST!!!"

"Excellent," Voldemort said with a smile on his snake-like lips (wait a tick... snake don't have lips!). "What types of magic can you perform?"

"I CAN JUMP FROM THE ROPES HIGHER THAN ANYONE ELSE!!! AND AS I SAID BEFORE, BROTHER, I CAN RIP HEADS OFF!!! LITERALLY!! WOO!!!"

"That's all well and good, but I was looking for a fellow magic user. You will do nicely however, Flying Death; I could use your talents," Voldemort commented while his muscle-bound duplicate flexed various body parts theatrically. "Since I have two more virgins, I will perform the Summoning Ritual again in hopes of getting another magic user."

"WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO IN THE MEANTIME, BROTHER?" the Flying Death shouted.

"Why don't you entertain yourself with Wormtail. He's in the castle on the hill. But don't kill him," offered Voldemort. "He's a pudgy fellow with a silver hand. Also, just to let you know, he can turn into a rat."

"OOH YEAH!!! YOUR TIME OF PAIN AND SUFFERING IS COMING, LITTLE SILVER FISTED RAT-MAN!!! THE FLYING DEATH IS COMING FOR YA!!!" with that, the muscled man ran in search of Wormtail.

Voldemort pointed his wand at one of the remaining Muggle virgins. "Time to make another pentagram."

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"Ah, good evening, Percy," Lucius Malfoy said courteously.

Percy Weasley spun around and stammered, "W-what are you doing

in my office? You're supposed to be in Azkaban!"

"That was a terrible misunderstanding," Lucius explained convincingly. "I was following my wife's sister, Bellatrix Lestrange (who as you know was an escaped felon), in hopes of bringing her in for the public's safety. Alas, I was caught up in all the confusion of the attack in the Ministry and was wrongly accused of being a Death Eater."

"So, the Ministry realized their mistake?" Percy asked.

"Yes, they did," the blond wizard answered. "But seeing how much awful press the Ministry is getting lately, I thought it would be bad to announce the error of my incarceration. So, upon my suggestion, to save any unnecessary negative publicity, I was freed discreetly."

"That's golly good of you," cheered Percy. "News of such an error would be devastating for the Ministry right now."

"Exactly. I believe in the Ministry, and my only wish is to see it thrive," Lucius said persuasively. "That is why I'm here, to see the Ministry thrive. You want the government to succeed, don't you Percy?"

"Of course I do," Percy said with pride. "I have sworn my life to the betterment of the Ministry."

"Very good," Lucius smiled. "Then might I suggest you throw your name in the running for Minister for Magic."

"W-wh-what?" Percy nearly fainted.

"Become Minister, Percy," Lucius repeated. "I'd think you'd do a fine - -no wait, I know you'd do a wonderful job."

"Thank you for your confidence, Mr. Malfoy."

"Please, call me Lucius."

"Thank you, Lucius, but I think I'm too young to be Minister. And besides, I lack experience."

"Nonsense. There's a little known law; I believe it is one of the amendments to the Goblin Truce of 1423 that states the Minister for Magic has to be at least seventeen to rule. And as to your so-called 'lack of experience' I believe that can work in your favor. You're new blood; you aren't tainted by the corruption in government. You'd breathe fresh air into the Ministry."

"I still don't know, Lucius," Percy said thoughtfully.

"All you need is confidence, my boy. And I know just the trick," the blond said with a grin. "Tomorrow after your shift is done, I'll send over a little confidence booster."

"Lucius, that won't be necessary."

"I'll have none of that. Our future Minister can't be hesitant," Lucius said in a supportive manner. "Now, since my release from Azkaban is still a secret from the rest of the Wizarding society, I don't have to tell you that we should keep this meeting a secret."

"Oh, of course," Percy said. He was still doubtful that he could receive any votes, much less be a good Minister.

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"No sign of them anywhere," Remus grumbled as he walked out of Knockturn Alley.

"Oh, I'm so terribly sorry that you didn't get a chance to look at some under aged titties," Tonks said scornfully.

"Drop it, why don't you," snapped Remus; he would never admit it, but his anger did come from not getting the chance to spy Hermione's full and firm mounds.

"I'll drop it the moment you say you're sorry for ogling Hermione."

"That's it, we're done as partners," snarled Remus. "Once we get back to Grimmauld Place, I'm telling Albus that you and I aren't working together."

"Fine by me," Tonks said in agreement and the two vanished with a loud pop. This was unfortunate, because if they had stayed for just a few moments longer, Remus and Tonks would've not only spotted their teenaged targets, but also one escaped Death Eater strolling through the streets of Diagon Alley.

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Bellatrix stomped through Diagon Alley with her cloak's hood obscuring her face. She desperately needed to find her Master a virgin but she was having a hell of a time doing it. The witch had figured that she had the perfect sacrifices with those two Muggles she had picked up at the Star Trek convention. But alas, they weren't pure. And her failure not only brought her pain under the Cruciatus Curse, but she had also let down the Dark Lord, a failure that pierced her soul.

Then, she saw salvation. Three teens were walking in front of her.

And not just any three teens, but that foul Half-blood and two of his friends. Bellatrix was positive that wee baby Potter was a virgin; he was too much of a goodie-two-shoes to have bedded anyone. What's more, this sacrifice would be a double present for her Master. Not only could he use Potter's blood for the ritual, but he'd kill the Boy Who Lived who had been a pest for the Dark Lord. And since the two witches, the blonde blood traitor and the Mudblood, were with Potter, Bellatrix knew for certain that they too had to be virgins (especially the blonde with the odd yet notable limp).

She was as stealthy and graceful as a cat as she trailed the three teens. Once her targets were out of view of any witnesses, Bellatrix was planning on hitting them with Stunning Hexes, and then bringing them to her Master's castle.

But before she could spring into action, she overheard Potter telling the witches to go on without him. The three spilt up. Bellatrix chose to follow Potter, out of the three virgins, he would be the greater gift to her Dark Lord.

Potter, the fool, had no idea he was being followed. After a few minutes of walking through the crowds of Diagon Alley, he foolishly walked down a dark alley. That was when Bellatrix struck. She leapt at him, screaming "Stupefy!" The red bolt of magic hit his shoulder, and the black haired wizard fell to the floor. Acting quickly, Bellatrix made a Portkey out of a loose piece of trash and carried her prize to her Master.

To Be Continued

## Chapter Five

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad parody with over the top humor (most of this humor is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (OutOf Character actions). To reiterate; this is a parody with a great amount of sex jokes and sex scenes.

Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (femmslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

Also, major, and I do mean M-A-J-O-RRon bashing.

Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

Harry noticed that he, Luna, and Hermione were being trailed shortly after they had left the Leaky Cauldron. The witch that was following them was as stealthy and graceful as a giant with a clubfoot suffering from a massive and debilitating hangover.

The witch shadowing Harry left him with three options. First, he could kill her (a muttered Killing Curse casually tossed over his shoulder would snuff her out like a candle and Hermione – the sissy – would be none the wiser as to the death of their incompetent shadow). The next option was to simply lose her (and judging by her pathetic skills in shadowing, Harry knew he could do so with his eyes closed). And the last option was to let her think that she'd captured him. Harry was curious as to the identity of the witch and, more importantly, for whom she worked. Given his growing, yet still lacking, knowledge of the power players in this reality, Harry wanted to get first hand insight of his opposition. If he let her "capture" him, he would hopefully gain some more information from at least one set of his opposition.

"You two go back to the flat and rest up," Harry told his companions. "I'm going to stroll around a bit longer."

"You're not planning on killing, are you?" asked Hermione hopefully.

"Not unless they try to kill me," he reassured her (mind you, Harry had his fingers crossed behind his back, and had no intention of strictly adhering to this vow, if not outright breaking it).

Harry turned down a street at random and watched the two witches hobble (Hermione wasn't used to her platform boots) and limp (Luna's bum was still sore) away. Just as he suspected, the unknown witch followed him, leaving the girls to go on their way. Harry walked and walked, passing numerous stores and small groups of witches and wizards shopping, all the while waiting for the witch to make her move. Finally growing impatient, he decided to force her hand and walked down a dark alleyway. Harry figured as dumb as she appeared, she would jump at such a perfect opportunity to attack, without bothering to think of potential traps waiting for her.

"Stupefy!" the witch shouted. As the red bolt of magic rocketed toward him, Harry began to pivot just slightly enough for the Stunner to graze by his shoulder. While he had to make it look real, Harry had no intention of letting this witch actually knock him out.

After he fell to the ground, the witch walked up and stood over him. Through his half closed eyes, Harry watched as a black haired witch with heavy lidded eyes made a Portkey. The witch wrapped her hand around his arm and then touched the Portkey. With a tug behind his navel, Harry and the witch were transported to a dark and dank dungeon.

The unknown witch waved her wand, and Harry felt himself being pulled up by his hands into the air. In order to maintain his ruse, he forced himself to remain slack as the invisible ropes held him up.



Next, the witch summoned his wand, causing it to fly from his pocket and into her free hand.

"Rennervate!" the witch incanted and Harry pretended to wake up.

"Huh? What's going on?" Harry asked in a convincing act of surprise. "Where am I?"

"You're in the Dark Lord's castle, wee-baby Potter," the witch said in a sickly high voice. "You're to be a sacrifice for him."

"You mean... I'm... I'm in Voldemort's castle?" Harry said in a barely believable show of fear and dread.

"DON'T SAY HIS NAME!" the witch screeched in offence.

Harry pretended to recoil from the angry witch.

"It's high time you learn your place, wee-baby Potter," Bellatrix snarled. "The Dark Lord will make you scream and beg for mercy. And don't think that the old Muggle-loving fool will come help you; this castle is under the Fidelius Charm."

"Thank goodness I still have my backup wand," Harry muttered (knowing full well that Bellatrix could hear him).

"You have another wand?" cackled the witch.

"Curse my big mouth," Harry bemoaned. He was surprised at how truly dense this witch was; he was going to use her utter gullibility to his advantage.

"Accio backup wand," incanted Bellatrix. She held out her hand, clearly expecting a wand to pop out of its hiding place and soar to her. But nothing happened.

"It's got an Anti-Summoning Charm on it," admitted Harry.

"Where is it, Potter," Bellatrix snapped. She needed to get the wand away from the boy. She wasn't afraid in the slightest that Potter might get lucky and somehow manage to hurt her Master. Bellatrix was concerned over what the Dark Lord would do to her if she brought Potter before him while still armed with a hidden wand.

"I'll never tell," he said defiantly.

"The Cruciatus Curse will loosen your tongue," Bellatrix snarled, pointing her wand at the boy.

"Alright, alright, I'll tell," he cried out as he tried to tug at the invisible ropes that held him in place.

"What? You caved?" she asked in surprise --and a little disappointment; she had wanted to hear him scream.

"Please, just don't hurt me," Harry wailed, while snickering on the inside at the slow witch. "My backup is in my trousers."

As Bellatrix walked up to the boy, Harry clarified to where his wand (the fleshy one) was located. "It's down my right trouser leg."

Bellatrix snaked her hand under the waistline of his trousers and pushed her hand down. The instant she began groping around for the wand (that wasn't there), her eyes bulged in awe and exclaimed, "HOE-LEE FUCK!"

CMCMCM

"Ah, that feels so-o-o good," Hermione cried out as she yanked the torturous boots off and cast them aside. They clomped noisily on the floor next to the bed in the flat Harry had leased.

"Let me help you out," Luna offered. She picked up Hermione's left foot and began to massage it. Hermione purred contently as Luna slid her fingers between the witch's toes and rubbed her arches. Luna asked "Do you think we should contact Professor Dumbledore?"

"We should, but my feet hurt and I'm not going to get up and go someplace that has a floo connection," Hermione said with her eyes closed.

"Me too," Luna agreed.

"That feels so wonderful," moaned Hermione.

"You do realize that I'll make you repay me, right?" Luna asked and she stroked Hermione's heel.

"What do you have in mind?" the brunette asked through one open eye.

"Well, your feet are sore and I'm massaging them. So it's only proper that you massage the part of me that's sore in repayment," offered Luna.

"But your bum is sore from being buggered."

"Precisely," Luna said with a rosy blush to her cheeks (both sets, upper and lower).

Arching her eyebrows, Hermione said, "Why not."

"Really?" asked Luna with a squeal.

"Sure thing. Now roll over," commanded Hermione.

CMCMCM

"And who might you be?" Voldemort asked the figure that appeared as the second performance of the Summoning Ritual finished.

"Name's Soaring Spade," the man grumbled through clenched teeth. His red eyes squinted at Voldemort. Spade's skin had a dusty and leathery quality to it and he wore a worn cowboy hat and a sandy poncho. "You've got to the count of three to tell me what's going on before I fill yer gut full of lead," he threatened, pulling two six shooters from the holsters on his hips.

"Pistols, how quaint," Voldemort said snidely.

"You won't think their so quaint when you're clutching yer guts," Spade said, and cocked both pistols.

"Let me ask you something, did your name use to be Tom Riddle before you picked up the moniker 'Soaring Spade?'" asked Voldemort.

"Yeah, that's what my Ma called me when I was a young'un. Folks started calling me Soaring Spade when I got good at killin'," he answered with a thick southern American drawl and un-cocked his weapons, but leaving them leveled at Voldemort. "How'd you know my real name, mister?"

"This might be hard to understand, Spade, but I'm you," began Voldemort.

"Yer me?" he asked in disbelief.

"Yes, I am," Voldemort replied. "I used magic to bring you here from another reality so that you, and a few others, can help me conquer this world. Do you believe anything I'm saying?"

"Are ya gonna pay me?" Spade asked.

"Yes, I suppose I will."

"Then I'll believe anything ya tell me," Spade said and holstered his pistols.

"Why don't you wait over there," Voldemort suggested, pointing at the base of the hill. "I have one more sacrifice left and I want to summon another duplicate. Hopefully, this time I'll get a magic user."

"Whatever you say, mister," Spade said and walked with bow legs and his spurs clinking on the rocky ground to the slope of the hill.

While Voldemort painted another pentagram with the blood of the third virgin, Spade rolled a cigarette.

CMCMCM

"Good evening, Rhys," Lucius said as he walked into the parlor of Parkinson Place. "I need a favor."

"You've got a lot of gall coming in here, Malfoy," snapped Parkinson.

"Whatever is the problem?" asked Lucius, genuinely surprised by Rhys' reaction.

"My little girl's got a nasty case of Dragon Clap and an infestation of Troll Crabs," Parkinson said angrily. "My wife's with her at St. Mungo's right now."

"Oh," Lucius said nervously.

"'Oh' is right, you berk," Rhys snarled. "The treatments and potions to cure her are going to set me back eighty galleons."

"I'm not admitting fault here, but I will be generous and cover your

expenses," Lucius stated, hoping to avoid any further embarrassment.

"You're going to do more than cover it, you're going to give me an extra twenty galleons in compensation," Rhys demanded.

"You want an extra twenty galleons?" the blond wizard asked in shock. "How could you do this to me, after I saved your daughter from becoming a sacrifice?"

"Because, by saving her, your son also gave her a few venereal diseases," snapped Rhys. "And if you want me to do this favor of yours, you better cough up one hundred galleons; eighty for the cure and twenty for compensation."

"Fine," Lucius grumbled and handed the wizard a sack of gold.

"Good, we're square," Rhys said and pocked the gold. "Now what's this favor?"

"I need you to go to Lady Marmalade's and hire two of their finest prostitutes," Lucius said. "I'd do it myself, but I can't show my face there since I'm a fugitive."

"So, you're itching for a little lovin' and want me to pick up some whores for you?" Rhys asked with a wicked grin.

"No, it's for someone I'm buttering up," Lucius informed. In truth, he had wanted to have Parkinson hire two sets of prostitutes – one pair for Weasley and one for himself. Narcissa still wouldn't perform her wifely duty and fulfill his needs. However, Lucius' plans for hiring himself two prostitutes – twins he had hoped – had disappeared when he had to give the hundred galleons he was going to use to pay for his prostitutes to Rhys as compensation. Sadly, Lucius had to drop his plan for a threesome. Even worse, he had already lined up the goat for the evening's activities. He handed Rhys a note with

Percy Weasley's address. He ordered "Tell the witches of the evening that I want Weasley's confidence boosted."

"How much of a boost are you hoping for?" Rhys asked.

"A great deal," Malfoy said and pulled out his other sack of galleons to hand to Rhys. Lucius realized that there was no point in even trying to convince Parkinson to help pay for the prostitutes after Draco gave Pansy Dragon Clap and Troll Crabs. "I want Weasley bristling with confidence when all is said and done."

CMCMCM

In her room at the Burrow, Ginny clutched her pillow to her bosom and cried. Right now, somewhere Harry was defiling himself by sleeping with Hermione (the slut). Ginny should be the one to have her legs wrapped around Harry, not Hermione's (the slut) legs. It was unfair. Ginny had been in love with Harry as far back as she could remember. And now, when Harry needed her to save him from Hermione (the slut), she was stuck at home, helping her Mum watch over her addle brained brother.

She bemoaned the fact that she was missing out on all the sweet names Harry could be calling her right now; such as "cum-bucket," "inbred freak," and "cupcake." Ginny made a mental note and scratched out "cupcake" and replace it with the standard yet always thrilling "dribbling cunt-bubble."

A loud voice called out from Ron's room demanding "Ron the Magnificent wants Ron the Magnificent's wives here and now! Ron the Magnificent needs to be pleased!"

"SHUT IT, RONALD!" Molly screamed from her room.

CMCMCM

With her head draped through the bars of the prison cell, a naked, glistening, and spent Bellatrix moaned, "That was the best shag I've ever had."

Losing Potter as a sacrifice for her Master was a small price to pay for the epic shag she had just experienced. Besides, she could still hand Potter over to the Dark Lord so that he could deal with the brat. So, in Bellatrix's mind, she would still make out fantastically by giving Potter to her Master. The Dark Lord would shower her with praise. And needless to say, the shag she had just gotten was one for the history books. It was the type of shag that made her go cross-eyed.

"I, on the other hand, must say that you were the worst lay of my entire life," announced Harry, tugging on his trousers. (Of course this was a lie; there is no such thing as a "bad lay" for a bloke, therefore there cannot be a "worst lay." Harry had just said this to mess with the skanky witch). "You are the loosest witch I've ever bagged."

"What?" Bellatrix cried out in offence. She tried to pull back but found that the bars on either side of her neck held her in place. Struggling to pull her head through the bars, she said angrily, "I'm stuck, Potter."

"Yes I know, I planned it that way," he replied and grabbed his silk shirt (which Bellatrix had unbuttoned using her teeth and then tossed aside).

"What do you mean?" she demanded and continued to struggle.

"When you gave me back my wand so that I could cast a Prophylactic Charm – which, by the way I cast three times; I could tell how skanky you are with just one look – I silently cast a Short-Term Metal Softening Charm on those prison bars," Harry explained. "When I bent you over and shoved your head through the bars, I knew that they would return to their normal hardness in a few minutes, thereby trapping you."



"You son of a bitch!" snarled the captured witch.

"And I'm not just saying you were the worst lay of my life because you tried to capture me. No, it's the truth. You are, beyond a doubt, the loosest witch I've ever fucked. And believe me, that's saying something; I mean I've fucked a female centaur a few times and she was infinitely tighter than you are. I was practically throwing my willy around in you and I swear I didn't hit a thing."

"Well that's because you have a puny cock!" Bellatrix shot back, trying to insult his masculinity.

As a response to this verbal (and wholly inaccurate) attack, Harry just laughed as he walked out of the cell with his wand in hand (this was only one of three responses that he could've used. The other two consisted of reminding her of how many times she screamed "I'M CUMMING" and "POUND ME WITH YOUR MASSIVE COCK, YOU STUD!" while the other would require Harry to pull his manhood out of his trousers and slapping her across the face with it – which is always a hoot to do, but Harry was on a tight schedule so he decided to keep his monument in his trousers).

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"This is an evil wizard's lair so that means there has to be a potions lab; every evil wizard has to have one, it's standard," Harry said. "I'm going to go into this lab and throw a few things together. And since we shared an intimate moment together – even though it was crap for me – I feel I must warn you that I plan on making a very large bomb. You know, it's the chivalrous thing to do: let the skanky witch I just fucked know that she's going to die in a horrible explosion in about fifteen minutes."

"You don't have the balls, Potter," she growled.

Again, Harry laughed as he walked away (this time however, Harry

was sorely tempted to show the witch that he did have the balls... by slapping them in her face).

CMCMCM

"Here is the salve and potions for your son, Mrs. Malfoy. It seems to be have become an epidemic. Draco is the tenth person I've treated for Dragon Clap and Troll Crabs today," the Healer said to Narcissa. "Draco, you'll have to apply the salve four times a day and take each potion twice."

"Thank you," Narcissa said as elegantly as she could. The witch was mortified over the fact that she had to take her son to St. Mungo's for something as embarrassing as Dragon Clap and Troll Crabs. Never before had she known such shame.

"Just to give you a warning though," the Healer added. "The mixture of the potions and salve has some side effects for a male patient.

"Like what?" asked Draco nervously.

"Explosive diarrhea, vertigo, spontaneous lactation, massive mood swings, facial ticks, blurred vision, temporary genital shrinkage, bouts of deafness, tourette's syndrome, muscle cramps, green pus eye discharge, projectile vomiting, hair loss, sensitivity to light, a chance for the permanent weakening of the Bulbospongiosus muscle which would lead to premature ejaculation and decreased sexual pleasure," the Healer listed. "And sniffles."

Once she revived Draco from his fainting spell, Narcissa took her son home.

CMCMCM

After massaging and caressing Luna's bum cheeks, Hermione decided to help the core of Luna's soreness: her anus. After

Hermione used "Harry's Bum Mint Foaming Gel" to clean out Luna's cavity, the brunette proceeded to probe and massage the blonde's anus. Hermione was pleasantly surprised to find that "Harry's Bum Mint Foaming Gel" really did leave nothing behind but a mint scent as promised. This probing seemed not only to alleviate Luna's discomfort, but also did a bang up job of turning her on. Then after a while, Hermione replaced her rubbing fingers with another form of pain relief.

"Oh my goodness!" exclaimed Luna. "Hermione, what are you using down there? I can feel it wriggling around and it's exciting!"

"Mah tahng."

"That's so marvelously dirty! Keep it up!" cheered Luna.

CMCMCM

After leaving the skanky witch in the cell, Harry snuck through the shadows in the bowels of the castle. He didn't want to be seen by anyone passing by. The black haired wizard was confident that he could easily take care of any trouble that might arise, but he didn't want to draw any unnecessary attention to himself. He had a potion to brew, and if someone spotted him and sounded the alarm before Harry could kill them, brewing that potion might prove difficult if he had scores of henchmen trying to attack him.

Finally, he found the potions lab. As quickly as he could, Harry gathered a dozen or so ingredients. To list a few of the many ingredients that he poured into the cauldron were the entire contents of three glass jars (one had essence of mere-people, another was filled with slimy frog eyes, and the third contained pickled pig snouts), a pinch of sage and a generous handful of powdered dragon scales were also tossed into the mix. Next to be placed in the already simmering concoction was a leg of a nearby wooden stool, mummified goblin toes, and some of Harry's own spit. Sparks flew

from the simmering pot as he stirred it twice anti-clockwise with a metal whisk and then once with a copper spoon.

Once the contents began to glow a bright orange and red, he cackled triumphantly; killing people was loads of fun and this potion was going to kill a lot of people. He dashed out of the lab. Now that the potion was done, Harry no longer concerned himself with being spotted (that and the potion was about to blow sky high so he had to get as far away as possible which he couldn't do if he was slinking in the shadows). He ran up the stone stairs and through a hallway. As he bolted through the doors, he knocked over a wizard with a hooked nose and greasy black hair.

Once he passed the castle's Anti-Apparation wards, he disappeared without even a pop.

CMCMCM

To say that Snape was surprised to see Potter in the Dark Lord's castle was an understatement. But what surprised the potions master even more was the smell of certain potion ingredients wafting off the boy as he knocked him over. The combination of said ingredients that clung to Potter's body chilled Snape to the bone.

Snape got up and rushed to the potions lab. When he saw the glowing caldron, he gulped in fear.

CMCMCM

The bloodied and battered form of Wormtail stumbled down the stairs and landed in front of the cell where Bellatrix had her head stuck.

"Wormtail, get me out of here!" demanded Bellatrix.

"If I do, will you save me from the muscle-bound freak who's been pummeling me?" the rat like man asked, and spat out (yet another)

tooth. "He's been beating me to a pulp for the last half hour for some reason. I was just finally able to transform into a rat and escape."

"Whatever! Just get me out of here," she snapped. "Use your wand and soften these bars."

"Why don't you just do it yourself?" he asked and stood up on shaky knees.

"My wand's not handy," she snarled. To say that her wand wasn't handy was not completely accurate. It would be more correct to say that her wand was shoved firmly up her bottom – which she had requested Potter to do when he was shagging her brains out. Her exact quote was "I WANT MY WAND SHOVED UP MY ARSE WHILE YOU PUMMEL ME WITH YOUR GARGANTUAN COCK!"

"Oi, you're naked," Wormtail said upon finally noticing Bellatrix's state of undress.

"You're such a bright one, aren't you?" mocked Bellatrix.

Before Wormtail could ask why Bellatrix was naked or why she had her head stuck between the bars, Snape's magically amplified and panic-filled voice boomed through the castle walls.

"ATTENTION EVERYONE!!! SOMEONE HAS MADE THE ENOLA GAY DRAUGHT IN THE POTION'S LAB. IT WILL BLOW ANY SECOND!!! EVACUATE THE CASTLE!! REPEAT: FLEE!! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!"

"Holy shite, he did have the balls," cursed Bellatrix as she recalled Potter's threat. "Quick Wormtail, get me out of here."

"I don't know how to soften the metal," the rat whined.

"Can't you do anything right?" she screamed.

"There is something I can do, but I don't think you'll like it," he said apprehensively.

If Bellatrix had any doubt concerning what Wormtail was talking about, the rumbling of the castle chased it away.

"JUST DO IT!" she screamed.

Wormtail waved his wand around Bellatrix's head and incanted "Aliquantulus Capitulum!"

With a pop, Bellatrix's head pulled free of the still solid bars. She snapped at Wormtail "Quick, make a Portkey and get us out of here!"

As Wormtail made the Portkey, he kept casting furtive glances at Bellatrix's head.

CMCMCM

Outside of the castle, and uninformed of the happenings inside, a joyous Voldemort looked upon perfection. His peer from another reality stood before the Dark Lord. He looked exactly like Voldemort did. However, this duplicate had a red glow about him and radiated pure power.

Soaring Spade, smoking his hand-rolled cigarette, cautiously placed his hands on his pistols. He was ready to draw and fire the moment his employer said so.

"Who are you?" Voldemort asked in awe.

"I am you, dear brother; another Lord Voldemort from an alternate reality," the duplicate said. "And I have achieved the thing you most desire; ultimate power."

As if to prove this point, the glow the double gave off grew in intensity. Voldemort was awash with the power flowing off of his counterpart. The magic radiating from his duplicate made Voldemort's heart race. This glowing power also made him tingle in ways that reminded him of his time, acting as the receiver, during his second romp with Lola, the receptionist at "Top-Floor Apartment Magazine."

"I gained the ability some time ago to gaze into other realities. I have been watching you for many years, my brother," the other Voldemort stated. "I watched as you rose to power, only to be struck down by a child. I watched you struggle as a formless spirit and how you resurrected yourself. By the way, that was a brilliant ritual."

"Thank you," Voldemort said as his flesh prickled from the power radiating off of his double's skin.

"And when you began the Summoning Ritual, I had used my powers to influence where you placed the Summoning Stone... of course my first three attempts to guide you failed; even I am not infallible," the glowing duplicate spoke. "For I have decided to teach you the thing I have learned; to give you the nigh cosmic power that I possess."

"Nigh cosmic?" Voldemort asked with a squeak (which only accentuated his girly voice).

"Yes, my brother. My Cruciatus Curse is so powerful that it will make no less than twenty victims' hearts explode within their chests with just one casting," the duplicate said boldly. "A single Killing Curse can lay waste to three dozen souls."

"And you're going to teach me these?" Voldemort asked. He knew by the power emanating from his duplicate that he spoke the truth. And with that power his double was offering, Voldemort could take over the world nearly single-handedly.

"Yes, Lord Voldemort, I will teach you many things."

"What's the price?" he asked. "Everything has a price."

"The only cost is that if you are ever called upon by another of our duplicates from another reality, you must pass along this information."

"So, this is like an inter-reality chain letter?"

"In essence, yes," the double said. "Although the chances that you will be called upon is very slight seeing how there are millions of realities. So I wouldn't worry about being bothered too much."

The double glowed even more intensely and held his arms open wide in a welcoming embrace.

"Come to me, my brother, and learn from my vast knowledge," he said genuinely.

But before Voldemort could take his duplicate up on his offer, the castle high upon the hill suddenly exploded. The blast sent a fireball that was at least a hundred and fifty feet wide rocketing into the air. Voldemort and his two doubles were thrown forcibly to the ground from the shockwave of the explosion.

Having been knocked to the ground proved to be a misfortune for Voldemort and his peers (especially the super-powerful Voldemort). If they had not been knocked down, they could've seen the forty-foot section of the north tower falling at them. Perhaps if they saw the several ton chunk of building plummeting toward them, they could've fled (especially the super-powerful Voldemort).

As the three stood, Spade asked through gritted teeth "What in blazes was that?"

The super Voldemort gazed up and screamed "JESUS CHRIST!" a



second before that large piece of stone and mortar crashed squarely on top of his head. This action effectively turned the super-Voldemort, his nigh cosmic power all for naught, into a sticky paste similar to marmalade.

"DAMN IT!!" screeched Voldemort as he saw the puddle that used to be his promise of ultimate power trickle out from underneath the rubble.

Spade walked over the debris to stand next to Voldemort and commented, "Hell of a way to go."

CMCMCM

Luna awoke to the sound of the shower running. After untangling herself from Hermione, she padded into the bathroom, barefoot and naked.

"Good evening, Harry," she greeted.

"Lo Luna," he returned while working the sudsy lather over his chest. "Did you two have fun?"

"Oh, yes, I gave Hermione a foot massage and then she stuck her tongue into my bottom," informed Luna happily.

"Damn, " bemoaned Harry. "I missed it!"

"I'm certain that if you ask nicely, Hermione would do a repeat performance," the blonde said as Harry rinsed himself clean. "So, what did you do? Did you kill anyone?"

"A few," Harry said with a grin while toweling himself dry. "If I got lucky, more than a few."

"Did they deserve it?"

"You see, that's another way you and Hermione are different," Harry said and tossed the towel to the side. "She would've just started berating and lecturing me on my 'evil' actions straight away."

"I'll lecture you if I think the people you killed didn't deserve it. I'll even wake up Hermione and have her help me in it. That way, you'd have the both of us lecturing you," she said and hopped up on the counter for a seat (the cold countertop sent a pleasant shiver through her bare bottom).

"They were Death Eaters," Harry said. "I blew up their castle."

"How did you find the castle?" asked Luna. "I would've assumed that any hideout for Death Eaters would have been hidden under the Fidelius Charm."

"It was. I noticed that we were being followed when we left the Leaky Cauldron," explained Harry.

"Is that why you had us split up?" she asked.

"Yes, but if I would've known that Hermione was going to give you a rim-job, I would've stuck around for the show," he commented and continued with his tale. "I tricked the witch following me into believing that she had Stunned me. She then took me to a castle. When she 'woke' me up, she bragged that she had brought me to Voldemort's castle. So, I basically shagged her and left her in the cell-"

"It was just that simple? You showed her your penis and then had sex with her?"

"Well, I did restrain her so she couldn't follow me or alert anyone that I had escaped," he said.

"Who was she?"

"You know, I didn't bother to ask her name," Harry said with no remorse.

"She was probably Bellatrix Lestrange," guessed Luna. "There aren't that many female Death Eaters."

"Does she have black hair and a gaunt face?"

"Yes."

"Then, yes, it was her," Harry said.

"And you fucked her?" Luna said with her face scrunched up in disapproval.

"Don't worry, I used a Prophylactic Charm," he assured. "Three Prophylactic Charms, just to be on the safe side."

"Wait a moment, you've never used a Prophylactic Charm on either Hermione or I," Luna said. "I know this because I've sucked up the yummy aftereffects out of Hermione's cunny."

"Don't worry; neither one of you will get knocked up yet. I perform a Short Term Sterility Charm on myself every morning. Taking over the world is tough work and I don't want the hassle of a bevy of sprogs running about to distract me," he said. "Now let me finish my story."

"Anyway, after I took care of Bellatrix, I found the potions lab and made an Enola Gay Draught," Harry said.

"What's that?"

"A potion that explodes after a few minutes," he explained. "I made enough of it to level half a city block."

"It would be wonderful if You Know Who was still in the castle when it blew up," Luna said.

"'You Know Who'? Don't tell me that you're one of those people who can't say Voldemort," Harry said with a hint of disappointment.

"It's like a curse to us," Luna said bashfully. "Even Hermione couldn't say his name until a few months ago."

"Well, I guess I'll just have to punish you for your weakness," he said with a sigh.

"Punishment?" the blonde asked. Knowing Harry and his dark take on morality, Luna was concerned for her safety at that moment.

"Yes, and as punishment, I will give you several earth shattering orgasms right here and now," he explained with a smile.

"That's a rather good punishment," agreed Luna and spread her legs wide.

Less than a minute later, Hermione woke up to the loud cries of Luna as the blonde shouted joyously, "PUNISH ME!! I'VE BEEN A BAD, NAUGHTY WITCH AND DESERVE MUCH MORE PUNISHMENT!! OH!! OH DEAR GOD, PUNISH ME MORE!!"

CMCMCM

It had been a very difficult night for Lucius Malfoy. After his meeting with Rhys Parkinson, Lucius ran into Francis Bulstrode and Thomas Davis, both of whom demanded one hundred galleons each for their daughters, in order to receive treatment for Troll Crabs and Dragon Clap (much like Parkinson had; eighty for treatment and twenty for compensation). Another four hundred galleons went to Miles Pritchard (one hundred for each of his daughters). And Lucius had to pay three hundred to Ephraim Greengrass (the seemingly standard

one hundred for treatment and compensation for both of his daughters, but Lucius had to throw in an extra hundred galleons when Ephraim coyly threatened "I wonder if the authorities would be curious as to how my thirteen year old daughter got Dragon Clap and Troll Crabs?"). Lucius was under the impression that all five fathers had gotten together and planned this. So when Lucius stumbled into his manor early the next morning, he was one thousand galleons poorer. Needless to say, he was in a foul mood and didn't need the greeting he was about to receive.

"Good morning, Father," Draco said with a joyous expression. Then for some odd reason, he called Lucius a "fetid, toe stubbing, nipple tweaker," with the same joyous expression on his face. "How was your night?" the boy asked as if he had not realized that he had insulted his father.

"Are you feeling well, Draco?" asked Lucius.

Suddenly, great globs of tears cascaded from Draco's eyes and he replied in a sob "Never better." And he added between hiccups "Saggy nut sacks!"

Narcissa strolled out of the kitchen with a fire whisky on the rocks sloshing in her hand.

"What is wrong with him? And you do realize that it is only seven in the morning, don't you?" Lucius asked scathingly.

"Oh, I'm getting a morality lesson from the adulterer who whored his own son out to at least nine different girls," Narcissa said bitterly and took a large gulp of the amber liquid.

"How did you know that?" he asked. Lucius shot an angry look at his son. The elder Malfoy had thought that his son would have enough wits about him not to mention the witches he had bedded. "Did you tell her?" he demanded of Draco.

Draco placed his cupped-hand next to his ear and shouted loudly "WHAT DID YOU SAY? SLOPING BROW BOOTLICKER!"

"That would be one of the many wonderful side effects of the potions your son has to take," Narcissa said with a slight slur. "Another one is a nasty green pus that drips from his eyes. That's a fun one."

Right before Lucius' eyes, two wet spots appeared in Draco's shirt over his nipples. The elder Malfoy thought it would be for the best to ignore the fact that his son was lactating.

"And how I found out that your son spread the diseases to others was simple," Narcissa said and took another mouthful of scotch. "I heard about the Dark Lord needing to procure virgins. And I assumed that every Death Eater who had children would be scrambling to make sure their kids weren't 'eligible.' Then, while I was at St. Mungo's, the Healer mentioned that Dragon Clap and Troll Crabs had affected nine others. I assumed that they got it from your son."

"Brilliant deduction," Lucius said with annoyance.

"I'm just curious where Draco got the diseases from?" Narcissa asked and she wobbled in place.

"Most likely from the whore Father got," Draco offered (he joined in on the conversation after his bout of deafness passed). "Brown-hole kisser."

"You took my son to a brothel where he got two venereal diseases?" Narcissa snapped at Lucius.

"No, he brought her here," Draco answered.

Lucius was considering disowning his son as Narcissa's empty whisky glass soared at him. He dodged and the glass shatter on the

wall behind him as she screeched; "YOU BROUGHT A DISEASE RIDDEN WHORE INTO MY HOUSE?"

"It was for his own good," defended Lucius, while he scurried behind the couch. Narcissa had a tendency to use rather vile hexes when she was drunk and angry, and he had no intention of giving her an easy target.

The blonde witch pointed her wand at the couch and screamed, "Eunuchus Castratus!" Lucius' eyes grew wide in terror as the decorative balls and long, dangling tassels on the couch were magically severed and fell to the floor. Being a fairly intelligent man, Lucius did the prudent thing and got the hell out of there and he apparated directly to the front gates of the Dark Lord's castle.

He was quite surprised to see that the ancient and noble castle had been turned into a smoldering pile of rubble since he had left it last.

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Removing Hermione's big toe from his mouth, Harry pointed out, "You don't seem overly upset about the fact that I blew up Voldemort and his castle." And then placed the aforementioned toe back into his mouth and continued suckling.

"To be honest, Voldemort's a lucky son of a bitch," Hermione said with her eyes half closed (she never realized how good it felt to have her toes sucked on). "I wouldn't be surprised if he escaped unscathed."

"But there is a chance that Harry took out a few of his followers, including Bellatrix," Luna commented with a happy smile. Her happiness came from the fact that Hermione was playing with the blonde's erect nipples – which, in Luna's opinion, was just as much fun as having her toes sucked on.

"Surprisingly, I'm not upset," Hermione said. "In a way, Harry was just acting in self defense. He just acted in a large scale."

"But, I wasn't in immediate danger," Harry pointed out. Hermione pouted at this, because since Harry was speaking, her toe wasn't being sucked. "I could have easily slipped out of the castle undetected."

Hermione's pout vanished because after he spoke, Harry began to slide his tongue between her big and second toe, sending pleasant shivers up her leg.

"No, you weren't in immediate danger, but the Death Eaters still posed a threat," the brunette purred. "They could've attacked you in the near future or they could've attacked someone else."

"So, in other words, Harry was practicing a proactive form of self defense," concluded Luna, for which she got an enjoyable pinch and kiss on each nipple from Hermione for her support of the brunette's conclusion.

"Also, they're nothing more than a bunch of murderers, so I won't cry over their deaths," added Hermione.

"That's the spirit," congratulated Harry.

"I'm still concerned over what you did to Fudge, though," Hermione said to him.

"Why?" he asked and picked up Hermione's other foot. He popped her big toe in and sucked hard.

"Because he didn't deserve it," she argued, after shivering in delight. She liked what Harry was doing with her toes and didn't want him to stop, but this was an important point and it needed to be debated. "Yes, he was ineffectual and corrupt, but that doesn't mean he



deserved to die."

"She has a point," Luna agreed, which got another pair of happy pinches from the brunette, as well as one good suckle. Concurring with Hermione was turning out to be a very pleasurable activity. "It was fairly apparent that Fudge was about to get the sack and that would've been justice enough," she added, hoping to get even more nipple-play from the other witch.

"Now, correct me if I'm wrong, which by the way rarely happens," Harry began confidently (read: stuck up). "But didn't you say that your Harry had tried to convince Fudge that Voldemort had resurrected himself a year back. And then Harry and Dumbledore spent this past year trying to convince him of this. Yet Fudge not only denied this fact, but strove to discredit both Harry and Dumbledore."

"Yes, but that didn't mean Fudge deserved to die," argued Luna. Hermione showed Luna her support of this argument by... you get the point.

"Oh, hush and let me finish," Harry said dismissively. "During this time, did anyone die from Death Eater attacks?"

"A few," Hermione said with disappointment over that fact.

"Now were these few people aware of Voldemort's return or that Death Eaters were on the hunt again?"

"One or two were members of the Order; so yes, some of them knew," Hermione answered.

"So, there were a few people who were oblivious to the threat, correct?" he asked.

"I suppose."

"Would those people have been more prepared if they had known the threat existed?" he hypothesized.

"Anything is possible," offered Luna.

"Oh, no. No, you don't," Hermione said to Harry (who started to smile broadly as if he had already won the argument). "Just because some people died does not make Fudge responsible."

"And why not?" asked Harry while still smiling. "He wasn't just complacent while Voldemort returned to power, Fudge actively tried to persecute anyone who tried to warn the people. Because of his actions, people were blind to the threat that surrounded them, and I could argue that this cost lives."

"But that doesn't make Fudge responsible," protested Luna.

"Yes, it does," Harry said. "He encouraged everyone to ignore the facts and people died because of it."

"And this is how you validate the murder of Fudge?" Hermione returned. She was surprised that she was speaking to the murderer so casually, but then again, this murderer did suck a mean toe.

"Granted, when I killed him I thought he was my world's Fudge, who was a nasty bastard by the way," Harry said. "But now that I know what an arsehole this Fudge was, I won't lose any sleep. Not that I was losing sleep before I knew this, mind you."

"You know, sometimes, Harry, it feels as if I'm arguing with a wall," Hermione said.

"I know exactly how you feel," Harry said while looking directly into Hermione's eyes. Then he returned to suckling her big toe.

After a few minutes of nipple flicking, pinching and suckling and toe

sucking and licking, Luna announced "I'm hungry. Let's go to the green grocer and get some food for the flat."

"You two go ahead," Harry said. "I'm going to take a kip."

"Aw-w, is poor Harry tired?" mocked Hermione.

"You'd be tired too if you had shagged a nasty skank like Bellatrix, blew up a castle, made love to a gorgeous witch like Luna, and then did the same with a beauty like you," Harry said and closed his eyes. "There's some money in the kitchen."

"You're such a sweet talker," Hermione giggled. It wasn't often that people had complimented her looks and she liked the idea of getting used to it.

Luna and Hermione dressed in one of their new ensembles. The blonde's outfit consisted of a thin silk robe that did a horrible job of covering her nipples while the brunette was dressed as a dominatrix's interpretation of "Little Red Riding Hood", complete with a tight leather corset and riding crop.

As the two witches walked out of the flat Luna asked, "Should we contact Professor Dumbledore while we're out?"

Hermione thought for a minute before responding. "I wish we could. But if we're not back at the flat in a few minutes, I'm certain Harry will use his semen tracking charm and follow us."

"Perhaps tonight, one of us can distract him while the other slips out," offered Luna. "And the distraction should be done with various sex acts."

"Obviously," agreed Hermione. "Which one of us will brave the 'dangers' of being a sexual distraction?"

"I think it should be me. Since you've known Harry longer, you should be the one to meet with Dumbledore," Luna suggested.

"You're just saying that because you want to have sex with Harry," the brunette argued.

"Yes, and that's a damn good reason," returned Luna.

"All right then, we'll flip a coin for it once we get back," proposed Hermione. "Heads, I'll stay and get shagged silly. Tails means you get the multiple orgasms."

"I'll agree to that," the blonde said and the two shook hands.

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"Why are we back here?" whined Tonks as she and Mad-Eye Moody trudged down the streets of Diagon Alley. "Remus and I checked every shop here and no one's seen hide or hair of the kids."

"It never hurts to be thorough," grumbled the scarred Auror.

"Perhaps you didn't hear me? I said we checked EVERY shop. How the hell can you be more thorough than that?" the witch challenged.

"By checking them twice," Moody replied without missing a beat.

"You're a mean old bastard, you know that?"

"Thank you," he grumbled and hobbled down another street.

"That wasn't meant to be a compliment," Tonks pointed out with a pout.

"Quit your yapping," Moody growled. "Look over there!"

Tonks looked across the street at Gan's Green Grocer and saw two young witches strolling in. Or rather limp in.

"There they are," cheered Tonks.

"I told you double checking was a good idea," grumbled Moody.

"Ooh, I love Hermione's new haircut," cooed Tonks. "It really frames her face well."

"All right then, let's go nab them," Mad-Eye said and began to walk in long lurches to the grocer.

"What?" Tonks yelped and grabbed the older wizard by the arm. "You want to kidnap them?"

"No, you ninny, take them into custody," he said. "They know where Potter's double is and we need to ask them where he is."

"What if the place is under the Fidelius Charm and this Harry is the secret keeper, huh? It'll do a whole lot of good if we question them and they can't answer," Tonks contested.

"Then what do you suggest we do?" he asked.

"Easy, follow them."

"Oh, that's just brilliant," snapped Moody. "I guess they don't teach you pups at the Auror academy about what happened to Johan Marshbanks anymore."

"Who's that?"

"An Auror who was just following a dark wizard back when I was a new recruit. He thought it'd be easy to follow the target back to his base. But what Marshbanks didn't know was that this dark wizard

had set up a ward around his base. Anyone who approached this base who wasn't touching the dark wizard or one of his minions was fried to a crisp," explained Moody. "If this version of Harry can slip into the Ministry, kill Fudge, and slip out without triggering any alarms, I reckon he's got similar defenses."

"Then we should go in there," Tonks said while pointing to the grocer. "And tell those girls what's happening. They probably don't know that he isn't the Harry they know. They have no idea what kind of trouble they're in."

"If Granger's brain is as half as big as her tits, she would've figured that out already," he answered.

"For the love of God!" an appalled Tonks exclaimed. "First Remus, and now you! She's just a kid!"

"Yeah, a kid with a nice, big set," Moody said with a perverted smile. "I feel a bit sorry for Lupin. He doesn't have an eye that can see through things like I do."

"Ew!"

"You're just jealous that the blokes are rubbing their bits while thinking of Granger, and not you," challenged Moody. "You'd think with your body changing ability, you'd give yourself better nipples, if not an overall better chest."

"Hey, I happen to know that plenty of men find me attractive. There's nothing wrong with my nipples," she returned hotly. "I have had a lot of guys tell me that they like them this way. Several of my boyfriends have spent hours on end sucking my nibblers. One even made a plaster cast of them, just so that he'd always remember the way the left one points slightly upwards and my right's inverted. And I know for a fact that plenty of blokes masturbate thinking about me. I cannot believe I just told you that."

Moody eyed Tonks for a moment.

"Mad-Eye, just because I told you some blokes masturbate over me doesn't mean I'm giving you the permission to do so," she said nervously.

"Cool your jets, girl, I was just coming up with a new plan," he muttered. "I reckon this Harry is dangerous and if we take both of the girls in for questioning, he'll retaliate. We don't want that."

"So we just take one of them and hope he doesn't realize that he's missing a witch?" Tonks asked incredulously.

"Not if he doesn't know she's missing," he returned.

"Hell no, Moody," Tonks said defiantly. "I'm not masquerading as one of those girls."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"I barely know Hermione. And I don't know Luna from Eve," Tonks answered. "I can't just go in there, replace one of them and hope they don't find out I'm a fraud."

"It can't be that hard. Just go with the flow. They're just kids, do what they do and you'll be fine," Moody said soothingly. "It's not like either Lovegood or Granger are doing anything inappropriate."

"Yeah, you're right," she said knowing that Hermione was a straight-laced prude of a girl.

"Fine then, let's get this done," Moody said, and led Tonks into the grocer.

They snuck into the store and spotted Lovegood. The blonde was alone in the nuts aisle (which seemed oddly appropriate). Silently, the two Aurors approached the young witch. Moody muttered a Stunning Spell under his breath and Tonks caught Luna's body before she hit the ground.

The pink haired Auror memorized Luna's face and body type. She screwed her eyes shut and concentrated on the younger witch's appearance. Tonks felt her face and body reform.

"That's perfect. Even her father couldn't tell the two of you apart," Moody said. He waved his wand over Tonks and Luna's unconscious body and magically switched their clothes so that now Tonks was wearing Luna's outfit.

"Just remember: play along," Moody said as he made a Portkey. "Find out where this Potter is hiding and if there's any wards or traps. Then try and slip away and tell us what you've found out. I'll take Lovegood back to Grimmauld Place and try to get some information out of her."

Tonks nodded her head and picked up the shopping basket that Luna had been carrying. After Moody and Luna disappeared, she stood up and went to find Hermione. As she walked through the grocer, Tonks was surprised at Luna's attire. Under the outer robes, she was wearing a ridiculously thin silk robe and, more importantly, nothing else. No bra and no panties. Tonks figured that Moody must have fouled up the Switching Spell and forgot to transfer the younger girl's underwear. After a moment of searching, Tonks found Hermione in the produce section.

"Hey, Luna, who does this remind you of?" Hermione asked Tonks (whom she thought was Luna) as she held up a very large zucchini.

Tonks just smiled sweetly. She had no idea as to what Hermione was referring, so the Auror thought it was best to remain silent.



"You all set?" the brunette asked.

"Yes," Tonks replied in a dreamy fashion, remembering overhearing someone mention how Luna always spoke this way.

"Okay, let's pay for these things and head back to the flat," Hermione said.

To Be Continued.

## Chapter Six

Disclaimer: Not mine, I own nothing. I'm not making any money.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad parody with over the top humor (most of this humor is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (Out Of Character actions). To reiterate; this is a parody with a great amount of sex jokes and sex scenes.

Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (femmeslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

Also, major, in fact, one could say Colonel Ron bashing.

Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror."

Tonks, in her guise as Luna, followed Hermione through the winding streets of Diagon Alley and into Knockturn Alley. The Auror's palms were sweating; she had no real idea of what she was getting into and her nerves were getting to her. All she knew was that this Harry, not the teen she had met the previous summer, but one from an alternate reality, had claimed to have killed Fudge. If true, he was a murderer and was probably very dangerous; the thought of this risk made her wonder as to why she agreed to be the one to track him to his lair without a plan or any backup. On the other hand, Tonks knew that Hermione was intelligent and wouldn't be one to willingly align herself with a murderer. Meaning, this alternate version of Harry couldn't be the person who killed Fudge, and all of this was just a big misunderstanding. But then again, if Harry was evil, he wouldn't have any compunction about putting Hermione under the Imperius Curse, and therefore she may not be with the murderer willingly. This meant that the situation could still be extremely dangerous for the Auror.

"I'm getting better walking in these torturous things," Hermione said, lifting one of her feet to reveal a massively long stiletto heeled red boot. "How's your bottom doing?"

"Uh, fine," Tonks replied, not knowing why Hermione had asked about Luna's bottom. Perhaps the young witch that Tonks was impersonating had recently fallen down and injured her backside.

"Are you sure you don't need some more of my healing touch?" the brunette said knowingly.

"No, not really," Tonks said. She was curious about Hermione's statement; were the kids performing underage magic? Had Hermione cast some sort of healing spell on Luna's injury? Did Harry remove the tracking and recording charms on the girls' wands as he had done to his own? If not, why hadn't the Improper Use of Magic office been alerted to the girls' use of magic?

Hermione was surprised and a touch disappointed by the blonde's response. Luna had seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed Hermione's use of her tongue; so much that the brunette was almost certain Luna would be up for another go. Another part of the brunette's disappointment came from the fact that she was looking forward to using her tongue in Luna's dirty place again (after she cleaned it with Harry's Bum Mint Foaming Gel, of course).

Noticing Hermione's odd expression, Tonks became nervous. Should whatever spell Hermione had cast on Luna's bum need another casting? Was Tonks giving herself away by not agreeing to another session of Hermione's healing touch? In an attempt to cover herself, Tonks said in her best dreamy and detached Luna impression, "On second thought, perhaps I should have another treatment."

"Really? That's wonderful," Hermione said with a rosy glow gracing her smiling cheeks. "Look at me; I'm blushing. Who would've known that I had such a talent much less a desire to do such a thing? I mean

if someone were to tell me about that a week ago, I would've told them 'no thank you.' But here I am, eager and excited to give it another try."

Tonks breathed a sigh of relief. Hermione's odd and pensive look had disappeared, replaced with a trusting smile. Any suspicion about "Luna's" identity that Hermione might have had was now gone.

"Do you think we should let Harry watch this time?" Hermione asked apprehensively. "It's such an odd thing, but you know how he is."

"Sure, why not?" Tonks replied, trying to mask her curiosity as to why Hermione would be nervous. It shouldn't be anything odd in asking Harry if he wanted to watch such an innocent thing as a casting of a healing spell.

Tonks' response only caused Hermione's blush to deepen.

Hermione turned and entered a building, making her way up to the top floor, with Tonks close behind.

"Don't we have to disarm the wards?" Tonks asked as dreamily as she could manage as she climbed the stairs behind Hermione.

"Yeah, I know what you mean. I would've thought that this version of Harry would've placed a few protections around the flat. But he didn't," answered the brunette. "I mean he does make Mad-Eye look easy-going and overly trusting after all, doesn't he?"

Tonks made a mental note of the flat's address in addition to the fact that there were no protective wards, as the two entered an unfurnished flat.

Hermione placed the shopping bags on the counter and turned back to the witch that she thought was Luna.

"I know we'd agreed to flip a coin, but seeing that huge zucchini really got me going," Hermione said.

Before Tonks could ask what the brunette had meant, Hermione pounced on her. In an instant, Hermione had her arms wrapped around Tonks, with one hand on the back of the disguised Auror's head and the other firmly squeezing her bottom. And in that same moment, Hermione had her lips and tongue wrestling with Tonks'.

Now Tonks had snogged a girl once before (it was a challenge in a naughty game of "Truth or Dare" she played with her housemates back in her seventh year at Hogwarts) and she was no slouch when it came to kissing blokes, but Hermione's kiss had done far more than any other kiss Tonks had ever received in her life. Several things happened to the disguised Auror due to that wonderful kiss. They were (in no particular order): her complexion flushed, knees weakened, tummy tingled, heart fluttered, nipples hardened, and her naughty bits tightened.

Hermione pulled away and looked at the witch she had just kissed in confusion. It was a certainty to Hermione that this witch was not Luna; by this point, she had kissed the blonde enough to know how she kissed back, as well as how she tasted. More likely than not, this had to be Tonks, using her Metamorphmagus abilities in order to spy on, or find, Harry.

If Tonks had not been floored by Hermione's kiss, she would've noticed that her cover had been blown. But her various tingling, fluttering, and tightening bits had distracted her.

"Did you two start without me again?" Harry asked as he walked out of the bedroom.

"You're just in time, Harry," Hermione said. As the black haired wizard approached, she tried to warn him with her eyes that this wasn't Luna.

Harry – who had never had an "eyes only" conversation with Hermione – thought that the intended warning gaze was rather an aroused look and that said "Let's all shag." In response to Hermione's "knowing look," Harry nodded his head and gave his own look saying, "I'm always up for a tussle in the sack." Unfortunately, Hermione, too, misunderstood Harry's look. She read it to mean "I've got a plan to reveal this fraud's motivation for being here. Follow my lead."

Tonks, who was just beginning to recover from Hermione's kiss, had missed this silent interchange (not that it would've mattered. If she hadn't been distracted, she probably would've thought that Harry and Hermione were involved in some odd staring contest). Before Tonks could fully recover from the kiss, Harry moved in and began to snog her. Now, the kiss that Hermione had given her was apparently just the tip of the iceberg when it came to fantastic kisses. Obviously, both Harry and Hermione were using the same wonderful technique, but the witch was only the apprentice while the wizard was the master of mind-blowing snogs. Her previous sensations increased; her complexion burned, knees buckled, tummy danced, heart thundered, nipples became like steel, and her naughty bits flowed.

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After dropping the Lovegood girl at Grimmauld Place (and removing her wand and locking her in one of the bedrooms for her safety), Moody apparated to the Granger and Lovegood homes to tell the Order members assigned to keep an eye out for the lost witches to abort and head back to headquarters. Not only did they not need to keep a watch on the homes any longer (because Tonks was trailing Granger and Lovegood was in custody), Moody knew that all the Order members would be needed to bring in Potter for questioning.

He returned to headquarters and went into the bedroom where he had dropped the Lovegood girl off. He used the Rennervate Charm

to wake her up.

"Don't worry, girl, you're safe now," Moody said as the girl looked around the room.

"That's good to know, Mr. Moody," Luna said, unfazed by the fact that she was clearly abducted.

"You and Granger are in a heap of trouble," Moody began. "That person you've been hanging around with isn't Potter."

"Technically, he is Harry. He just happens to be a Harry from a different reality," the blonde countered in a sing-song voice.

"You know that already, do you? Well then, what else do you know about him?"

"Oodles," the odd witch replied.

"All right then, tell me everything you know about him," Mad-Eye ordered.

"Everything?"

"Yes, everything, down to the smallest detail," Moody said. He was a firm believer in finding out as much as possible about his target ("The more you know, the less likely the chance that everything will go down the crapper" was the phrase he often liked to quote).

"Very well," Luna said and demurely folded her hands on her lap. She said a number which was a double-digit (in the low to mid teens if you must know) followed promptly by the word "inches."

"Are you telling me about his wand?" Moody asked.

"In a manner of speaking, yes I am."

"Well, what's its core?" he asked. In his long experience, he knew some cores were susceptible to certain hexes; finding out what core Potter had could be useful.

"I could tell you the technical name, but I like to think of it as... love," she said dreamily and her eyelids fluttered, as if recalling a particularly enthralling moment (the blonde witch was happily reminiscing about the time Harry stuffed his monument up her bum).

"Love?" the old wizard asked.

"Yes, love," Luna repeated and her cheeks turned red.

Moody pondered over what she had meant. Lovegood was an odd girl, to say the least. Perhaps she meant a unicorn hair? Unicorns were the symbol of innocence after all, and love is innocent. Moody deduced that Lovegood had told him that Potter's wand had a unicorn tail hair as its core in her own peculiar manner. He'd have to do some research on what flaws were inherent with that particular core.

"What type of skills does he have?" Moody asked.

"Oh, he's really good at making me scream," she said dreamily (of course she was referring to screaming orgasms and was under the impression that this was understood by Moody). "He can elicit hours of screams out of me. Harry's very, very talented, you see."

The scarred wizard frowned woefully. Clearly, this Potter was skilled with the Unforgivable Curses. He had used the Killing Curse on Fudge. And now, the evidence pointed that he used the Cruciatus Curse so much that the poor Lovegood girl's mind snapped. It was obvious to the retired Auror that she had been tortured so much that she now likes the pain judging by the rosy bloom to her face when she mentioned the screaming. When this was all over and he had



Potter chucked in Azkaban, Moody swore that he'd make sure Lovegood would get the help she needed to heal.

"Mister Moody, can we wrap this up?" requested Luna politely. "I must go back to Harry's. Hermione and I need to have a coin toss. The winner of the toss gets to scream under Harry's ministrations. You can see that it's dreadfully important for me to get back. I so do want to win."

Moody's previous assessment about Potter and his skill with the Cruciatus was cemented by Lovegood's obviously insane request. The bastard Potter had warped the poor girls so much that they're now playing games to see which one got tortured.

"Can you tell me where Potter is?" he asked, feeling pity for the girl and anger at the fiend who had hurt her so deeply.

"Probably at the flat," she answered simply.

"Where's the flat?" Moody asked patiently, knowing that the suffering the girl had endured had seriously muddled her brain.

"In Knockturn Alley."

"Do you remember where exactly in Knockturn Alley?"

"No, not really," she replied while lazily playing with a strand of her long hair. "The first time we went there, we traveled by Portkey. Then when we went to the Leaky Cauldron, Harry carried me most of the way because of the pain I was suffering. And on the way back, that same soreness distracted me."

Moody gripped his wand in anger and itched to use it on the vile fiend who had hurt this poor, innocent girl. Potter had used the Cruciatus Curse so much on Lovegood that not only had her mind snapped, but she had difficulty walking. Potter would pay dearly for this

transgression, Moody swore.

"Besides those times, we never left the flat," she continued with a pleasant smile. "We just stayed in while Harry made me and Hermione scream and scream for hours on end."

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"What the hell happened?" Lucius asked as he climbed over the debris of the destroyed castle to the group of people standing on the North side of the rubble.

A very large, muscular, and nearly naked man shouted, "IT WENT BOOM, BROTHER!"

"Who the hell are you?" demanded Lucius.

"I'M THE FLYING DEATH!! WOOOO!!" the man in the white mask shouted and began to flex theatrically. Hundreds of thick veins bulged all over his body, arms, legs, and neck as he did so.

"Who the hell is that?" Lucius asked while pointing to the large, overly muscular man. If the mystery man wouldn't tell Lucius his identity, perhaps someone else could.

"He said his name is Flying Death," a man in a cowboy hat said gravely out of the side of his clenched mouth. "Are you deaf?"

"Who the hell are you?" Lucius demanded, pointing at the weathered cowboy.

"Calm yourself, Lucius," Lord Voldemort said as he surveyed the destruction of his castle. "They are my brothers from different realities."

Voldemort turned his attention to his Death Eaters. When he had left

to perform the Summoning Rituals, there were fifty of his followers in the castle. Now he was surrounded by only twenty-three. Some of them could've escaped and had not yet returned, but Voldemort was certain that most had perished in the blast.

"What happened here?" the Dark Lord demanded of his followers in his cold girly voice. "And if someone says 'it went boom' like Flying Death did, I'll have him rip your head off."

"WOOOO!!"

"Sire, I discovered when I entered the potions' lab that someone had made the Enola Gay Draught. However, I don't know who could have brewed it," Snape said. He would tell the Dark Lord the truth of Potter's involvement only if Dumbledore instructed him to do so.

"Did one of you do it?" Voldemort demanded. "Did one of you imbeciles make the Enola Gay Draught?"

"No, sire," a feminine voice replied. Slowly and shamefully, Bellatrix approached her master and threw herself at his feet. She looked up at him with pleading eyes and begged, "Please forgive me. I brought the one responsible into your castle."

"What the hell is wrong with your head?" Voldemort asked in shock and revulsion as he looked upon the witch.

Bellatrix hid her head behind her hands in shame. The witch's entire head was now one-third its normal size, as were her face, nose, eyes, ears, and mouth. Due to their new miniature size, Bellatrix could hide her face and head behind her hands completely and effortlessly.

"Err, that's my doing, Master," Wormtail admitted nervously. "It's called the Tiny Head Curse. James Potter and Sirius Black created it and use to cast it on me all the time back when we were in school."

"Change her back," the Dark Lord commanded. "She's disturbing to look at."

The tiny-headed-Bellatrix whimpered pathetically behind her hands.

"I-I c-can't, sire," moaned Wormtail. "Black and Potter made it a point to never allow me to know the counter-curse. They kept the incantation for the counter-curse nonverbal, and either Potter or Black would distract me while the other corrected the size of my head, so I never even saw the wand movements. They found it funny that I could never change my head back to normal."

"How long will it last?" asked Voldemort.

"As far as I know, indefinitely," the rat-like wizard said. "Once, I had a tiny head for four weeks before Sirius fixed me."

Voldemort groaned and pinched the bridge of his nose. "We'll deal with this later. Now Bellatrix, tell me what happened."

"I thought it would be a present for you sire," she said with fear in her eyes. "He was walking alone in Diagon Alley and-"

"This is too unsettling," Voldemort interrupted. "Looking at your little head and face is making my eyes water. It's like you're a bad Rob Liefeld drawing."

"Is there such a thing as a good Liefeld drawing?" Soaring Spade, Voldemort's cowboy duplicate, muttered.

"I'm sorry, Master," she wailed, and tears fell from her button-sized eyes.

"Just cover up and continue," he commanded while looking in another direction in order to avert his gaze from her miniscule features.

After pulling her hood up (and seeing that her head was so small, the front of the hood flopped over her face and dropped down past her chin), Bellatrix forged ahead. "I found Potter, sire, and brought him here."

"Potter? Are you saying that Potter blew up my castle?" the Dark Lord demanded.

"Yes, Master, he escaped my clutches and threatened that he would blow up the castle," she explained.

"How did he escape you?"

"Err, I had my back turned," she lied.

"She was naked, sweaty, and had her head stuck between the bars when I found her, Master," informed Wormtail, happy to see someone other than himself suffer.

"Oh, Bellatrix, you had sex with him?" Voldemort asked in a truly disappointed manner.

"I'm sorry sire. I was going to bring him to you to use as a virgin sacrifice, but I... I..." she paused. Bellatrix didn't want to admit that she was so impressed and enamored by Potter's monstrous manhood that she willingly took his virginity, so she lied again; "I'm a whore and I can't help myself." (Ironically, this wasn't a lie.)

"That's it! You're no longer on virgin detail. You can't seem to help yourself from taking their innocence or finding the only two non-virgins in a Star Trek Fan Convention," Voldemort ordered. "For the time being, we shall need a place for our base of operations." The Dark Lord paused for a second before saying, "Why Lucius, that's so generous of you to offer your home."

"Sire?" asked Lucius in surprise.

"Does everyone know where Malfoy Manor is?" Voldemort asked his followers.

"Master, there is... a problem," Lucius began nervously. He was frightened that Draco, because of the side effects of the potions he was on, might say or do something to offend the Dark Lord.

"The only problem would be if you said we couldn't use your home, Lucius," Voldemort said, plainly hinting at a threat of bodily harm.

"Err, the problem is that I'll have to stop and pick up some food for everyone," Lucius said quickly. "Our cupboards are a little sparse right now."

CMCMCM

Dobby wiped the sweat from his brow. He had just successfully laid the foundation for Harry Potter's grand hideout. It had taken hours and hours of hard, strenuous work, but it was well worth it. He had dug thirty feet down in an eighty by one-hundred foot wide rectangle and then poured a cement floor and put up cinderblock walls. Soon, he'd start on building two underground floors that Harry Potter could use as storage rooms, potions lab, and holding cells (Harry Potter did have nasty people trying to hurt him all the time so it was prudent to have a prison in his hideout, thought Dobby).

The hyper House-Elf was elated over the thought that he was now working for the greatest wizard in the world. Never before had he known such joy. Every moment of the work that he did was pure joy for Dobby.

After a short rest (including a few hours of sleep where the House Elf would dream of the praises Harry Potter would shower him with), Dobby would start building the underground levels and then begin to

erect the first part of Harry Potter's grand hideout.

CMCMCM

After kissing the hell out of Tonks, Harry led the two witches into the bedroom. He was forced to carry the witch he thought was Luna because with the aforementioned snog, Tonks was nothing more than a puddle of boneless limbs who couldn't walk on her own. Harry had Hermione lie on the bed naked (save for the leather corset which did a wonderful job of pushing up her already perky mounds) and made Tonks bend over so that her face was in the brunette's muff. Then Harry ate Tonks out (whom he still believe was Luna) while Tonks ate Hermione out (mind you, Hermione knew that it was Tonks' tongue in her bits and was under the impression that Harry knew as well but he was hatching a plan).

Tonks hadn't performed oral sex on a witch in years (that same game of "Truth or Dare" in her seventh year had rapidly progressed from being naughty to downright raunchy), so needless to say, she was a bit rusty.

In Tonks' defense, she had not gotten a chance to see Harry's monument yet, so it was perfectly understandable that she screamed into Hermione's cunny when he forced that big, fat thing in her. Also, it would've been perfectly understandable for the disguised Auror to be under the impression that a centaur had somehow snuck in and mounted her while she was distracted. The poor Auror moaned and groaned continuously deep in Hermione's womanhood as Harry drove his large slab of man-meat in and out of her cunny.

Without warning, the riding crop, which was part of Hermione's ensemble, came whacking down on Tonks' bare Luna-shaped bottom. Hermione swatted Tonks' bum for two reasons; first, she thought that Harry's plan to reveal Tonks' identity was to "pump" and "beat" the truth out of her so to speak (of course he was using his massive organ to accomplish this). So, the brunette felt that

smacking Tonks' arse would aid in the "beating" aspect. The second reason was far more selfish on Hermione's part. The vibrations caused by Tonks' moans and groans were very pleasurable to Hermione, but it really wasn't doing much else for the brunette witch, and she was getting rather frustrated. So Hermione decided to give Tonks some pointers on how to properly perform cunnilingus. And the brunette had decided to use the riding crop to get Tonks' attention since it was obvious that the Auror in disguise was lost in the moment. Hermione knew she had to do something to get her attention.

"USE YOUR TONGUE, YOU TWAT!" hollered Hermione whose frustration had gotten the better of her. She whacked Tonks' arse once again and barked, "MOVE YOUR TONGUE TO THE RIGHT!"

Tonks did as she was commanded. Or so she thought. The moment her tongue moved, Hermione viciously slapped the leather tool against her bottom again. Hermione yelled, "I SAID TO THE RIGHT, YOU USELESS IDIOT! I NEVER SAID ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR RIGHT!" Hermione savaged Tonks' bottom again. "YOU ARE DOING THIS FOR MY PLEASURE, CUNT! AT THIS MOMENT, YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN A TOY TO ME! NOW, MOVE YOUR TONGUE TO MY RIGHT, BITCH!"

A new and odd tingling sensation began to grow in Hermione's loins as she continued to berate the disguised Auror. It was different, yet strangely similar in parts, to the sexual pleasure she received from Tonks' tongue working on her sensitive bits. This sensation increased with each whack of the riding crop and every barked command that Hermione gave. It made her toes curl and her sex quiver. Curious as to this peculiar development, Hermione experimented by smacking Tonks' bottom viciously. Suddenly, the orgasm that had been slowly building leapt in intensity. Testing this sensation further, Hermione ordered harshly; "YOU'RE PATHETIC! RUB MY FUCKING CLIT! YOU WORTHLESS CUNT! DON'T YOU EVEN KNOW HOW TO DO ANYTHING PROPERLY? I'LL NEVER GET OFF IF I'M LEFT TO JUST YOUR INEPT TONGUE!" This long winded command caused



the brunette's orgasm to explode. Even before Tonks' complied and began massaging Hermione's engorged clitoris, the brunette was screaming in ecstasy.

Over the course of the shag, Hermione would often whack Tonks' bottom while giving commands and insults such as "USE YOUR FINGERS, YOU STUPID BINT!" and "ARE YOU SHELLACKING MY TWAT, BITCH? TWIRL YOUR TONGUE AROUND A BIT, YOU DIM-WITTED CUNT!" With Hermione's not-so-gentle coaching, it didn't take long for copious amounts of Tonks' drool and Hermione's juices to flow from the Auror's chin.

Unlike Hermione, who had lost count of how many orgasms she had during her first time with Harry, Tonks knew exactly how many climaxes she had: one. Yes, just one orgasm. Of course the orgasm was ridiculously long and incredibly intense. It started when Harry pushed his length and girth into her for the tenth time. It then reached the crescendo about twenty five minutes later, and ended a little over twelve minutes after that.

After Harry came (and he did so deep inside Tonks), he crawled up in the bed and laid down next to Hermione. Tonks seized this opportunity to make her getaway... or at least try.

In the histories of getaways, Tonks' was not the fastest by far, nor was it the most graceful. It took her a whole five minutes to catch her breath (which was understandable because she had just experienced a thirty-seven minute long orgasm combined with a fairly severe thrashing). Another minute spent trying to stand up (during which time she collapsed on the bed no less than ten times). And another four minutes wobbling to the door (it took a lot of effort to get her legs to follow commands – that and her hips seemed a little further apart than they used to be, but that could've been her imagination).

As she teetered away at speeds that would have made a snail dizzy,

Hermione asked, "Where are you off to?"

"Oh, just going to get a spot of fresh air," Tonks offered lamely while lurching, stumbling, and lumbering to the door.

Once Tonks had left the room, Harry turned to Hermione and announced, "That wasn't Luna."

"Of course that wasn't Luna. I told you that," snapped Hermione.

"When did you do that?"

"Right before you kissed her," stated Hermione. "I thought you understood me and had a plan."

"You didn't say anything then," he countered.

"I told you with my eyes," she argued.

"Well, your eyes didn't tell me she wasn't Luna."

"Fine," Hermione said in a huff. "When did you realize that she wasn't Luna?"

"When she started eating you out," Harry said. "She didn't slurp like Luna does."

"Wait, you figured that it wasn't Luna at the beginning and you still went ahead and shagged her?"

"Yes, we were all naked, and I was randy. What's the point of stopping?" he asked in a matter of fact way. Changing the subject, he asked "Do you know who it was?"

"It had to be Tonks. She's a metamorphmagus and is in the Order of the Phoenix," she replied. "They probably stumbled on Luna and me

shopping and nabbed her while we were separated. They would've taken Luna to the Order headquarters, more likely than not."

"Well then, I guess I'll just have to go and rescue Luna," Harry said and hopped out of bed. "I'm really eager to see you tongue her arse-hole."

"But the headquarters is protected by the Fidelius Charm," stated Hermione. "I know the location, but I'm not the Secret Keeper so I can't tell you it."

"The Fidelius won't be a problem for me, as long as Tonks enters this place. I'll be able to follow her thanks to my swimmers in her cunny."

"So you did shag her for a reason," Hermione said and smiled, impressed at his cunning when it came to his cumming. "You came in her so that you could follow her to wherever she went."

"True, but I mostly did it because I was randy and she was bent over in front of me," he said without shame. "The fact that I can follow her and rescue Luna is a nice benefit though. Oh, by the way; I like the new dominatrix you."

"What do you mean by that?" Hermione demanded and shot up.

"When you were whacking Tonks' arse," he explained. "You were so turned on by it I reckon that you must've been gushing."

"I wasn't into it!" she protested (which was a lie, she really was into it). "And I certainly didn't gush!" (She did – several times.)

"Oh, please," Harry said with a bemused chuckle. "You just don't want to admit that I'm rubbing off on you."

"Rubbing off on me?"

"Yeah, before you met me, you were just a meek little bookworm. But now, after a short while with me, your true side has started to show. Thanks to my influence on your inner self, you're now no longer that meek kitten. Instead, you've embraced your true nature, that of a sexually charged dominatrix," Harry said with a proud smile.

"That's not what happened!"

"Ri-i-i-ight," he dismissed. "You just won't acknowledge that you got off on controlling that witch, because you've convinced yourself that controlling people is wrong."

"It is wrong," she said defiantly.

"Bullshit. The fact that you had Tonks doing everything you told her to do was turning your crank. And you know it," he said, smiling from ear to ear. "You didn't cum from her piss-poor skills at eating snatch. You came simply from the sense of power of being in charge of another human being – the same thing that you've accused me of doing and being immoral and evil."

A chill went up Hermione's spine. Perhaps Harry was right: maybe his influence was affecting her, turning her into some sort of dominatrix that got off on control. The witch gulped and realized that she needed help.

Harry grabbed his wand and tapped one of Hermione boots, incanting, "Portus."

"What's that for? I thought you could apparate?" Hermione asked.

"This is for you," he said. "This Order is probably going to storm in here in hopes of capturing me."

"Why?"

"Because I bragged about killing Fudge in front of those two inbred gingers back in that shack," he responded, referring to the Weasleys.

Hermione held her tongue. She wanted to say that perhaps it was a good idea to turn himself in, so that Dumbledore could help Harry see the error of his ways. After the Headmaster helped Harry, then the black haired wizard's nefarious influence would no longer affect Hermione and she could stem this new dark desire that Harry had created (or so she told herself) in her. But she knew that Harry wouldn't listen to reason. She had to seek the Headmaster's help without Harry's knowledge.

"This Portkey will take you to Luna's home," he said and put his shoes on. "I'll go fetch Luna and meet you there. Then we'll find someplace new to live until Dobby finishes my hideout."

"Good idea," she agreed, while formulating her own plan of contacting Professor Dumbledore so that the venerable wizard could aid her in altering Harry's evil tendencies.

"It'll probably take me ten or twenty minutes to get Luna," he said. "Half an hour tops."

"Okay, I'll see you then," Hermione said. She got dressed quickly and touched her finger to the Portkey.

CMCMCM

With a crack, Lucius apparated directly into his parlor and frantically dashed into the kitchen. He desperately needed to put his house in order before the Dark Lord showed up. In the kitchen, Lucius found his wife with one empty bottle of firewhiskey in one hand and a two finger salute directed at him with the other.

"Ah, such is the lovely greeting I've learned to expect from you," he said dryly.

Narcissa attempted to quip "Well, if you were a better husband, perhaps I would give you a proper greeting." Unfortunately, since she was completely pissed out of her gourd, all she could muster was a slurred, "Bugger off, you nancy."

"We are about to have a very important guest. I won't have to worry about you making a scene since I suspect that you're about to blackout shortly. I must see to Draco," Lucius rambled, his nerves over having the Dark Lord in his home rattling him.

Again, Narcissa tried to deliver a scathing comment to her husband regarding his parenting skills: "Just because your father never showed pride in you or love doesn't mean that you have to do the same with our son." Again, because of her drunken state, the only words that came out of her mouth were "Ah-h, fuck off."

"I'll just check his room then," Lucius said, leaving his wife to her stupor.

Draco was quietly reading a book in his bedroom when his father entered.

"Son, the Dark Lord will be staying here for a while," Lucius told the boy. "Because of those unseemly side effects of your treatment, I think it would be for the best if you stay in your room."

"I understand, Father," Draco said earnestly. He then added in a howling scream "TOAD FUCKER!"

"And perhaps I should cast a Silencing Charm around your room as well," Lucius said casually.

CMCMCM

"Ginny! Come down here this instant!" Molly hollered up the stairs.

"What is it?" Ginny cried out from her room. She was still irate over the fact that she was being prohibited from finding her magnificent Harry. And until Ginny was allowed to find the man she was destined to be with, and had gotten swatted around by said man, she had no intentions of leaving her room.

Molly huffed; she had to leave straight away and couldn't deal with her daughter's temper tantrums. "I have to go for an emergency Order meeting. I need you to look after your brother."

Ginny ran down the stairs as if she was being chased by a Hungarian Horntail. She leapt over the last five steps and dashed up to her mother.

"Is it about Harry?" the girl asked frantically. "I can go with you and help."

"No, you have to stay here and look after your brother," Molly insisted. "He still isn't well."

"He can come, too," pleaded Ginny.

"No, this is official Order business," her mother said firmly. Molly had not yet told her children that their Harry had been replaced with another Harry from an alternate universe, and that this version of Harry had actually killed Fudge. "And I can't have the two of you milling about while we discuss important issues."

"Mum, ever since I was a little girl, you've told me to go after my dreams," Ginny said with tears shimmering in her eyes. "And my dream is Harry."

"Sweetie, there's something you don't know about Harry," Molly said. She was touched by her daughter's conviction, but this wasn't the Harry that her daughter had dreamed about. "He's different. He's not

the sweet boy you remember; he's grown quite cruel."

"Well, it's no wonder. If I were raised by those awful Muggles and hunted by every dark wizard in the country, I'd become mean, too," Ginny said as the tears fell. "What Harry needs now is love and tenderness. And I am the one to give him that."

Molly was bowled over by what her daughter had said. Ginny was right, even though this Harry wasn't the sweet boy they knew, he still needed love and compassion to guide him, to help him see the light. Molly came to the conclusion that Ginny was indeed the one destined to show Harry that love and compassion. After all, Ginny was a beautiful witch (note: as stated before, mothers tend to pad the truth when it comes to their children, yet Molly was just outright lying to herself at this point).

Ginny had to fight the smile that was threatening to break her mask of false sorrow. The things she had said about showing Harry love and compassion so that he would see the errors of his way was utter twaddle. Ginny wanted, no needed, Harry to turn his bad little self on her. The young witch wanted him to drape her over his knee and spank her viciously while calling her such lovely names as "cunt," "whore," and "fire crotch." Ginny was just playing to her mother's silly compassion. The moment her mum had said that Harry was "cruel" Ginny gave her that foolish tripe about "love and tenderness."

"All right, you can come, but you'll have to convince your brother to put on some clothes before we leave," Molly said, hoping that her daughter's dream-match would come true.

"Oh, thank you, Mummy," squealed Ginny. She hugged her mother and quickly dashed up the stairs to Ron's room.

"Quick, put on some clothes," Ginny ordered.

"As Ron the Magnificent told you before; Ron the Magnificent is



above simple clothes, dear sister," Ron said while majestically gesturing to the wash rag he was using as a loincloth.

"Yes, that's true. But we're taking you to see your adoring public," Ginny lied.

"Ron the Magnificent's adoring public has seen Ron the Magnificent in Ron the Magnificent's regal attire before," he said while posing. "Why should Ron the Magnificent bother to wear something different?"

"Have you ever heard of nudists?" she asked.

"Aren't they those silly people who run around naked? Such lowly people," he said in a disapproving way.

Ginny was about to point out that Ron could be considered nude by most people, but having Ron come along with her and their Mum was imperative so that she could find her Harry, have him call her foul names, have him toss her around a bit, and have scores of green eyed babies. So Ginny continued to lie. "Well, we're meeting a group of people who are the exact opposite of nudists they're called... err... clothists," she said and cursed her intelligence. No one would fall for such a lame ploy. Ginny had blown her chance.

"Clothists' you say," Ron said while rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "Ron the Magnificent has never heard of these clothists. Please, dear sister, tell Ron the Magnificent more about these clothists."

"Well, um, they hate the sight of bare flesh," she said, stunned that Ron had bought it. "They call the condition um... nudeness and ah... get nauseous if any... uh anything is showing."

"Fine then, if these clothists want to meet Ron the Magnificent, Ron the Magnificent shall don lowly clothes for them," he said and threw a long cloak over his body.

"Brilliant; meet Mum and me down stairs," Ginny cheered.

CMCMCM

The Portkey delivered Hermione just outside the Lovegood home. Hermione hopped up and headed for the door. She needed to get to Dumbledore and get him to help her sway Harry from his nefarious attitudes and save her from his evil influence. She decided to use the Lovegood floo to travel to Hogwarts.

Unfortunately, the door was locked. Seeing that it was illegal for her to use magic, she had to resort to a physically route. Hermione picked up a rock and flung it at a large window (normally, she would never dare such a thing, but she was desperate – and besides, Mr. Lovegood could easily repair the smashed window with a simple repairing charm).

After carefully crawling through the broken window, the witch headed directly for the fireplace. There, tacked to the hearth, was a hand written note from Mr. Lovegood addressed to his daughter:

"Dearest, moon-kissed daughter,

Even though I allowed you to stay home, I couldn't stop the order to temporarily cut our lovely home from the floo connection. You know how slow the Ministry is – like a snow-fire bat on Christmas morning if you needed a helpful analogy.

If you have to use the floo, just pop over to the Weasleys'. I'm certain they'll let you use their connection.

There's plenty of food in the icebox. And I left you my books on Cliff-Dwelling Dragon-Mongoosees and Webbed-toed Spider-Frogs.

Love you always,

Daddy-kins."

Despite the dread of running into Ron (only because the amount of time she would waste with the beating she would have to give him), she had to use the Weasleys' floo in order to contact Professor Dumbledore. It wasn't an option; Hermione had to return to the Burrow.

She was about to leave the Lovegood home when she remembered that Harry would be able to track her down due to his seed still in her from this morning's shag. The witch dashed into the bathroom and turned on the water in the shower. She stripped off the perverted "Little Red Riding Hood" outfit and hopped under the shower head, not caring that the water was still cold. As quickly as she could, Hermione cleaned herself, inside and out, with the chilly water.

Hermione didn't even bother toweling herself dry; she just tossed on the outfit over wet skin. Once she was presentable – or at least as presentable as the revealing outfit would allow her to be, she ran out of the Lovegood home (this time she used the front door and not the smashed window), making her way toward the Burrow to use the floo. She had to get Dumbledore.

CMCMCM

Tonks staggered into number twelve and limped into the kitchen. Every step was a struggle for her (not only because she was exhausted beyond belief, but because her entire body was sore from the epic shag she had just gotten).

"What the hell took you so long?" demanded Moody. Every single member of the Order except Dumbledore and Snape flanked the retired Auror. "I couldn't get any useful information out of the Lovegood girl. We've been waiting for you to report."

"They... he... I..." rambled Tonks disconnectedly. She didn't want to say that she was late because she had just gotten the best shag she had ever had (she had even been with two blokes at once before, and even their combined talents didn't hold a candle to this Harry from another reality). Not only was Harry an excellent kisser (and Hermione was superb as well), he was also hung like a baby (meaning six pounds, ten ounces).

"Ah hell, did Potter use the Cruciatus on you as well?" Moody asked, his voice showing a surprising amount of compassion. "He used the Unforgivable so much on Lovegood that the girl has cracked."

"Oh, you poor dear," Molly cried and hugged Tonks, thinking the young Auror had just suffered unbearable torture instead of a rapturous climax. "Why don't you take a rest? We'll take care of this."

"That'd be brilliant," groaned Tonks. She uttered the address of the flat in Knockturn Alley, adding that it had no magical protection before slowly trudging up the stairs. Each step was excruciating thanks to Hermione's crop and the damage it had caused to her bum. Tonks had not seen the after-effects, but she was positive that her bottom must be swollen to twice its normal size and a flaming red (although, thanks to Hermione's cruel coaching, Tonks was positive that she could easily pleasure another witch if she ever decided to give up on men). She staggered into one of the guest rooms and flopped onto the bed. She fell asleep the moment her head touched the pillow.

CMCMCM

"Oh 'daddy,' you certainly know how to please a girl," giggled Pomona.

"That's right, baby" Dumbledore whispered huskily before running his tongue over Sprout's ample acreage of flesh.

Moody had tried to contact him a few minutes earlier. But

Dumbledore had an urgent need for the Rubenesque beauty of Pomona. Whatever Moody wanted would have to wait. The Pecker-Up Potion (as he liked to call the helpful potion he took to allow him to please his plump lover) had started to kick in and it would've been a deplorable waste of a good erection if he had responded to Moody's call.

CMCMCM

"Welcome to my home, my Lord," Lucius greeted Voldemort as he walked into Malfoy Manor. Close behind the Dark Lord were the rest of his inner circle, as well as his two strange duplicates from different realities.

Voldemort eyed the parlor appraisingly. He walked into the library and then the dining room. Occasionally, he ran his finger along surfaces, checking for dust.

"This will do for the time being," Voldemort said with a hint of disappointment after a few minutes of inspection. "However this place is far too small for my tastes."

"I shall begin looking for a proper castle for you, Master, straight away," Lucius said with a bow.

"No, Lucius, you have a terrible sense of style. Get your wife to do it," the Dark Lord ordered.

"Course I have better style," hiccupped Narcissa as she stumbled into the dining room. She leaned against the wall and took a long swig straight from a new bottle of whisky.

"Oh, bugger," moaned Lucius. He had hoped that his wife would've blacked out and therefore save himself from embarrassment.

"Are you feeling well, sister?" asked Bellatrix.

Narcissa's eyes grew wide and she snorted in laughter at the sight of Bellatrix's small head.

"Oi, Rodolphus, you always said you wanted a little head from your wife, and now you've got it," Narcissa laughed uproariously at her own joke before collapsing to the floor with a loud thud and passing out.

"Now that the issue of finding a new castle is out of the way, let's discuss Potter," Voldemort said, ignoring the unconscious blonde and her actions.

"Lord, if I may," Snape began. "Potter was a pathetic student. The Enola Gay Draught is far beyond his capabilities. I doubt that the person Bellatrix brought in, and then seduced, was the boy."

"Could he have been someone else under polyjuice?" offered Rabastan.

"No, he didn't drink any potion while..." began Bellatrix, but she suddenly stopped.

"Are you telling me you and Potter had sex for longer than an hour?" Voldemort demanded.

"Yes," she replied meekly.

"Sire, this seems doubtful," Snape spoke up. "My observations on the boy would suggest that he is a 'two-minute man' tops"

"Wait, just what type of observations were you making on Potter to come to that conclusion?" asked Lucius. An image of Snape lurking in the shadows of the Gryffindor boys' shower entered his mind.

"Nothing nefarious, I assure you," Snape drawled. "But the boy

severely lacks patience. I assumed, by watching in other various activities, that he would be the type to charge ahead and climax as quickly as he could."

"Severus, you and tiny head over there," Voldemort said, jabbing his thumb at Bellatrix, "work on this mystery. Find out exactly what happened."

"I live to serve," Snape said reverently.

"Master, there is the issue of the new Minister," began Rabastan.

"What new Minister?" demanded Voldemort. He had been so busy with trying to call forth his duplicates that no one had yet told him the news.

"Fudge was executed," Snape replied.

"Who did it?" the Dark Lord asked.

"We don't know, my liege," the Potions Master answered.

"Then while you're investigating Potter, find out who killed fudge," Voldemort ordered Snape.

"Yes, sire," he replied, knowing that both mysteries assigned to him were one in the same.

"Back to the new Minister, we need to get whoever it will be under our control," Voldemort said.

"Excellent plan, Master," cheered Lucius. Even though he and Rodolphus had come up with the idea already, he knew that if he were to take credit, the Dark Lord would punish him. "Might I suggest Percy Weasley?"

"Why not Jamie Wildsmith," offered Rodolphus, naming the low ranking Death Eater he had in mind.

"Can this Weasley be corrupted?" asked Voldemort.

"Easily," Lucius replied with a smile. "He is a trusting oaf and slow witted."

"Very well, let us focus our energies on this Percy," Voldemort stated. "I like the idea of having a member of the Weasley clan, a family so openly connected to the Light, under my thumb."

CMCMCM

Back at Grimmauld Place, Moody grumbled. He had fire-called Dumbledore to tell him about Potter, but the old wizard was not in. Moody knew that he couldn't wait for Dumbledore to join them. This version of Potter was a threat and needed to be brought down before he could hurt anyone else, like he had done to the poor Lovegood girl and now Tonks.

His gnarled hands clenched into fists over the thought of what Potter had done. The old Auror had seen plenty of victims of the Cruciatus Curse; victims left scarred and broken, he had even seen what happened to the Longbottoms. But he had never seen such aftereffects as what Lovegood had suffered. It was like this version of Potter used the Cruciatus Curse to surgically carve away at his victims; to break away pieces of their minds and then reshape them. Moody saw this in the way Lovegood talked passionately about screaming under the Cruciatus. It chilled him to the bone just to think of what Potter had done to Lovegood and what he almost did to Tonks. The old Auror truly regretted sending Tonks into such a dangerous situation without proper support.

"Arthur, conjure a length of rope long enough so everyone can touch it," commanded Moody. "Then turn it into a Portkey."



"Aren't we going to wait for Albus?" the red haired wizard asked as he conjured a long rope.

"No time," Moody growled. "This Potter needs to be brought in and there's no time to lose."

CMCMCM

After magically shrinking all of the clothes that Malkin made and placing them in his pocket, Harry lay on the bed, with his legs crossed at his ankles and his hands behind his head, waiting for the impending attack. He had expected it to have happened a few minutes ago and was growing bored.

Finally, he heard dozens of Apparation cracks emanating from the street below and then a number of feet rushing up the stairs. "About bloody time," he mumbled to himself.

The exact moment the door to the flat was blown off of its hinges, a half dozen witches and wizards appeared a few feet away from Harry.

"Don't make a move, Potter, or it'll be your last," threatened Moody as the rest of the Order rushed into the flat.

Harry ignored the old and scarred wizard's warning and looked over the ragtag group. The only witch of the bunch was a short and plump middle-aged woman. Harry was certain that this wasn't Tonks; because he was positive that the witch would've still had difficulty walking (that and he actually prayed it wasn't Tonks. The idea of shagging the short, plump, old redheaded witch made him feel queasy).

With a polite yet mocking wave of his hand, Harry bid farewell to the people and Apparated away. He allowed his Semen Tracking Charm

to guide him to his destination.

With a soft pop (akin to the sound of a mouse fart in another room) Harry appeared in an old and dusty bedroom. There, strewn out on the bed was an unconscious witch with bright green hair.

If he had more time, Harry had considered writing a message on this witch's bottom ("Potter was here!" in bright, bold letters with an arrow pointing to her cum-filled sex). But he had to act quickly and such a fun activity simply could not be indulged. Harry crept out of the room and into a shabby hallway. If he was right (which he would proudly state that he often was, if someone asked), Luna would be in a locked room. Therefore, all he had to do was find a room with a locked door.

CMCMCM

Down in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place, Ron had abandoned his cloak and was strutting around in his makeshift loincloth. He turned, showing his bare arse to his sister, and commented, "Ron the Magnificent is appalled to be here in this mess. Ron the Magnificent is not pleased to be associated with people who live in such a filthy place."

Ginny was too lost in her own thoughts to hear Ron (or, thankfully, to register his nearly nude state). Her mind was fixated on her black haired prince. Soon, the Order would bring him here. And once she got the chance, she would sneak into his room and let him ravish her. The young witch's knickers got damp at the thought of the foul names that Harry would call her as he roughly pinched her pink nipples and bruised her flesh.

CMCMCM

Hermione rushed over the hill and charged toward the Burrow as quickly as her legs could take her. Without even pausing, she ran

through the opened kitchen door and headed straight to the fireplace.

Panting heavily and resisting the urge to throw up due to the nausea caused by the mile long sprint she had just made, Hermione grabbed a pinch of floo powder and tossed it into the fire. As the flames turned emerald, she tried to steady her breath as best as she could (she would need to speak the name of the destination as clearly as she could).

After a moment, she took another pinch of the floo powder and stepped into the magical green flames. In a loud clear voice, the witch stated "Hogwarts; Headmaster's office" and disappeared.

After spinning like a top through the floo connection, she arrived at her destination.

"Professor! I need to talk to you about Harry!" she called out the moment she stepped out of the fireplace.

"I'm sorry dear," a painting of a kindly former Headmistress informed Hermione. "But Albus is not in. He had to run an important errand" (of course that errand was to shag Sprout, but there was no reason to tell the young witch).

"He must've headed to the Order headquarters," Hermione speculated. She grabbed some more floo powder from the pot on the hearth and reentered the floo. "Number twelve, Grimmauld Place," she declared.

CMCMCM

"Damn it!" curse Moody.

"I told you we should've put up Anti-Apparation wards before we came charging in here," Kingsley said. Moody had nixed Kingsley's idea thinking it would be for the best just to get the drop on Potter.

"Everyone head back to number twelve," the old Auror grumbled.

CMCMCM

"Hello, Harry," Luna greeted the black haired wizard after he used an Unlocking Charm to open the door. "Did you kill anyone while we were apart?"

"Unfortunately no," Harry grumbled.

"You sound disappointed," the blonde pointed out.

"Well, killing imbeciles and adversaries is a wonderful way to blow off steam," he returned. "You should try it out."

"I'll stick to mad sex for stress relief, thank you," she said dreamily. "How were you able to find me?"

"A witch named Tonks, who's apparently a metamorphmagus, disguised herself as you. Thinking she was you, I had her eat out Hermione. When she didn't slurp like you do, I knew she was an imposter. Seeing that I was already hard, I decided to shag her rotten. Then after Hermione told me her identity, I used my Semen Tracking Charm to follow her here," he answered

"Really, a metamorphmagus? Think of the possibilities; if you had known about her abilities, you could've had her change her appearance so that she looked like Hermione. That way it would've been like being with twins," offered Luna.

"Damn," Harry said in mourning at the loss of such an exciting possibility.

"Although that does give me a splendid idea; we can make several batches of polyjuice," the blonde began to speculate. "That way

Hermione and I could pretend to be twins. One night I could be her double while the next she could be mine."

"You make me happy, you know that?" Harry asked while the delicious image of what Luna described played out in his head.

"Or we could swap places for fun," added Luna. "She could be me and I could be her. It goes without saying that we'd have to act like one another to stay in character. This means that Hermione would have to be bugged because she would look like me and I would have to perform analingus on her for the same reason. Speaking of which, let's get out of here so you can watch Hermione tongue my bottom."

"Hermione's at your dad's," he informed her. He then tapped a rickety chair with his wand and incanted "Portus."

"Fantastic, after Hermione laps up my dirty place, you can shag us on my father's bed," she said and stood next to the strapping wizard. "It's been a peculiar fantasy of mine for a while; to have sex on my dad's bed when he's away. It's very naughty of me, I know, but I like it."

A few seconds later, after the chair had successfully been turned into a Portkey, Harry and Luna vanished from Grimmauld Place.

CMCMCM

"Where is he?" Ginny demanded as the Order members returned to the kitchen of Grimmauld Place.

"Ronald, put on some clothes!" barked Molly.

"Where's Harry?" screeched Ginny. She had an awful itch; she needed her black haired prince to pound and beat that itch away.

"He gave us the slip," Kingsley said with dissatisfaction.

"Don't just stand there; go out and find him!" ordered Ginny (the itch was bothering her to the point of anger and she was losing her temper).

"We've got no leads," Kingsley said.

"I'll go talk to the Lovegood girl," Moody said and he proceeded to limp out of the kitchen. "See if she can give us any clues."

Before Moody could leave, the fireplace erupted in green flames and Hermione stumbled out. The halter top of her revealing outfit did a horrible job of concealing her jugs. This gave every male standing in the kitchen a wonderful view of her large breast.

"What knockers," muttered Remus in near awe.

"Aye, they're a sight," commented Kingsley.

Nervously, Hermione tried to cover her cleavage. But since there was so much of it, she kept jostling her hands up and down. This action had the pleasing side-effect of making her womanly bits jiggle and shake.

"Damn, girl, it's like jelly," Moody complimented. "Two mounds of delectable jelly that my mum never made me."

"YOU SLUT!" screamed Ginny as she leapt for the brunette.

Reacting purely on instinct, Hermione swung her riding crop (she had kept it after her shower because the outfit didn't seem complete without it). The leather tool slapped Ginny hard across the face. The moment the crop struck the younger witch's face, the same lovely tingle Hermione got when whipping Tonks returned. The blow had

also stopped the red head's attack instantly.

With her fingertips grazing the rapidly growing red welt on her face, Ginny snarled with rage fueling her voice; "YOU'LL PAY, CUNT!"

Again she lunged at the witch who stole her black haired and cruel prince. And again, Hermione instinctively used her crop to halt Ginny's attack. This time, the red welt was on Ginny's other cheek so that now both sides of her face matched. Also, the tingle that Hermione felt turned into a sharp twinge and her sex clenched. Desperately, Hermione tried to ignore the exceedingly pleasant sensation.

"I'm going to kill you!" Ginny threatened. However, unlike before where Ginny's voice was full of rage and hatred, her voice was breathy and husky.

With a twinkle in her eyes, Ginny threw herself on Hermione. Unfortunately for the brunette, she had no time to whack Ginny again (which was regrettable because a dark part of Hermione desperately wanted to whack Ginny again. It was also unfortunate for Ginny as well because she rather liked being on the receiving end of Hermione's incredible crop hand). The two young witches fell to the floor (Ginny's greater weight easily toppling Hermione). As Ginny wrestled with Hermione, the brunette got the distinct impression that her attacker was trying her best to cop a feel. The younger witch's hands alternated between squashing Hermione's tits and bum and snaking between her thighs and cleavage.

While nearly every man in the room watched the wrestling witches in hopes of Hermione's top being pulled off and thereby exposing her glorious titties to them, Ron's deluded mind played out a far fetched fantasy. In this hallucination, Hermione and Ginny weren't wrestling. Instead the buxom brunette had thrown herself at Ron's feet and, ignoring the other people gathered in the room, immediately began to perform oral sex on him. Of course, this delusional daydream caused

Ron to get an erection right there, in the crowded kitchen. Not that anyone in the kitchen could possibly notice the young red head's arousal. His organ (if one could be as bold to call it that) barely caused a bump to appear in his loincloth.

"Get off of me!" cried Hermione as Ginny moaned in her ear and continued to run her hands over the brunette's ample breasts.

Arthur pulled his daughter (who was kicking wildly while screaming "NO, I'M NOT DONE YET!" at the top of her lungs) off of Hermione. Of course, Arthur bent down more than necessary to pick up his daughter. He did this so that he could get a close-up view of Hermione's wondrous cleavage. Hoping that no one in the room could see the tent that had popped up in his trousers thanks to the wonderful image of Hermione's knockers, Arthur dragged Ginny to a corner. Unlike his youngest son, Arthur's erection could be seen easily. Thankfully for his sense of modesty, everyone in the room was transfixed with the same thing that caused Arthur to become aroused and they hadn't notice his bulge.

Hermione stood, and ignoring the ogling eyes fixed on her mounds, quickly stated, "I need to speak with Professor Dumbledore, it's urgent."

CMCMCM

"Where is she?" Luna asked after checking all the rooms of her and her father's house.

"I don't know," Harry said with a frown.

Luna huffed and flopped down on the couch. "I was so looking forward to getting my bum licked."

"She probably ran off to her precious Dumbledore," speculated Harry.



"I didn't see him at that place you took me from, so there's a good chance that Hermione headed to Hogwarts then."

Luna huffed again and asked in a sad pout, "Will you lick my bottom, Harry?"

"We have to go rescue her," he said, ignoring her request.

"Why? It isn't like they'll harm her," the blonde pointed out.

"Poppet, they had you under lock and key," he countered.

"True, Mr. Moody was under the impression that you had broken me. He said he was keeping me in that room for my own protection," Luna said.

"Besides, we have to get her back because I really want to see her tongue your dirty hole," Harry said flatly.

"Does that mean you won't lick my bum?" she asked and her pout deepened.

"No," he replied. "I don't do that."

"It's fun. I promise you'll like it. I know I will," she protested. When Harry shook his head once again, Luna requested, "Well then, can you at least shag me on my dad's bed?"

"We really don't have time," Harry said regrettably. "Once they find that you're gone, this will be the first place they come looking for you."

"Oh, poop," Luna grunted and crossed her arms over her chest. "First, I miss out on the coin toss Hermione and I were going to have because I was kidnapped, then I missed a shag session with a

metamorphmagus, and now my bottom isn't being licked and I'm not getting shagged on my dad's bed! This is no fun at all."

"Let's head to Hogwarts and find Hermione," Harry said.

"The castle is very large, it will be hard to find her," stated Luna, still pouting over how much her bum wasn't being licked.

"Okay then, let's make a deal," offered Harry.

"Does this deal have anything to do with tongues and bottoms?" she asked hopefully.

"No, it does however deal with me fucking you silly in Dumbledore's office," he said. "Then, we'll sit you down on his chair so that it'll be sticky with our mess."

Luna's mood suddenly brightened. "Well, when you put it that way..."

To Be Continued

## Chapter Seven

Standard Disclaimer: Harry Potter and all characters are property of J K Rowling, Warner Brothers, Bloomsbury Books, Arthur A. Levine Books, Raincoast Books and Scholastic publishing, and are used without permission. This work was written purely for noncommercial entertainment; no money is being made.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad parody with over the top humor (most of this humor is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (Out Of Character actions). To reiterate; this is a parody with a great amount of sex jokes and sex scenes.

Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (including femmeslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

WARNING: Since no one seemed to catch the warning in the previous chapter, the Ron bashing has been demoted to Captain.

Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

In the kitchen of Grimmauld Place, a nearly frantic and scantily clad Hermione demanded, "Where's the Headmaster?"

"Easy girl, just calm down," Moody grumbled. The old wizard had turned his back to the young witch, using his body to block the action of withdrawing his wand. Mind you, turning his body in plain view was not the best way to hide his growing erection that was caused by the nearly naked and extremely curvy sixteen year-old. Thankfully, Hermione was too concerned as to the whereabouts of Dumbledore to notice Moody's "back-up wand" trying to poke through his trousers. "You've gone through a lot of stress," Moody added in a soothing voice. Well, as soothing as one can get when their voice sounds like

gravel being put through a grinder.

"I don't need to calm down," Hermione said and stomped her foot angrily. She jiggled even more when her foot hit the floor – much to the fascination of all of the men that were present. It was as if they were unwittingly holding the First Annual Grimmauld Place Erection Convention right there in the kitchen, and Hermione's scantily covered breasts were the main attraction of the event.

After shaking the wonderful image of Granger's chest, Moody returned to the task at hand – um, wand. He hid his wand under the crook of his off-arm and carefully aimed it at the buxom girl. In order not to alert her to his plan, the old Auror said in his uniquely "soothing" manner, "Don't worry, girl. Albus will be here shortly."

Hermione huffed in indignation and rolled her eyes. Moody took this as his cue and fired a Stun Hex at the brunette. He did this for her own safety – if she had been treated anything like the way the Lovegood girl had been, there was a very good chance that her mind was already broken by this evil-Potter. And there would be no telling what the girl could do in that case. As far as Moody knew, Potter could have brainwashed the buxom girl, conditioning her to assassinate Dumbledore. Moody therefore decided it was in everyone's best interest if the girl was knocked out.

With a thump, Hermione's unconscious body fell to the floor. And, as if to answer the unspoken prayers of all the wizards gathered in the kitchen, The Powers That Be (called TPTB by their close friends) seemingly used this action of the young witch's fall to make one of her boobs (the left one) pop out of its tight confines and be exposed for all to see.

For the men, it was as if a beautiful, angelic choir had descended from the heavens and was now singing in the background for this joyous, nearly rapturous, occasion. First and foremost, a chance to see a sixteen year-old witch's naked tit is a wonderful taboo that is

both thrilling and fulfilling for any man. Added to the men's illicit joy of viewing under-aged titties, this one tit was unlike any breast they had ever seen before. It was as if the aforementioned TPTB decided since Hermione would be picked on and ostracized for her dazzling intelligence, that they should give her a present for the pains she would suffer. So TPTB set out to make the perfect set of breasts (as mentioned previously, the wizards in the kitchen of Grimmauld Place had not seen Hermione's right boob, but they felt it was safe to assume that it was just as awe-inspiring as the other). The time and effort that TPTB put into creating Hermione's breasts were truly appreciated by all the men who now viewed her exposed glory. Words could not properly describe the pert milky white mountain, peaked with a large, pink areola and eraser sized nipple that just begged, nay – demanded to be gazed at for hours and hours. It was as if this tit was the benchmark to use to judge the beauty of everything in the world. Simply put; it held, in its soft, fleshy globe, the promise of paradise.

Most of the wizards who saw this perfection had tears of joy in their eyes. The sheer beauty of it touched their souls. Of course, all the men had tears of joy in the eye of their respective trouser snakes, but that should have been readily apparent.

The sight of Hermione's left knocker sent Ron over the proverbial edge. Even though he had duped Hermione into having sex with him several times, the dolt had not bothered to take her blouse off during these incredibly short and epically pathetic sessions. Which, as anyone would've told him, was completely stupid – he had passed up the opportunity to witness, arguably, the finest example of breasts that have ever graced this humble planet (if Homer were alive – and not blind – he would have composed an epic poem about Hermione's tit. And this poem's length and depth would've dwarfed both the Iliad and the Odyssey, combined). Ron's idiotic mistake just went to further prove his foolish nature. The imbecile had missed his opportunity to not only look upon the glory that was both of Hermione's bare titties, but he idiotically passed up the chance to

touch and even suckle them! If the other men in the kitchen knew that Ron had not taken the time to expose, touch, and suckle Hermione's bosom when he had the fortune to do so, they would've pummeled him. Even his father – who was seriously contemplating sawing off his right leg as an offering to TPTB in exchange for the opportunity of tweaking one of the teen witch's perky nipples just once – would've gladly and savagely beaten his son for such an asinine error. But of course, now that Ron saw half of what Hermione's breasts had to offer, he did not feel regret. No, in his on-going deluded state (caused by the beating Hermione had given him), the red haired wizard boldly declared, "Those glorious breasts belong to Ron the Magnificent!" Promptly following this fictitious and baseless statement the red haired wizard came and then, just as swiftly, passed out.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Molly as she stomped to the unconscious girl. She stood in front of Hermione, turned to face the awe-struck men and scolded, "It's like you lot have never seen a breast before!"

As a unit, the wizards tried to reply honestly to Molly's statement with, "No, we've never seen a tit like that one!" But they were far too enamored by said sight that their brains weren't functioning properly. Only a handful of the men present could actually muster sounds. Most of these sounds were weak, soft moans. Remus alone was the only man to have enough cognitive power to utter a single word. However, that word was a high, squeaky "mother" followed by sounds of sucking, as if a babe at its mum's teat (which was pretty much what he, and all the other men, wanted to do with Hermione – and judging by the size of the young witch's boob, it was conceivable that, if she were lactating, she could feed all the men... easily).

Giving her practiced look of disappointment that she only used on her most disobedient children (used mostly on the twins, but as of late – since he donned the loincloth, to be precise – Molly had been using this look on Ron), Molly glared at the men for a full half minute,

hoping that they would snap out of their silly state. Unfortunately for her, the men completely ignored her hateful gaze and used the time to continue to stare at the young witch's tit longingly, even though Molly's thick calf and "cankle" was blocking a portion of that wonderful boob. This, in their opinion, was a wonderful way to spend their time and would continue to do so until the Angel of Death claimed them, if given the option.

"You should all be ashamed!" the Weasley matron snapped. She pulled out her wand and waved it once, causing Hermione's corset to pop back up and cover her bared tit. The wizards were all too stunned to voice their valid protests. If they could have spoken at that moment, they would've shouted foul curses and vulgarities at Molly for such a heinous and evil deed. To them, covering up such a wonderful piece of art, with clothes, was a grievous and terrible crime against man and nature. Flicking her wand again, Molly levitated the unconscious girl, and took her to one of the spare rooms.

Once in the safety and privacy of this room, Molly decided to change Hermione's clothes. Not to save the young girl from the embarrassment of having every man and boy ogle her (she was, after all, nothing more than a scarlet woman who toyed with Ron's affections before hopping in bed with Harry. The slattern therefore obviously enjoyed being treated as a sex object, thought Molly), but rather to save the men from this harlot and her abnormal distractions. Molly twirled her wand at Hermione, and the leather outfit disappeared with a pop.

Now that Hermione was completely naked, and with both of her glorious breasts exposed, Molly was forced to admit to herself that the young witch did have a spectacular set. Even in Molly's own prime, before bearing seven children, her breasts wouldn't have been able to hold a candle to Hermione's glorious mounds. Furthermore, Molly was forced to assume that if Hermione had seven children like she had, that the brunette's breasts would have fared much better than hers. The young witch's breasts would have

laughed at the very notion of sagging caused by time and motherhood; unlike Molly's bosom which had accepted defeat and surrendered a very long time ago. So, in a bitter and jealous act, Molly conjured a set of concealing and, more importantly, unflattering robes for the younger girl to wear. This robe was a pale blue and had hundreds of layers of lacy frills and dozens of pleats and an overly large bustle. Not only did this effectively cover her ample bosom, but the overly large robe, with its stiff petticoats also gave the impression that Hermione weighed a full two stones heavier than she actually did. Not satisfied with this corruption of Hermione's buxom beauty, Molly waved her wand once again and added another three layers of frills and foundations. Once Hermione looked as if she had gone on a four month eating binge and raided a doddering, elderly witch's wardrobe for her attire, Molly nodded her head in approval. She knew that the men would no longer be distracted by the young witch's form (that and she, too, wouldn't have to see the young witch's beautiful curves and feel jealousy).

Meanwhile, down in the kitchen, the men were slowly coming out of their lustful daze. Each one of them grumbled an "Excuse me; I have something to do," and walked out of the kitchen. Some meandered to the loo or an empty bedroom. Two walked purposefully into a broom cupboard and the crawlspace where Kreacher slept. The rest Apparated back to their homes and flats; for the sight of Hermione's one boob had created a need in them. And to satisfy this need, they needed privacy – that or a circle wank, but they weren't into that... thankfully. Besides, an uncomfortable argument could have ensued if they were to participate in a circle wank: "No, no, you're supposed to grab the bloke to your left, not your right. Everyone knows this!"

As the men went off to wank themselves over the thought of Hermione's magnificent boob, Ginny was left in the kitchen with her slumbering brother (who had already spent his load if you've forgotten and was therefore comatose at this point). The red haired witch walked over to Hermione's riding crop, which was dropped in all the confusion. Ginny tingled as she picked up the leather tool.



Holding the crop up in front of her like a precious artifact, Ginny examined the tool with wide, sparkling eyes. Tentatively, Ginny placed the triangle piece of leather on the business end of the crop against the sore, red welt on the side of her face. A peculiar sensation washed over the young witch as the cold leather pressed against her injured cheek:

She was home!

Experimentally, she gently slapped the crop against her welt covered face. The moment the leather crop slapped against her cheek, the young red head came like a pack of rampaging dragons during mating season. In a matter of seconds (after thrashing about on the floor as if she was having a Gran Mal seizure), she joined her brother in blissful orgasm induced unconsciousness.

CMCMCM

Using the Lovegood floo, Harry and Luna traveled to the Headmaster's office.

"Who are you?" demanded one of the magical paintings that hung on the walls of the office. "You're not supposed to be here!"

"We don't need an audience," Harry said and waved his wand. "Desero Abitio!"

One by one, the witches and wizards in the paintings all snapped their heads to the right and quickly marched out of frame. In a matter of seconds, every frame in the Headmaster's office was left empty.

"You don't want an audience?" Luna asked the black haired wizard disbelievingly. "I would've assumed that you of all people wouldn't be opposed, if not eager, to being watched. I had you pegged to be similar to Howling Ice Worms in that aspect."

"Hell, I'll shag you and Hermione in Trafalgar Square during rush hour after inviting photographers from the Daily Prophet to snap some pictures," Harry said confidently. "It's just that if the paintings watched me shag you silly, they might warn Dumbledore. And the prank of getting our mess on his seat would be ruined."

"Good point," chirped Luna. "So, should we get to the screaming orgasms then?"

And that they did. First, Harry bent the blonde over and ate her out, next he took her as she leaned against the hearth, then on the stairs, the floor in front of one of the many bookcases, and finally on the desk. The sounds of Harry and Luna's cries drowned out the loud slapping sounds of skin on skin as the wizard pounded into her. When he came, Luna's shouts of "THAT'S IT! CUM INSIDE ME AND MAKE ME A FILTHY BLIBBERING HUMDINGER!" reverberated off the walls of the office.

With her legs wrapped around his waist and his still hard organ buried deep in her sopping core, Harry asked playfully, "So did you have any screaming orgasms?"

"Oh, just three or four... dozen," Luna commented breathily.

"Just three or four dozen, huh?" he challenged. Before his manhood could soften further, he pulled out a bit and rapidly shoved it back into Luna.

"NARGLES!" she cried out. "There's another one!"

"Okay, let's get Dumbledore's chair messy," Harry ordered. Deftly, he pulled out of Luna and placed his palm firmly over her still engorged and excessively wet cunny, in order to save as much of the viscous discharge as possible. With his one free arm, he easily scooped Luna up and effortlessly carried her to the ancient wizard's chair.

"My, you certainly are strong," the blonde commented.

"Shagging is a great way to exercise," he commented off-handedly.

Carefully, he set the petite witch on the squashy chair. Sliding his hand away from her wet warmth, Harry ordered; "Now squeeze as much as you can out. I want it to be really messy."

Luna's face scrunched up as she complied with Harry's orders. "That's my girl, poppet; make sure you get all of it out," the wizard encouraged.

Redoubling her efforts, Luna squeezed even harder. The witch's face turned a bright red. Then, suddenly, her big blue eyes shot open in shock. "Oops, I think I just tinkled a bit."

"Even better!" cheered Harry. "Now rub your bum and fanny into the cushion. That way you'll spread it around."

The blonde wriggled and ground her bits on the seat cushion for a moment before Harry guided her out of the chair.

"Would you like to lick my bum now?" she asked hopefully.

Harry gave her a disappointed frown and then tossed her over so that she was lying on the desk. Before she could even move, Harry slapped her bare bottom hard.

"NARGLES!" the blonde cried out with the blow. "That's another orgasm!"

"I've already told you that I don't do that. It angers me when I have to repeat myself," he spoke calmly and delivered another hard spank to Luna's round backside.

"This is surprising!" she cheered loudly with the blow. "I'm an arse-girl

apparently! First I like anal sex! Then, I discovered I thoroughly enjoy a tongue up my bottom! And now, I find that a good, solid spanking is really cranking my gears! I feel it's very important for someone to find the things that please them in this life. And I'm an arse-girl! This is brilliant!"

"I'm happy for you," Harry said and roughly squeezed her now red bottom. "Let's go find Hermione so that she can lick your dirty hole."

"Give me another whack first," requested Luna. The sound of Harry's hand colliding firmly with Luna's tender bum rang in her ears as well as the sound of her own ecstasy. "I think I have more sticky juice to soil the Headmaster's chair with."

"Then straddle his armrest," offered Harry. "Once you're done with that, we'll go searching for Hermione."

Holding the witch's hand in his, Harry led Luna out of the office. Once they stepped out of the stairs and turned right, Luna dared to ask once again "Can you lick my anus, Harry?"

"You realize that you're heading straight for a spanking?" he warned.

"Oh, yes, I do hope so. It's my intention to anger you once again by asking to lick my bottom repeatedly so that you'll feel compelled to spank me some more. I know you won't use your tongue on my dirty hole, but I am hoping that you give me a good spanking because of my persistent pleas of analingus," she replied and repeated optimistically, desiring to be punished, "Will you lick my bottom?"

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With a joyous smile on his face and a light bounce to his step, Albus Dumbledore strolled back to his office. He got this way every time he savored Pomona's unique honey. He stopped in his tracks and closed his eyes, allowing his mind to recall the fresh memory of the

pleasantly plump witch riding his aged cock.

If Dumbledore had not stopped nor closed his eyes to revel in the memory about his recent love making session, he might've seen Harry's nefarious duplicate, as well as Miss Lovegood, walk out of his office and head in the opposite direction, down the hall. Harry and Luna didn't notice the Headmaster either because the blonde witch was repeatedly asking Harry to lick her bottom in hopes of receiving a spanking. But alas, Dumbledore was too caught up reminiscing about how Pomona's numerous folds of succulent flesh would bounce and slap together with each thrust.

Sighing happily, Dumbledore continued to walk to his office. He absently uttered the password to the stone gargoyle that guarded the door and climbed the stairs. He was still basking in the after glow of his lovemaking with Pomona. The warmth and aroma of her excessive flesh could still be felt and tasted on his tongue. The ancient wizard gladly basked in it.

Dumbledore noticed that none of the former Headmasters or Headmistresses were in their portraits. This wasn't particularly concerning to Dumbledore, every few decades or so, the magical paintings would wander off at the same time for one reason or another. So, pushing this idle thought into a corner of his brain, Dumbledore took his seat. He began to wonder curiously why the seat and armrest of the chair were warm and sticky when the flames in his fireplace turned green.

"Headmaster, I have important news," Snape announced after walking out of the floo.

"What is it, Severus?" Dumbledore asked, ignoring the odd glue-like residue on his chair.

"It seems that the Potter from another reality caused havoc and destruction at the Dark Lord's castle," Snape informed. "Bellatrix

foolishly brought him into the castle as an offering and he escaped her. Then, Potter brewed the Enola Gay Draught-"

"The Enola Gay Draught?" interrupted Dumbledore. "Are you certain?"

"Positive, sir; I ran into him as he escaped the castle. I smelled the various ingredients on him and I went to investigate," the greasy potions master explained. "Approximately fifteen low-ranking Death Eaters were killed in the blast."

"Interesting," Dumbledore went to stroke his beard thoughtfully. However, the unknown sticky substance on the arm of his chair acted as glue and held the sleeve of his robes in place, denying him the pleasure of beard stroking. While trying to free his arm, he asked Snape "Does Tom know that Harry did this?"

"Yes, sir, Bellatrix admitted fault," he replied. "However, the Dark Lord is oblivious to the idea that this Potter is from an alternate reality. And sir, I have unfortunate news regarding the Dark Lord and the Summoning Ritual. Apparently, he was able to obtain at least two virgins and was able to call forth two duplicates."

"That is unfortunate," the ancient wizard said morosely. Finally able to pull his sleeve free, he successfully stroked his long beard. Now that he could run his fingers along his beard, Dumbledore could focus completely on the conversation: "How much of a threat do these two Voldemorts pose?"

"Little that I can see, sir," Snape answered. "Neither appears to be magical. One is some sort of cowboy and the other is a masked wrestler."

"And what does Tom plan on doing with Harry?"

"I attempted to throw doubt on Bellatrix and suggested that it wasn't

Potter who destroyed the castle. I told them that Potter did not have the skill to brew the Enola Gay Draught. The Dark Lord has charged Bellatrix and me to investigate this lead."

After thinking for a moment (and a goodly amount of bread stroking), Dumbledore announced "This might work in our favor. Severus, go tell Tom a story about how Harry tried to perform a power boosting ritual and succeeded. Now, Harry is immensely powerful – use the phrase 'near God-like' and make biblical references. However, not only did this ritual increase his power beyond imagination, it caused the boy's young mind to snap. And now, a deranged and powerful Harry has lofty aspirations on being the new Dark Lord and is obsessed with killing Voldemort himself. Tell Tom that I even tried to stop Harry but I was beaten easily and was severely injured by the boy in a duel. I shall lay low, so to speak, to help give the impression that I'm injured and trying to mend my wounds from this battle. The thought that I, the only person that Tom fears, was bested by Harry should give Tom something to think about."

"Pardon me, Headmaster, but I fail to see how this would help us?"

"Simple, if Tom fears Harry, he will focus his energies on removing that threat by any means necessary," Dumbledore said with a cheerful smile. "While Tom and his forces are busy tracking Harry down, we can devote our time to undermining the Dark Lord's efforts. Not only will Voldemort be distracted, which we will use to our benefit, this version of Harry will be so frightened by the threat that Tom and his followers pose, the boy will undoubtedly come running to us for help. We can use this predicament to hurt Tom and his plans and Harry will come to us; we won't have to waste time searching for him."

"Brilliant, sir," Snape said earnestly.

The flames in Dumbledore's fireplace turned green once more and Moody limped out of the magical fire. Seeing the look of concern and

disappointment on the old Auror's face, Dumbledore asked, "What's wrong, Alastor?"

"I really humped the kneazle this time, Albus," Moody said repentantly.

"What happened?" Dumbledore pressed.

Moody spent the next five minutes explaining to both Dumbledore and Snape what had happened. Moody summarized how he and Tonks stumbled upon Lovegood and Granger, nabbed the former and had Tonks replace her, then after Tonks found the location of Potter's hiding place, he and the majority of the Order went to arrest Potter. Unfortunately Potter had slipped through their fingers. But, things were not lost; when the Order returned to Grimmauld Place, they found Granger – which meant at that time, they believed that both young witches to be out of harm's way.

"We have both Miss Granger and Miss Lovegood in our protection?" asked Dumbledore. It was true that losing the amoral version of Harry was a disappointment, but if the two young witches were safe, then there was no reason in his mind that Moody had to describe the situation as having inappropriate relations with an animal.

"Actually, the Lovegood girl is gone," Moody admitted shamefully. "After I dealt with my wood – err," Moody froze. He had not intended to admit that he had to masturbate after gazing upon Granger's wonderful tit. So, he desperately tried to cover his tracks. "The wood... of my peg leg... that it. Yes, when we went to arrest Potter, my... um... leg got damaged... the wooden one that is."

"Alastor, you have an erection," Dumbledore pointed out.

"Do I? Oh, damn," the old Auror cursed upon noticing the bulge in the front of his trousers. Clearly, just having passing thoughts about Granger's naked glory was enough to make the old Auror aroused.



Having no reason to cover the truth, Moody explained, "There was a scuffle, I Stunned Granger for her own good, and one of her tits got exposed."

"It did?" asked Snape, a tad jealous. Yes, Granger was nothing more than an insufferable know-it-all mudblood. But Snape wasn't stupid – Granger was an insufferable know-it-all mudblood with a body that brazenly and willfully defied the concealing nature of school robes. With the thought of Granger's exposed breast, Snape made a note to relieve himself later that night. Perhaps the thought of the know-it-all's naked bosom would help quell the disturbing and shameful memory of what Snape had to do in order to save those two Muggle-trekkies. He suppressed a shudder at the memory of the male's breath on the back of his neck.

Moody's normal eye glassed over as his mind wandered back to the splendid sight of Granger's tit. The old Auror vowed to make a shrine to that boob the first moment he got. And, each day, he'd make an offering of sticky Moody goo in worship to this shrine. In all likelihood, the shrine will be coated by week's end.

While his companions obviously mentally undressed and molested Miss Granger in various ways, Dumbledore couldn't help but chuckle. The young witch was attractive, but she was far too skinny for the Headmaster's taste. Besides, from what he knew about Miss Granger, the girl was frigid and a prude. So even if she had a more substantial and pleasing girth, Dumbledore wouldn't even entertain thoughts about fantasizing over the sexually repressed girl.

"Alastor, if you don't mind, could you please continue?" asked the Headmaster.

"Oh, it was glorious! I've seen many a tit in my day, but none had prepared me for what I saw today," Moody waxed poetic. "It was as if my entire being was caught up in-"

"About the witches' safety, Alastor," corrected Dumbledore.

"Oh, yes," Moody said, shaking the image of that wondrous boob from his mind. "After I... err... came," he said with a knowing grin and continued; "to my senses, I checked on Lovegood and found her missing."

"Missing? What happened?" the ancient wizard asked.

"We don't know," Moody said. "She must've slipped out while we were trying to nab Potter. I should've left someone behind to watch her; she kept going on about wanting to go back to Potter."

This was the only possibility that anyone could come up with. The house was under the Fidelius Charm and since the alternate version of Harry was never told the secret, it was impossible for the young wizard to have known of the location of Grimmauld Place.

"Miss Lovegood is by no means foolish –a bit odd, yes. But we all have our peculiar intricacies. Some would argue that I have an unnatural love of lemon drops, for example. That being said, I find it highly doubtful that Miss Lovegood would go back to Harry willingly," speculated Dumbledore.

"I don't think she did it willingly," Moody said with a hint of rage.

"Are you saying Harry has the witches under the Imperius?"

"No, something far, far more sinister," the old Auror said. A sad warble, caused by empathy over the pain Granger and Lovegood had suffered, surfaced in his voice. "This Potter is some sort of sick artist with the Cruciatus Curse. He's broken them and tore down their minds and somehow built them back up as mockeries of their former selves. They now enjoy being tortured. You should've seen the way Lovegood talked about it; she looked like she was practically in love! To keep Granger safe, I had Molly stay with her, just so the girl can't

slip out like Lovegood did.""

"Oh, this is horrible," Dumbledore said gravely. Then a moment later, his eyes twinkled with promise and he spoke. "However, there might be a way we can still help these poor souls. When Frank and Alice Longbottom were attacked years ago, I had developed an experimental process to reverse the effects of long term exposure to the Cruciatus. Unfortunately, their minds were too far gone and I was unable to help them. However, I'm hopeful that this process will help Miss Granger and Miss Lovegood as they, unlike Frank and Alice, are not in a vegetative state. Not only may I be able to cure the damage to their minds, but for the sake of their sanities, I'll erase the memory of their dreadful experience as well. Severus, please bring me several dosages of Praestigiae and Pax Pacis potions before you start the mission we discussed."

"Headmaster, you plan on using a hallucinogenic and a sedative to counter the after effects of the Cruciatus Curse?" asked Snape.

"The potions are only one part of my plan," Dumbledore said with excitement. "If my theory is right, we'll be able to fix Miss Granger by supper tonight!"

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In the elegant parlor of the opulent guest house behind Parkinson Place, nine disgruntled witches were holding a meeting. At the head of the table sat Pansy Parkinson, flanked on either side by Daphne and Astoria Greengrass and Tracy Davis. Millicent Bulstrode and the four Pritchard girls – Violet, Bergamot, Carnation, and Marigold – took up the remaining seats around the table (Carnation's vast bottom actually took up two of these seats, but that would be rude to point out).

Using a polished stone paperweight as an improvised gavel, Pansy made three rapid raps on the table. "I call to order the first Meeting of

The Draco Haters Club!"

"The Draco Haters Club'?" asked Tracy with disappointment. "Is that really the name of our group? It's so... well, so simple."

"Yeah, shouldn't we call it something like 'Draconis Abomino Circulor'?" offered Daphne. "It's a more civilized and cultured name."

"Look at them," Pansy said, indicating Millicent and the four Pritchards. She spoke loudly, so that everyone at the table could hear – including the witches in question. "Do you think any of them could even correctly pronounce 'Draconis Abomino Circulor' much less remember it?"

"True," agreed Tracy, looking at the five dim witted witches.

"The Draco Haters Club it is, then," Daphne concurred.

"I like that name," grumbled Millicent with a happy grin. "It's easy to say."

The four Pritchards nodded their heads in agreement – making their pronounced jowls and chins shake and jiggle wildly.

"First order of business is to elect a leader for the club," Pansy announced.

"Since we're meeting at Parkinson Place, I say we nominate Pansy Parkinson as our Minister," suggested Daphne.

"I second," Tracy stated.

"Fine then, I shall be Minister Parkinson of the Draco Haters Club from now on," Pansy said.

"But we didn't get to vote," Marigold pointed out. Or at least that is

what everyone thought she said – her gaping under-bite (which held the world record for under-bites. In fact, she easily trumped her competition which included examples of genetics gone awry and horrible lab accidents) made it difficult to understand anything she attempted to say.

"Now for the Chairwoman," Pansy continued, ignoring Marigold.

"Madame Minister, I would like to nominate Tracy Davis," offered Daphne.

"I agree," Pansy turned to Tracy and congratulated; "Welcome aboard, Chairwoman Davis."

Millicent made to object, but Pansy cut her off. "And of course we need a Treasurer."

"Too right." cheered Tracy. "I say it should be Daphne!"

"Wonderful idea, Chairwoman Davis," Pansy said. The newly appointed Minister of The Draco Haters Club made a show of shaking Daphne's hand. "How are you, Treasurer Greengrass?"

"I'm very well, Madame Minister, thank you," Daphne returned.

"And we'll make Astoria our secretary," announced Pansy.

"Wait a tic, none of us got a say," Millicent argued, indicating herself and the Pritchard girls.

"This organization is a democracy," Pansy began to explain.

"A dem-rock-ore-see?" Millicent asked dumbly.

"Yes, that right," Pansy said patronizingly to Millicent and the Pritchard girls. "And that means you lot don't get a say."

"That's rotten," Millicent grumbled. "I don't like this dem-rock-ore-see."

"On to business," Pansy said. "Obviously, judging by our group's name, we hate Draco. In fact, I would say that we loathe him, but I don't want to waste time teaching vocabulary to our slower members. It is our mission to cause him pain, to ruin and mock his name, and to make his life miserable for the unforgivable crime of giving us sexually transmitted diseases!"

"By simply telling everyone that he's this generation's Chauncey Oldridge or Typhoid Mary, we can insure that Draco will never get laid again," Daphne said with vengeance.

"That's a start," Pansy said, "but it's not enough. I want that ponce Draco to weep himself to sleep every night for what he did to us. If it wasn't for the potions that cured us, we'd all be suffering with severe and disgusting cases of Dragon Clap and Troll Crabs right now. We need to do far more than make his life merely inconvenient. We need to make him suffer. He has to suffer unlike anyone has suffered before!"

"I heard that he has to still take the potions that we took. And they have some nasty side-effects for wizards," Tracy stated. "But even then, I agree with Minister Parkinson; we need to make that blighter suffer!"

"We can send him mayonnaise," suggested Bergamot Prichard.

"W-wh-what?" stammered Pansy who was floored by such a stupid idea.

"Yeah, everybody hates mayonnaise," continued Bergamot, whose left eye (which happened to be significantly larger than her right) began to twitch excitedly with the thought of sweet, sweet retribution.

"We can sign him up for a Mayonnaise of the Month Club, one where they send him a big, honking jar of the yucky white stuff every month. And Draco would be forced to eat it because if he didn't, it'd just sit around and go sour. Then it would stink up the place."

"I vote to never allow Bergamot to speak again," volunteered Daphne.

"I agree," Pansy said and hammered her gavel on the table. "The democracy has spoken; Bergamot is no longer allowed to speak in our meetings."

"I don't like dem-rock-ore-sees either," Bergamot mumbled.

"We have to dig deep here, ladies," Pansy urged. "We had to hit Draco where it'll hurt the most."

"Potter!" declared Tracy. "He absolutely loathes Potter! 'Loathes' means more than hate," she explained to the dimmer members of their club.

"I thought we weren't going to waste time teaching the imbeciles new words," Pansy said to Tracy.

"I'm sorry, Minister," the witch apologized.

"No harm done," Pansy said. "Now please explain your plan; how do you think we could use Potter to hurt that disgusting ponce, Draco?"

"If we do something to either support or help Potter, it will really chap Draco's hide."

"That's a good point. However, there's someone else who hates Potter; the Dark Lord," countered Pansy. "If we try and help Potter, You Know Who would be upset and that wouldn't be good for us. At all"

Tracy's face paled in fear. "I didn't think about that."

"It's a good start though, Chairwoman Davis," Pansy said supportively.

"I know! Draco hates that blood traitor Weasley almost as much as he hates Potter," Daphne offered, picking up on Tracy's idea.

"Which Weasley, though?" asked Astoria. "There's so many of them."

"The one in our year," Daphne said, pointing between herself, Pansy, and Tracy. "I think his name is Rupert."

"Don't be stupid, Treasurer Greengrass," Pansy sneered. "It's Rod! How could someone mistake a one-syllable name for a two syllable name?"

"Actually, I don't think Rod's right either, Madame Minister," Tracy interjected.

"Then what's his name?"

"I don't know," admitted Tracy. "I've only ever heard of him being referred to as 'Potter's ginger friend.'"

"Well, I guess it's not vital that we know his name," concluded Pansy. "It's not like he's of any importance to anyone."

"What should we do with Weasley to get Draco's ire up, then?" asked Daphne.

"Draco's always going on about how the Weasleys have no money," mused Pansy.

"I don't want to give Weasley money," objected Astoria.



"It's more than just money, it's his social status," clarified Tracy. "If we elevate Weasley's social bearing, and then rub Draco's nose in it, he'll go mad with the idea of a Weasley being greater than him."

"How do you suggest we do that?" Pansy asked, sincerely interested in the notion of making Weasley superior to Draco.

"I don't know. Maybe we could spend weeks training him how to act, speak, and think like a proper wizard and then take him to the Pygmalion Ball?" Daphne said, doubting that it could even be possible. It would be a simpler task to train a Mountain Troll to be a ballroom dancer then teach a Weasley the correct social skills.

"Well, he could have a harem," offered Astoria, "whatever that means."

"Astoria Asteria Greengrass! Where in the world did you hear about harems?" demanded her sister.

"The boys in my year talk about it all the time. It's always 'I'd love to have a harem' this and 'wouldn't it be so cool to have a harem' that," the younger Greengrass explained innocently. "I don't even know what 'harem' means."

"Once we get home, I'm having mum put a soap charm in your mouth, young lady," threatened Daphne.

"What for?" protested Astoria, "I didn't do anything."

A coy smile crept across Pansy's face. She turned to face Tracy and said "That's actually a good idea."

"What? I'm not sleeping with Weasley!" Tracy practically screeched in indignation.

"Sleep?" asked Astoria naively. "You mean like a slumber party?"

"Yes, like a slumber party," Daphne returned. Her voice was dripping with sarcasm.

"Oh, those are so fun! I want to be part of a harem, then!" Astoria cheered, missing her sister's irony. Obviously the child was thinking that a harem consisted of innocent "Truth or Dare" games and hairstyling in the middle of the night.

"That's it! I'm taking you home!" shouted Daphne. She grabbed her sister by the arm and forcibly dragged her out of the guest house.

"I'm not sleeping with a Weasley," Tracy restated firmly. "No way is a ginger ever going to touch me. I swear to you they won't. It would be infinitely worse than Troll Crabs and Dragon Clap."

"Oh, good Lord, no," agreed Pansy – the thought of all that red hair made her queasy. To her, it would be like having sex with an orangutan. "That's why we have these five," she said, pointing to Millicent and the Pritchards.

"You lot know what a harem is?" Tracy asked.

"Yes, Daddy tried to sell us to the Emir of Kabaladesh," Carnation answered.

"We went through special classes on the Kama Sutra," added Violet.

"But when the Emir saw us for the first time, he had a heart attack and died," stated Marigold. "Daddy said that the Emir was so excited by having us in his harem that his body couldn't handle the thrill and he passed away."

"But that didn't explain the Emir's dying words," said Violet. "You remember, he was repeating, 'The horror... the horror...'"

"You could've just said you knew a harem included sex and wasn't a slumber party. If we wanted your life stories, we would've asked. There was no reason to bore us with your dull tales," Pansy said peevishly. She hammered the gavel on the table once more. "As Minister of The Draco Haters Club, I now decree that none of the Pritchard girls are allowed to speak.

"Further more, I order you five to go and form a harem for Rod – or whatever that damned ginger kid's name is – Weasley," Pansy said before striking the gavel again.

"Do you really think that Draco would be upset if Weasley bangs this lot?" Tracy asked, hooking a thumb at the five wretched witches.

"We don't show Draco who Weasley sleeps with," Pansy said. "We just tell him that his second most hated enemy has a harem. And then we make him believe that this harem is made up exclusively of pretty witches."

"But what if we don't wanna," protested Millicent. Unlike the Pritchard girls, Millicent knew she wasn't a catch. But even she had standards, and these standards didn't include a blood traitor who looked very much like a clown, save for a red-rubber nose. "I refuse to be part of Weasley's harem."

"That's too bad, because when you walked through the door today, you inadvertently activated a ward that made you agree upon your magic that you'd do exactly what the Minister of The Draco Haters Club tells you to do," Tracy informed them with a snicker to her voice. "If you don't, all of your magic will be taken away and you'll be turned into a lowly squib."

This was a complete and total fabrication (and a poor one at that). There was no such ward present, nor could one work without the agreement of both parties. But if Millicent and the other girls were

half as stupid as they were ugly, Tracy knew they'd fall for this obvious lie.

Millicent grunted. "Damn, looks like there's nothing we can do, then."

The four Pritchard girls nodded their heads in somber agreement. They would've given voice to their sorrow over being forced to sleep with a Weasley, but Minister Parkinson had taken away their right to speak.

"All right then, here's the plan," Pansy began. "First you go to the Weasley home..."

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Still extremely sore, as if she had been simultaneously shagged by a hippogriff and a midget while a Troll had beat her backside, Tonks gingerly walked out of the room she had fallen asleep in. She saw Moody limp up the stairs and head directly for her.

"How are you feeling, girl?" Moody asked guiltily, still under the false impression that Tonks had been tortured.

"I'm a bit shaky," the pink haired Auror admitted. It was rare that she got sympathy, especially from someone as "tough-as-nails" like Moody. So she decided to let the old wizard believe his incorrect assumptions. That, and if Moody ever did find out Tonks' soreness was caused by a wicked shag and not magical torture, he'd give her the riot act, if not have her drummed out of the Auror Department for having sex with not just one under-aged person, but two. "Did you catch the evil-Harry?"

"No, the blighter got away," he grumbled. "And while we were out trying to get him, the Lovegood girl gave us the slip."

"Oh, crap," she said.

"On the bright side, we got Granger."

"What? Hermione's here?" she asked in surprise.

"Yeah, just down the hall," Moody informed. "Albus is going to try a new procedure to see if he can correct the damage she received from the Cruciatus."

"Yeah, the Cruciatus," Tonks said. Fear gripped her. Hermione was just down the hall. The person who knew for a fact that Tonks was not tortured because that said person had Tonks' face buried in her muff and watched as Harry bonked the Auror silly. And of course, it was Hermione who whipped her raw, while 'imparting' the proper technique on how to orally please a witch. If Hermione told anyone what happened between her, Tonks, and Harry, the pink haired Auror would be in a world of hurt.

"Hopefully this procedure Albus created will help her," Moody said, oblivious to Tonks' concern. "He says it should make her right again. Take away the memories of the horrible things that happened to her."

"Really?" asked Tonks optimistically. "She'll forget?"

"Let's hope she does, for her sake," Moody said. "Listen, if this works, do you want Albus to help you out?"

"Oh, no, it's no big deal," Tonks said dismissively. "I was only there for a bit. I'll be able to handle it."

"You sure?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm just going to pop over to my flat and have a shower," Tonks said. Her nerves were starting to get to her and the Auror was frightened that she might let something slip. So, she decided to end the conversation and leave Grimmauld Place as soon as she could.

"You know, they say cleaning one self is therapeutic."

"If you need anything, anything at all, just call me," Moody said and gave Tonks a supportive squeeze on her shoulder.

Tonks smiled at him before she left Grimalud Place. She apparated to her flat and, before hopping into the shower, inspected her bits and pieces to see if Harry's monster cock had knocked anything out of place or if Hermione's crop had left any lasting marks. Her bottom was still a touch swollen and red, but appeared to be fine. And since her labium was not dropping to her knees, Tonks was satisfied that Harry's organ had not knocked anything loose – she had feared that she would be forced to do some major "tucking" after the shag she had received. Tonks stepped into the shower to try to refresh herself and forget her immoral experiences.

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Groaning, Hermione slowly opened her eyes. After a few moments, her vision became focused and Hermione was able to see clearly. She found that she was in one of the guest rooms of Grimmauld place. She saw that Molly Weasley was sitting on a small stool by the door – clearly keeping guard.

"Did Moody Stun me?" the young witch groaned out.

"It was for your own good," Mrs. Weasley replied.

Hermione looked down and was surprised, and to be honest; disappointed to see that her dominatrix-style outfit had been removed. The brunette had to admit that she had grown comfortable with the confining, yet overly revealing, leather outfit. Even more, she had begun to love the sense of empowerment the naughty wear had given her.

The brunette witch was now wearing a blue circus-tent. Upon further

inspection, Hermione realized that it wasn't a tent, but in fact a dress. A dress that looked like the person who made it wanted to use a Time Turner to go back to the late nineteenth century and travel to Wisconsin just so that they could harshly reprimand Laura Ingalls for dressing like a common street whore by comparison.

"Why am I wearing... this?" the brunette asked, looking at her clothes in surprise mixed with just a hint of revulsion. A part of Hermione already missed looking down and seeing her own expansive cleavage nearly popping out of her dominatrix ensemble.

"Again, it's for your own good," Molly said. The bitter old witch had a difficult time not finishing her statement by calling the scarlet woman a tramp, hussy, or even a slut. The girl used Molly's Ron for her own pleasure before dumping – and beating – him and immediately hopped in the sack with Harry. It was uncivilized to have had sex with more than one person in their life. Arthur was the only man she ever slept with. And Hermione should've done the same. Such loose morals need to be punished.

Before Hermione could ask any more questions, Dumbledore walked into the room.

"Professor, I need to speak to you," exclaimed Hermione, trying to fight the urge to pop open the hideous blouse so that she could see her own boobs. Getting Dumbledore to help Harry was more important than letting her tits get some lovely fresh air.

"Yes, and I need to speak to you, Miss Granger," the old wizard said with a pleasant smile. At first, the Headmaster was taken aback by the young witch's appearance. Miss Granger had apparently gained some attractive weight since the last time he saw her – a good thirty pounds or so. She still wasn't up to Dumbledore's standards, but the young witch was certainly on her way to delicious rotundness. Perhaps he could fantasize over the brunette witch after all. Of course, Dumbledore didn't realize that Hermione's apparent weight

gain was caused by the ridiculous set of robes that Molly had conjured out of spite.

Turning his attention back to the task at hand, Dumbledore pulled out his wand and waved in the air, conjuring a wooden easel and with a three foot wide disk attached to it. This disk was white with several colorful swirls.

"Sir, I need your help with Harry," began Hermione, curious as to what the Headmaster was doing.

"First, I'd like to help you, Miss Granger," Dumbledore said with his ever-present twinkle in his eyes. Eager to heal the young witch's wounds and also to test out his experimental treatment, Dumbledore pulled out the vials of Praestigiae and Pax Pacis potions that Severus had given him. Holding a vial in each of his wrinkly hands, the old wizard presented them to Hermione. "Do you trust me, Miss Granger?"

"Of course I do."

"Very good," he said and smiled. "I must ask that you take both of these potions."

"Why, sir?" Hermione asked.

"I assure you that they will be quite necessary and neither will harm you," he answered cryptically.

"Okay, Professor," Hermione said and took the potions from his hands. She did trust the elderly wizard after all and she was there for his help. The moment after she took a small drink from each of the two vials, strange sensations overcame Hermione. She felt as if a slight pressure had descended over her entire body, as if she was deep under water. Also, her vision became blurred and unfocused. But the oddest thing was that she was not bothered by this in the



slightest. The young witch was perfectly calm and content, as if this was a normal, everyday experience to her.

"Can you hear me, Miss Granger?" Dumbledore asked.

"Wow," Hermione responded. To her, it sounded as if Dumbledore's voice had penetrated her head and was reverberating inside her skull, bouncing around in her brain. As the old wizard's words continued to ricochet around in her head, Hermione admitted; "I feel kind of funny, sir."

"Don't worry, my dear, you'll be back to your normal self in no time," he said. Dumbledore tapped his wand to the disk on the easel and it began to slowly turn on its axis.

Suddenly and inexplicably, Hermione's attention snapped to the slowly rotating disk. It seemed to her that the disk grew and grew in size, swallowing up the room. The bright colors painted on the disk became more intense and powerful. And these colors began to move on their own, independent from the other colors. In a matter of seconds, the only thing she could see were the colors of the swirls as they danced and spun.

Molly looked between the turning disk and Hermione. The young witch was clearly entranced and mesmerized by the disk. Molly asked "What are you doing, Albus?"

"It is an experiment I devised several years ago in order to heal the mental damages cause by long exposure to the Cruciatus Curse. I've theorized that the mind of the victim, in order to deal with the pain of the Cruciatus, will try to defend itself. The mind does this by hiding itself. Essentially it takes everything – memories, thoughts, and emotions – and buries it in the subconscious, leaving only a near comatose person, much like the Longbottoms. Unfortunately, a simple Memory Charm cannot heal these mental wounds. But using the theory that the real person is buried deep within the

subconscious, I devised this ingenious procedure," explained Dumbledore. "The potions I had her take will make her mind more susceptible and pliable while this rotating disk will help me delve into her subconscious. Once there, I will coax the subconscious to release its hold and hopefully, the damage Hermione received from the Cruciatus will be healed."

"What about adjusting any personality flaws?" asked Molly.

Dumbledore chuckled. "It is possible to alter someone's personality with this device. Perhaps, if this proves successful, I should test it as a rehabilitation device. Think of the good I can do. I could wipe evil from this earth with my invention!"

Turning his attention back to Hermione, Dumbledore began his task in helping the poor, broken girl. "What Harry did to you was bad, but you must face it."

"It was bad," repeated Hermione in a flat monotone. The old man's word sunk into her very soul. "I must face it."

"Harry is evil. He influenced and reshaped you through words, actions, and magic. You have to fight against the changes he made in you."

"I must fight the changes he made in me." In Hermione's mind, Dumbledore was no longer speaking. Instead, the voice was coming from the swirling colors. The blue, green, and yellows spoke in a soothing baritone.

"You are a good and decent young witch. And you must forget about the horrible things Harry did to you. You must forget the things he made you enjoy. You must forget the acts you did. You must move on with your life."

"I'm a good witch. A decent witch," Hermione echoed as the potions

addled her thoughts. The colors weren't just a visual stimulus, now they caressed her cheeks and filled her nose with the sweet smell of lavender and lilacs. "I must get on with my life."

"And once you are whole again, you must help me show Harry the errors of his ways," Dumbledore continued. "You and I will help him from his evil tendencies."

"We will help him become good," Hermione stated lifelessly.

"This is a positive sign, I believe," Dumbledore said to Molly. "The fact that she's summarizing my statements and making them her own tells me that my process is taking hold. Hopefully, she's been healed. I'll return tomorrow and check on her progress. Then, I'll decide if she needs another treatment. Goodnight, Molly."

Once the Headmaster had left, Molly decided to correct another problem with Hermione. She was going to wipe away the young girl's nasty behavior.

While the disk still spun, Molly spoke; "Hermione, you will no longer be a scarlet woman."

"I will not be a scarlet woman," Hermione repeated. Then she asked in a dead monotone while the colors danced and sang to her, "What does 'scarlet woman' mean exactly?"

Feeling bitter that this girl had seduced her son before sullying Harry in the same manner, Molly decided to make sure Hermione was never tempted by sex and corrupt herself again. "It means that sex is a necessary evil and since you've had sex for pleasure, you're a bad girl!"

"I'm a bad girl."

"Yes, but you don't want to be a bad girl."

"I don't want to be a bad girl."

"That means you can have sex only after you're married. And you can only have sex when you want to have children. Sex is never to be enjoyed"

"Sex is only to make babies. Sex is an unwanted task."

"That's right," Molly said. She smiled, knowing that since Hermione was paraphrasing, the process was taking hold. But still being bitter, Molly pressed. "And when you do have sex, and only with your husband and only when you want to have a baby, you'll just lie there on your back. You can never enjoy the act, or even the thought of sex. It's a foul and dirty deed!"

"Sex is wrong, and foul, and dirty," repeated Hermione. "Sex is a necessary evil."

Molly smiled triumphantly. She had saved the young witch from her immoral ways.

CMCMCM

"This doesn't look good for my bottom," Luna bemoaned as she and Harry continued their seemingly fruitless search of Hogwarts for Hermione. They had checked all four House dormitories, the dungeons, the library twice, and most of the classrooms. There was neither hide nor hair to be found of Hermione. This meant that Luna's bottom was no closer to being licked. And this condition was beginning to wear on her patience.

"It's clear she isn't here," Harry said a few minutes later.

"Maybe she went to that house you fetched me from," Luna offered. "She did know the secret and could travel there after all."

"That could be a possibility," he said. "Once we get passed the school's wards I'll activate my Semen Tracking Charm and see if I can follow Tonks again."

Harry led Luna to the grounds of the castle. As they walked toward the gates, Luna asked "If you are able to find Hermione – which my bottom really hopes you do – where will we spend the night? We can't go back to the flat because the Order members are probably keeping an eye on it. Obviously my home can't be used for the same reason. And the castle isn't a possibility either; the ghosts and paintings might alert Professor Dumbledore."

"Don't worry, I have a plan," Harry said.

"Are you going to tell me?"

"No, it'll be a surprise."

"Oh, I love surprises! And chocolates, I love chocolates, too. And having a tongue in my dirty hole as well."

Once they passed the school gates, Harry closed his eyes and attempted to trigger his Semen Tracking Charm. After a moment, he sighed and said to Luna, "It looks like Tonks took a shower and washed my swimmers down the drain. I can't follow her. And since the house was under the Fidelius Charm, I won't be able to find it on my own either."

"That's a shame," Luna pouted. "Now my bottom won't have a tongue in it."

"Is that the only reason you want Hermione back?"

"Oh, no; she's very talented at playing with my breasts," Luna said earnestly. "And she is a good conversationalist to boot. I like talking

with her. The fantastic sex is a good plus, though.""

"Good to hear," Harry said. "We'll have to come up with a plan of rescuing her."

"I still think that your Semen Tracking Charm is the way to go," Luna said.

"It is a brilliant little charm I made, isn't it?" he said, brimming with confidence... well, more confidence than he normally showed. "Unfortunately, Tonks has apparently washed my spunk away. I can't follow her any more."

"That's easy, all you need to do is cum in her again," the blonde said simply.

"What a fantastic plan: you want me to walk around England and eventually, maybe in as little as a few years, I'll run into Tonks again, shag her, and then follow her?" Harry asked with just a tiny dose of sarcasm.

"No, silly, that would be like waiting for the legendary Dancing Gravedrill Thoth to return," Luna giggled. "No, we just send Tonks a post with a Compulsion Charm on it designed to force her to meet you. Then you shag her and follow her."

"That's a good plan actually. I just hope you're good at Compulsion Charms because I'm bollocks at it."

"The Great and Powerful Harry Potter admits he's not perfect at something?" Luna said with mock awe.

"Hey, I've never needed to master the Compulsion Charm," Harry returned. "If I needed something, I would just use my natural charm and good looks-"

"Don't forget about your honking big willy," added Luna.

"That goes without saying," he said. "But I'd just use my inborn skills and talents to get what I wanted. I didn't need tricks like Compulsion Charms to get anything. But I should point out that I am perfect in all other aspects of life, as you should know by now."

"I'm no good at Compulsion Charms either, but I do know someone who is," Luna said. "And she's a girl, so that means you can use your charm and good looks-"

"And my willy," added Harry.

"Hopefully," Luna said. "I do so enjoy watching you plow Hermione. I assume that I'll enjoy watching your throbbing-summer-sausage pounding into another girl. As I was saying; with your charm, looks, and manhood, you can easily get her to help us out."

"Great, first thing tomorrow we'll go meet this girl, and I'll meat her if you catch my drift. Then we can send the post to Tonks, shag her again, find Hermione. And I'll finally be able to watch her lick your bottom, poppet," concluded Harry.

"And like I said, I enjoy watching, so I'll get to observe you shagging both Eloise and Tonks!" Luna said with a rosy bloom to her face.

"I take it the girl who's good at Compulsion Charms is this Eloise?"

"Yes, Eloise Midgen."

"All right then, let's hit the sack and get an early start in the morning," Harry announced. He bent over and tapped his wand on a rock and incanted "Portus."

"Where are we going to spend the night?" Luna asked.

"Someplace they'll never bother to look," Harry said with a cocky smile.

CMCMCM

Sandra Toothmen and Laurel Rogers-Fury walked to the flat of their client, or more commonly referred to as a "john". Even though the two witches of the evening looked nothing alike naturally, thanks to the joys of polyjuice and a few well-placed charms, they now looked like identical twins. Identical twins with long, curly blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and large breasts that seemed to scoff at the laws of gravity.

In a practiced act, the two prostitutes knocked on their client's door in unison. This was done to heighten the whole "twins experience" – they do everything together, even knock on the door. Little details like this helped seal the deal.

A tall, bespectacled, red haired man of about twenty answered the door. Upon seeing the identical twins and their matching pair of (barely) covered breasts, the client gulped noisily and turned white as a sheet.

"Are you Percy Weasley?" the prostitutes asked simultaneously.

"Oh God, I hope so," Percy squeaked, his eyes bouncing between the four tits.

Sandra and Laurel pushed passed the wizard and entered his flat. They turned and faced him.

"We're here..." began Sandra.

"To make sure..." continued Laurel.

"That the future..."



"Minister for Magic..."

"Is bursting with..."

"Confidence!" the two finished in unison.

Because of his life-long experience with his brothers, Fred and George, Percy was quite accustomed to a set of twins continuing and completing each others sentences. But whereas he thought this ploy was annoying when his brothers did it, Percy found it very pleasing when the girls did it.

"So, Minister Weasley..." Laurel spoke.

"What would you..." said Sandra.

"Like to do?" they both asked.

"Would you like to do me first?" asked Sandra.

"Or will I be the one to first taste the future Minister's love?" Laurel teased.

Like a fish out of water, gasping for breath, all Percy could do was open and close his mouth repeatedly. His higher brain functions were too busy ogling the gorgeous twins to do its job properly. Pesky things like talking or breathing correctly were trivial and inconsequential in comparison to twins.

Then, as a practiced motion, both Sandra and Laurel threw open their flimsy blouses in unison; exposing their magically altered breasts. Percy, being a man, did the only thing that men do when shown four identical tits; he had a spontaneous erection. Unlike his brother Ron who was stricken with tiny genitals, Percy had an average set and the two prostitutes were given visual proof as to the

reaction of their action of exposing their boobs.

Now that an erection had occurred, Laurel and Sandra moved onto the next part of their planned play. They turned to face each other while they had their eyes fixed on Percy, and spoke.

"I know what the future Minister wants..."

"He wants us..."

"To make love..."

"To kiss, fondle, and lick each other to orgasm after orgasm..."

"While he watches."

Then, Sandra leaned toward her doppelganger and ran her tongue along Laurel's full, rosy lips. They, being prostitutes and having played twins many times before, knew that it was a law of nature, a primal, inborn instinct, that men loved to watch hot twins doing inappropriate things with one another. The action of twins kissing passionately always got positive reactions out of the client. Some would weep with joy and thank TPTB, others would get light headed and need to sit down, some would even cum.

Percy had a heightened and intense reaction. He didn't cum in his trousers when he saw one twin kiss the other, well at least not once. Nor did he ejaculate twice. No, Percy, upon seeing who he thought were twins begin a sexy and naughty tongue-play, climaxed three times in rapid succession. This was an understandable reaction for the young wizard; he had not even kissed a girl since he and Penelope broke up some time ago. That and he'd been far too busy with his duties at the Ministry and the work he took home with him every night to wank. Because of this lack of masturbation over the last few weeks, a great amount of pressure had built up in his loins. And when he saw the glorious sight of beautiful topless twins kissing,

his body couldn't help but to release... three times.

And since he climaxed multiple times in less than five seconds, Percy's body was understandably exhausted. He bonelessly slumped to the floor like a rag doll.

"Oh, thank Merlin," Sandra commented after Percy began to snore like a contented baby who had just finished a large, very satisfying meal. "I really didn't want to shag a ginger."

"What's your problem with gingers?" demanded Laurel.

"You've never had to go down on one of 'em," Sandra countered. "All that red hair, right in your eyes, and it's angry at you for some reason. It's like it's mad for sucking him off or something."

"We have to wake him up," Laurel said. "We've got a job to do, even if he is a ginger."

"Why do we have to wake him up?"

"Because we were given strict order to bolster his confidence," Laurel pointed out. "That means we have to wake him up, shag him, and pretend to have several earth shattering orgasms. Saying such drivel as 'Oh, Minister Weasley, you're so much better than any man I've been with before' and 'I'm cumming, Minister, I'm cumming!'"

"I have a better idea," Sandra said and pulled out her wand. "How 'bout we just adjust his memory. Make him think he gave us loads of orgasms? We can even make him remember our praises of his manliness."

Laurel pondered over this for a moment. Her face changed from doubt to acceptance to excitement in a short matter of time. "That would be brilliant actually." Then Laurel's eyes sparkled with more excitement and she exclaimed "Oh, wait! I have an even better idea.

Change his memory so that he believes he shagged the both of us beyond exhaustion and we had to call in two – no, three more girls just to keep up with his astonishing virility!"

"Now you're thinking!" cheered Sandra. "Tell you what, while I'm adjusting his memories, you conjure up five sets of knickers. We'll make him believe that we and the three imaginary girls were so impressed by his prowess in the sack that we all gave him our knickers as a present! Oh, oh, make sure they have the proper stains and whatnot!"

"This will be the easiest trick we've ever performed!" Laurel said ecstatically.

"I think this will have to become standard procedure for us from now on," suggested Sandra. "We take some bloke's gold, knock him out, adjust his memory so that he thinks he's gotten his money's worth, and we won't have to lie on our backs!"

"This will revolutionize our industry, Sandra!"

"We'll be making gold hand over fist, and we'll never have to spread our legs for anyone we don't want to anymore!"

With this thrilling and revolutionary idea racing through their heads, the two prostitutes set about conjuring frilly knickers and adjusting Percy's memories. Thoughts of five gorgeous witches screaming out his name passionately were being planted in the young wizard's mind.

CMCMCM

Before Snape could even close the door to Malfoy Manor as he entered, a frantic and bloodied Wormtail scurried to the potions master. Wormtail desperately clutched at Snape's robes and pleaded in a hushed tone, "Help me, Severus!"

"What is your problem, oaf?" Snape demanded while forcibly prying the small wizard's hands off of his robes.

"P-p-please –" began Wormtail. However, the rat-like man's voice vanished and his face turned deathly pale the moment he heard an all too familiar battle cry.

"WHOOO-O-O-O-O!!"

Snapping his head to find the location of this cry, Snape saw Voldemort's muscle-bound counterpart, the Flying Death, plummeting like a quarter-ton rock from the second floor landing. With a resounding crash, the Flying Death landed a handful of feet away from Snape and Wormtail. The impact of the massive masked man caused the floorboards to break and splinter in an eight foot radius, all the paintings in the foyer were knocked from the walls, vases tumbled from their perches and shattered, one elegant urn was smashed and the ashes it contained were thrown across the floor, and Snape lost his footing and fell onto his backside. The moment Wormtail hit the ground he transformed into his rat-form and scampered away like a shot, disappearing through one of the cracks that formed in the wall from Flying Death's impact.

"WHERE'S LITTLE SILVER-FISTED RAT-MAN?" bellowed Flying Death while looking around for his prey. "THE FLYING DEATH THOUGHT HE HAD THE DROP ON HIS OPPONENT THIS TIME! BUT, THE FLYING DEATH DID NOT ANTICIPATE HIS FOE'S SPEED!"

"Perhaps you shouldn't shout at the top of your lungs next time you try to launch a surprise attack," offered Snape drolly as he dusted off his robes.

"WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?" a shocked Lucius Malfoy demanded after bolting into the now ruined foyer.

Narcissa, who was directly behind her husband, looked with horror filled eyes upon the smashed urn and muttered pathetically, "Daddy?"

"LITTLE SILVER-FISTED RAT MAN GOT AWAY FROM THE FLYING DEATH!" the overly muscular man explained in a booming shout.

"You? You did this?" Lucius demanded. "You ruined my magnificent house?"

"Daddy?" whimpered Narcissa again; her tearful eyes still fixed on the ashes that were spread across the floor.

"YES!" the Flying Death answered Lucius' question, then added for effect: "WHOOO!"

"I'LL KILL –" Lucius began to threaten.

"Calm yourself, Lucius," Lord Voldemort drawled out as he walked into the foyer and stepped over the cremated remains of Narcissa's father. "The Flying Death is just entertaining himself."

"But, sire, he destroyed my –" the blonde wizard started to argue.

"Remember that the Flying Death is my duplicate from another reality; to deny him would be the same as to deny me," Voldemort stated.

"Oh," uttered Lucius, knowing full well that the Dark Lord had just threatened him.

"Please, my brother, carry on," Voldemort told the Flying Death. "I believe I saw Wormtail crawl through the crack in that wall."

"OH, YEAH!!" the masked man cried out and ran, full bore, through the wall that Voldemort indicated. The Flying Death's body effectively pulverized the plaster and wood of the wall to dust and splinters as he charged through it like it was nothing more than paper. Over the sounds of the destruction, a loud rat-ish squeak of fear and dread could be heard coming from the adjacent room. "WHOOOO!!"

Narcissa pulled her eyes away from the dispersed remains of her father, looked at the gaping hole in the wall of the foyer, turned around, and without saying a word, calmly walked into the kitchen. There, she removed the cork from a fresh bottle of fire-whiskey, and in three long gulps, drank half of its contents. After she let out a highly uncivilized belch, Narcissa gulped down the remainder of the bottle in short order. She had every intention of continuing to drown her sorrows in another bottle of fire-whiskey, but the 750 milliliters of alcohol she downed in less than fifteen seconds kicked in and the blonde witch blacked out while reaching for the second bottle.

Back in the foyer, where Lucius was still staring at the damage to his house, Voldemort turned his attention to Snape.

"Have you any news on either the identity of Fudge's assassin or who it was that disguised themselves as Potter, destroyed my castle, and killed my followers, Severus?"

"Yes, my Lord, I do," Snape said. "Dumbledore and the Order of the Phoenix have done the work for us."

"That was nice of them," Voldemort said sarcastically.

"They found evidence that Potter performed The Epic Phan Phixshun Ritual," Snape stated.

"What? The Epic Phan Phixshun Ritual? He's mad! No one in history has ever completed The Epic Phan Phixshun. Many have attempted, but they always fail and abandon their Epic Phan Phixshun! It is

madness to even try and start! It can't be done!" exclaimed Voldemort.

"Dumbledore found a Time Turner among Potter's possessions," Snape explained. "We believe that Potter used the Time Turner to relive the same day, over and over again in order to complete the Epic Phan Phixshun. But completing it had its costs. Potter's mind snapped."

"Well then, this is good news," Voldemort said cheerfully. "I don't have to worry about that little pest now that he's lost his mind."

"Pardon me, sire, but that isn't the case," Snape said with a serious tone. "His mind did snap, but he now has aspirations of taking over the world."

"This still works in our favor," Voldemort said. "Not only will Dumbledore and his precious Order try to stop me, but they'll have to split their forces in order to deal with Potter."

"Dumbledore did try and stop Potter. It did not go very well for the old Muggle lover," Snape added with a frown. "Madam Pomfrey almost lost him."

"Wait, what?" a stunned Voldemort asked. "Dumbledore almost died?"

"Because of the Epic Phan Phixshun ritual, Potter has near-god-like powers. One might say near-omnipotent cosmic powers," the greasy wizard explained. "Dumbledore tried to subdue the boy, but Potter easily smote him."

"He bested Dumbledore?" asked Voldemort with a touch of fear in his high, girly voice.

"If I may, my Lord, 'bested' is not the proper description of what Potter



did to Dumbledore," Snape said politely. "It was as if the Hand of God came from the heavens and struck Dumbledore down."

"The Hand of God?" squeaked Voldemort.

"Yes, sire, in fact, Madam Pomfrey had mentioned that Dumbledore appeared to be turning into salt," added Snape.

"Salt?" the Dark Lord repeated.

"Yes, as in a pillar of salt. Much like Lot's wife," clarified Snape. "What's more, after he effortlessly trumped Dumbledore, Potter threatened you, my Lord."

"Me?"

"Yes, Master. After Potter defeated Dumbledore – with one blow mind you – the boy said something along the lines of 'Soon that false Dark Lord'... and then he was brazen enough to say your fearful name aloud, sire... 'shall know pain and suffering! For I, the new dark lord, Harry Potter, will beat him like a little bitch!'"

"He called the Dark Lord a bitch?" Lucius said in shocked wonder.

"Actually, a 'little bitch'," corrected Snape. "Further more, it was Potter who killed Fudge. And it was indeed Potter who blew up your castle. He is systematically taking out any opposition he may have."

"You must be exaggerating!" Voldemort grabbed Snape about the shoulders and looked deep into the greasy wizard's fathomless black eyes.

Unfortunately for Voldemort, Snape was a master Occlumens. And because of this skill, Voldemort believed that he saw only truth in Snape when he used Legilimency on him. In fact, Snape was so skilled in Occlumency, he created a convincing image of Dumbledore

looking as if various parts of his body had been turned into salt and showed it to Voldemort.

"Oh, crap," mumbled Voldemort. "This isn't good. I prefer it when I have an overwhelming advantage over my adversary."

"Sire, all is not lost," Snape said. The potion master had played his cards too well and now Voldemort was overly intimidated. So Snape had to quickly rebuild the Dark Lord's confidence.

"Easy for you to say! You don't have a kid with near-omnipotent powers who happens to have a massive chip on his shoulder chasing after you!" snapped Voldemort. "It was so much better when the Potter boy was an underfed and under trained kid. He didn't have near-omnipotent cosmic powers then."

"But Sire, you have something Dumbledore doesn't have," Snape said.

"And what's that?"

"Excuse my language, but you have balls," offered Snape confidently.

"Well, about that..." Voldemort began nervously.

"You are willing to do things Dumbledore is afraid of," continued Snape.

"Oh, figurative balls!" chuckled Voldemort. "Yes, I have those."

"Unlike Dumbledore, you're willing to do anything to win," Snape pointed out. "Even before Potter all but turned him into a pillar of salt, Dumbledore was holding back. But you, sire, wouldn't do such a foolish thing. You would hit the boy with everything you have."

"That's right!" Voldemort said with a click of his fingers. "Not only that, but I also have two versions of myself to aid me! Even with his incredible power, Potter isn't a match for me and my duplicates! And I still have the Summoning Stone. If things start to go bad, I can always summon more of my brothers.

"This is what we shall do," Voldemort began, his fear replaced by confidence. "We shall form three teams. Each team will track Potter down. Whoever finds him will contact the other two teams and we will decimate him! God-like powers or not!"

"Brilliant plan, sire!" cheered Lucius like the proverbial Pavlovian dog.

"Obviously, my counterparts and I will be the team leaders," continued Voldemort. "Severus and Bellatrix will be on my team... no wait... that would mean I'd have to look at her tiny-head all the time. On second thought, Severus and Rabastan will accompany me. Lucius and Bellatrix will be with Soaring Spade. And Thorfinn and Amycus will be with the Flying Death."

"Master, may I request to be put with the Flying Death?" asked Lucius, with his head bowed. "I wish to make amends for my errors that I committed against him when he was giving Wormtail chase."

Not only had Lucius lowered his head as a sign of respect for his Master, but also to avert his eyes. The blond wizard was formulating a plan of revenge where he'd trick the Flying Death into a duel with Potter alone, and he didn't want the Dark Lord to see this through his skill in Legilimency. Lucius knew that Potter, with his new phenomenal powers, would quickly lay waste to the brute that had destroyed Lucius' home and the blond wizard would have his revenge.

"Very well, Lucius, you and Thorfinn will be with Flying Death," Voldemort said. "Also, Lucius, ask your boy if he has any knowledge on Potter. His insight into our target might prove invaluable."

CMCMCM

Vernon Dursley was enjoying a quiet evening of watching the telly (although it would be more accurate to say that he was enjoying an unquiet evening while his son, Dudley, watched the telly on the device's loudest setting). A peaceful and content feeling that Vernon had not felt in years had finally returned to him and his family. Now that the freak was gone, his life had returned to its perfect normalness.

As an added bonus, since the freak and the threat of his unnaturalness had gone, Vernon and his lovely wife ("beauty is in the eye of the beholder" and all that rot) had actually had "special relations." This activity, which Vernon and Petunia had not done since the boy was left on their doorstep, included the use of a frozen banana and a set of fur-lined shackles. And since they had not had this "special relations" in over fifteen years, Vernon and Petunia used two frozen bananas the previous night as a way for making up for lost time.

Just thinking about his "special relations" with Petunia got Vernon's pulse to race. Looking up from the telly, the whale-like man gazed at his wife with hungry eyes and asked "Do we still have some frozen bananas, my dear?"

Blushing wildly, Petunia mouthed the words "Aren't you sore?" to her husband so that her son couldn't hear.

Knowing that his son was too engrossed in the program on the television (in other words, Dudley was lulled into a catatonic state by the telly and was oblivious to everything around him) Vernon boldly answered aloud, "For you my love, I'd gladly take in three bananas."

"Ah, poppet, you may not want to make that banana milkshake like you wanted to," a voice that Vernon had hoped and prayed never to

hear again came from behind him. Vernon turned his head back as far as his fat neck could take him and he saw the freak, standing right in his living room.

"Are you sure, Harry?" a young woman's voice called out from the kitchen. "It's been so long since I've had a banana milkshake and I'm so looking forward to it."

Without even acknowledging that the Dursleys were looking at him, Harry replied, "No, poppet, the fat man just admitted he had them up his bum."

The sounds of several frozen bananas hitting the kitchen floor could be heard. Clearly, these chilled fruits were dropped by Luna out of shock and revulsion.

"WHAT THE BLOODY HELL ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE? I DEMAND THAT YOU LEAVE HERE THIS INSTANT, YOU FREAK!" roared Vernon as a petite blonde girl strolled out of the kitchen and stood next to the freak.

"Relax, Virgil," Harry said dismissively and waved his wand. The fat man's jaw clamped together as if it was glued shut, effectively rendering him silent.

"His name's 'Vernon' I believe," Luna corrected casually.

Petunia and Dudley made to scream (or cry frightfully in the latter's case) but another wave of Harry's wand glued their jaws shut just as it had for Vernon.

"Now Luna and I will be spending the night in your house," Harry informed the Dursleys. "We'll be using the master bedroom – where I plan on bugging this pretty little thing until she collapses" (at this point Luna began to clap excitedly) "While you, Vincent, Pauline, and Duncan, sleep down here."

"Vernon, Petunia, and Dudley," corrected Luna.

Not caring in the slightest as to what the names of his counterpart's relatives were, Harry forged ahead. "You can look at it like a camping trip! But instead of camping outside, you'll be sleeping on the floor in your own living room."

"That's exciting, isn't it?" Luna asked with a joyous smile.

Harry wrapped his arm around Luna's shoulder and led her up the stairs. Three steps up, the black haired wizard paused and turned back to face the Dursleys. "Oh, I forgot, I can't have you lot running off and telling anyone we're here."

He waved his wand again and three sets of ropes shot out of its tip. The ropes wrapped themselves around Petunia, Vernon, and Dudley, effectively tying them up.

"Ta ta," Luna gave the bound Muggles a wave as she and Harry continued up the stairs. Less than five minutes later, the Dursleys were "entertained" by Luna's shouts of "OH, GOD YES! SHOVE THAT BIG HUNK OF MEAT UP MY ARSE, YOU PERUVIAN MONKEY-HORSE STUD!"

Twenty-three and a half minutes later, Harry's voice could be heard to ask loudly: "DO YOU STILL WANT A BANANA MILKSHAKE? 'CUZ I'VE GOT MY VERY OWN VERSION OF A BANANA MILKSHAKE RIGHT HERE, POPPET!"

Luna happily and enthusiastically replied to this offer with; "GIVE ME MY SPECIAL, POTASSIUM RICH TREAT!"

The following loud, wet, slurping sounds echoed throughout number four, Privet Drive.

To Be Continued

## Chapter Eight

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WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad parody with over the top humor (most of this humor is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (Out Of Character actions). To reiterate; this is a parody with a great amount of sex jokes and sex scenes.

Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (femmeslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

I'm going to do this until someone points it out: the Ron bashing has been demoted even further. The bashing now holds the rank of Lieutenant.

Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

"Draco, son, I require your assistance," Lucius said as he walked into his son's room.

"Anything, Father," Draco replied, as he simultaneously cried and lactated.

Knowing that Draco's potions were making him volatile; Lucius recast the silencing charms on his son's room. His timing could not have been better, for at that precise moment, Draco screamed out, "WHY DON'T YOU LOVE ME, YOU SNIVELING BOOT LICKER?"



"What can you tell me about Potter?" Lucius asked, ignoring Draco's outburst.

"He's an arrogant, pond-scum sucking idiot," Draco announced.

"Was that the potions that made you say that?" the elder Malfoy asked.

"No, father; Potter is an arrogant, pond-scum sucking idiot."

"Good to hear," Lucius said. "But I have to know something about him. The Dark Lord needs to find him. Where would Potter go to hide?"

"That's easy; he'll either be at the blood traitor Weasley hovel or the mudblood, Granger's," informed Draco.

"Thank you, son," Lucius said and began to walk out of the room.

"I'm glad to help, you shriveled up hunk of foreskin," Draco said affectionately, happy to be able to aid his father and the Dark Lord.

CMCMCM

While the freak and his blonde hussy had sex in his bedroom, Vernon struggled vainly against the magical ropes that bound him. For several, agonizingly long seconds, Vernon pushed, pulled, and fought against the ropes. As he struggled, sweat poured off his purple face like Niagara Falls. These eight and one-quarter seconds were the most exercise Vernon had gotten in years, if not decades. The strain of this exertion quickly took its toll. With a whimper, Vernon lost consciousness... and control of his bladder (he had really exerted himself).

After Vernon was rendered unconscious by his short but brave struggle, Petunia and Dudley were forced to listen to the freak and

his whore's fornication. A few minutes after the blonde slut had shouted, "GIVE ME MY SPECIAL, POTASSIUM RICH TREAT!" the two started at it again. This time, their cries of passion lasted for nearly an hour. Just listening to their efforts was enough to drain Petunia and Dudley; they were lulled to sleep with cries of "THAT'S IT, POPPET, SQUEEZE ME WITH YOUR CUNT!" and "I'M CUMMING, HARRY! I'M CUMMING!"

The next morning, Vernon was woken by someone tapping on his forehead. He opened his eyes and saw the blonde freak, naked as the day she was born and holding a small plastic container of strawberries in front of his face.

"Did you happen to put these in any of your orifices for your sexual pleasure?" the nude blonde asked, holding the strawberries for Vernon to see. "I'm very hungry and these strawberries I found in your icebox look quite delicious. It would be a dreadful pity if you had them up your bottom like you did the bananas."

He'd never admit this out loud in a million years, but Vernon was transfixed by the blonde freak. Her small, pert breasts and blonde cunny fascinated him. Vernon found himself imagining her slender form under his body as he showed her what he believed a real man could do. He found himself imagining those big blue eyes looking up at him as he plowed her fertile fields.

A disappointed frown appeared on Luna's face. "Oh, poo, you're getting an erection. That must mean you have shoved these strawberries up your bum and the sight of them is arousing you. Now they're ruined for me."

The blonde dropped the container next to Vernon and walked back to the kitchen. As she walked, the fat man fixed his eyes on her bare bottom. He wondered, if he got the chance to bed her, would he need a banana in his bottom or would her young, nubile body be enough to keep him aroused.

"Good morning everyone," Harry announced as he walked into the living room.

Turning his attention to the boy as he walked toward him and his family, the erection Vernon had quickly faltered when he saw the freak. Like his blonde hussy, the freak was unashamedly naked. And there, between his legs was further proof that the freak was unnatural. The thing was offensively large and a mockery to proper manhood. Vernon instantly convinced himself that the horrendous thing was the reason the attractive blonde freak had screamed the night before; she must've been terrified out of her gourd, the poor thing.

As Vernon silently fumed over the disgusting sight of Harry and his heroic bits, Petunia felt a pang of guilt. She watched Harry as he strolled to the kitchen – or rather: she hungrily eyed his meat swinging back and forth like a spongy love-pendulum as he walked to the kitchen. She knew that such thoughts about him were wrong, not only because he was a freak, but he was Petunia's freak of a sister's son. But that thing, that ode to the wedding tackle, that epitome of the schlong, tempted Petunia to entertain such taboo and inappropriate thoughts. And now, as she saw the penile goodness that her sister's son offered, Petunia regretted treating the freak so poorly. Maybe, just maybe, Harry would've have shown his appreciation for being treated properly with a naughty but oh so wonderful bout of "Hide the Lovely Monster Cock in the Aunt!"

And while Harry walked to the kitchen, Dudley looked at his cousin and the heavy weight that dangled between his legs and thought, "Maybe, just maybe..."

"What's for breakfast?" Harry asked Luna.

"I'm not certain," the blonde replied as she scanned through the various items in the ice-box. "Because of Vernon's admission last

night, I'm afraid that he could have stuck everything he possibly could up his bottom."

"Then we should stop at a cafe before we meet this Eloise Midgen of yours," offered Harry. "I'll pay."

"Do you have Muggle money?" she asked.

"No, but we can pick some up on the way."

CMCMCM

"Ginny dear, I need you to keep watch on Hermione," a very tired Molly ordered.

"Okay!" Ginny leapt up with a bright smile on her welt covered face.

Molly was quite surprised that Ginny had agreed. The older witch had assumed that she would have to fight and threaten her daughter to do as she requested.

"Now, you'll have to make sure none of the wizards enter the room," Molly ordered. "I can't trust any of them after yesterday. I'd do it, but I've been watching her all night long and I'm knackered."

"No problem, Mum," the girl replied, eager to begin her guard detail.

Molly eyed the welts on Ginny's face. The marks caused by that Scarlet Woman's crop were red raw and appeared fresh. "Those look worst than yesterday," she said with concern.

"Oh, it's nothing," Ginny said and waved her mother off. "You go and rest. I'll take care of everything."

"Oh, Mrs. Weasley, could you do me a favor before you leave?" requested Hermione. During the night, the young witch had been

released from the bindings, but had remained perfectly still on the bed.

"What is it, dear?" Molly asked.

"It's about my dress, ma'am, it's much too revealing. After all, anybody could see my ankles and too much of my exposed neck," the brunette said with shame. Even though Dumbledore's special disk had been removed from the room, the colors were still present in her mind. And these colors told her that she was a hussy for showing so much skin.

With a triumphant smile, Molly waved her wand at Hermione. The robes lengthened by nearly half a foot while the neck line crept up to the young witch's jaw.

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Weasley," Hermione said, appreciatively.

The moment her mother left the room, Ginny dashed over the Hermione and threw herself at the brunette's feet. After lifting up layer after layer of cloth and pleats that made up Hermione's overly concealing robes, Ginny kissed the other witch's feet in adoration.

"Ginny, what are you doing?" Hermione asked in a dreamy tone that would've made Luna call her an airhead.

"You're the first person to show me love," Ginny said affectionately, "real, true love. And I am yours."

Once again, Ginny kissed Hermione's feet as if worshiping the buxom brunette. The red head pulled herself up into a kneeling position and removed the leather riding crop she had hidden in the hem of her robes. After she had awoken from the orgasm the crop had caused the night before, Ginny retreated to the privacy of a broom cupboard and had spent the rest of the night whacking the leather tool against her face. At first, each blow had caused glorious

orgasms. But soon, the ecstasy began to lessen until it disappeared altogether. As Ginny beat herself silly with the crop, hoping to illicit another orgasm, she realized that beating herself was no longer doing it for her. She instinctively knew that she needed Hermione to whip her. The young witch needed Hermione, the one who showed her true love, to whip and beat her. Presenting the crop to Hermione like the cherished and precious thing it was, Ginny humbly bade, "Please show me that love again... my Mistress."

Ginny's whole body shivered in delight when she called Hermione that name. It felt right to refer to the witch that had shown her the meaning of true love as Mistress.

"Oh, you poor thing," Hermione said in a detached manner. The colors whispered to her, telling her to behave and act properly. With a mockery of a smile, Hermione said to Ginny, "That isn't love."

"But it is," Ginny persisted with a twinkle in her eyes.

"No, no it isn't," Hermione said and lovingly caressed Ginny's welt covered face. The colors told the brunette that Ginny was damaged and she needed to be repaired as she herself had been.

"Yes, yes it is, Mistress," Ginny persisted, praying that the brunette's gentle touch would turn lovingly cruel and harsh. She wanted her Mistress to dig her fingernails into her welt covered face. The mere thought of the potential of this delicious pain made the red head's sex moisten.

"I think perhaps Professor Dumbledore should help you like he did me," offered Hermione in a near dispassionate way as the colors sang and whispered to her. "Because I, too, had a corrupted view about sex – mostly thanks to Harry and his evil ways. Before Dumbledore cured my depraved beliefs, I allowed Harry, who is evil, to do foul contemptuous things to me."

"Really? What type of fouts and contemptuous things?" asked Ginny, her sex moistened and tingled even more at such wonderful thoughts. Perhaps Harry, her vicious prince, smacked Hermione around before beating her pussy like a bad dog. And maybe Ginny could sample some of that wonderfully brutal love.

"It's too deplorable to think about," Hermione said in a neutral manner.

"Could... could you tell me about it?" asked Ginny with her heart aflutter.

"I honestly don't remember what he did, actually. All I know is that it was foul and deplorable," she said, repeating what the colors had told her to say. "Ginny, you're a good girl," the brunette said unemotionally. "You should save yourself until after you're married. And only when you want to have a baby."

"Excuse me?" a shocked Ginny asked.

"Being a good girl means that you must stay motionless while you're being impregnated," added Hermione as if she had been condition to say this – which she was. "Sex is a foul, but necessary deed. If it were not for the need to propagate our species, no one should ever have sex. It's disgusting and unnatural!"

Ginny blinked, confused by Hermione's words. As a desperate act of a witch who wanted to be smack so that she could cum, Ginny placed the wonderful leather crop in Hermione's hand. Then, the young witch enacted her frantic plan. In a clear voice, Ginny proclaimed her many sins.

"I'm not a good girl, I'm a rotten girl. A vile, disgusting girl! And I like it! Once last year, I gave Michael Corner a rusty trombone – that's where I tongue and lick his bottom and wanked him off – while both of his dorm mates, Terry Boot and Anthony Goldstein, wanked off in

my hair. Then, the very next night, I pulled a 'train.' First Michael came in me, then Anthony, and finally Terry shot his load in me. Their cum was pouring out of my hot cunt!"

"That's deplorable!" exclaimed Hermione in revulsion. The unseen colors whispered to her that such acts were detestable, and that she should simultaneously pity and chastise Ginny for her actions. "You need help, my dear sweet friend."

"How deplorable?" asked Ginny with a bright glow to her face. "Is it bad enough for a beating? Oh please, say yes; please say you'll beat me because I was bad, Mistress!"

"No, but I will ask Professor Dumbledore to help you with your wayward tendencies," Hermione said in a monotone.

"But a beating is much more effective," pleaded Ginny. "I swear, I'll learn my lesson if only you'd whack the shite out of me."

"There's nothing you can say that will make me do that to you," Hermione said.

Hoping to strike a nerve, Ginny decided to hit Hermione right where it hurt. "Besides having two boys cum in my hair while I tongued another boy's arse-hole and being a cum-dumpster for three blokes, I did something much more terrible."

"Whatever it was, I forgive you," Hermione said evenly.

"I snuck into your doom room and nicked one of your Transfiguration papers that you wrote when you were in the third year. I changed your name to mine and took credit for it," Ginny said. This was a lie; she had never betrayed Hermione's trust like this. But Ginny desperately wanted to be smacked around. She had told this lie in the hope of achieving this. Ginny was positive that the thought of someone blatantly cheating off of her would send Hermione into a



rage.

"Oh, you poor dear," Hermione said, unfazed by Ginny's revelation. "Next time you need help, just ask me. There's no need to sneak around my back."

"Boy, they really did a number on you," commented Ginny.

CMCMCM

The flames in the Burrow's fireplace turned green, and Molly and Ron walked out.

"Ronald, you go to your room and try to be quiet," Molly told her son. "I'm completely exhausted and need to sleep."

"Do not worry, Mother dear. Ron the Magnificent will be as quiet as a small rodent in a religious gathering!" Ron declared in a loud, booming voice.

Shaking her head in disappointment, Molly staggered to her bedroom and promptly set up a number of Silencing Charms, knowing full well that Ron, in his deluded state, couldn't be quiet if he tried.

Smiling to himself, Ron called out to his mother; "You rest, dear woman, knowing that Ron the Magnificent has everything in hand!"

He marched up to his room (which in his mind was a regal master suit complete with a waterfall bathtub, opulent decorations, and a silk covered bed, not the cluttered mess it was).

"What ho? What are you doing in Ron the Magnificent's bedchamber?" he asked when he saw the five witches waiting in his room.

"We're your harem," announced Millicent, brutishly.

At first, Ron was appalled at the sight of the witches. The one who stated they were part of his harem was clearly the outcome of an unholy union between a man and a gorilla while the other four looked as if their mother was a witch (an ugly one, at that, and maybe not completely human, either) and their father a troll. But Ron quickly realized that his first impression was biased. After all, everyone's beauty paled in comparison to Ron the Magnificent's own stunning looks. The deluded redhead thought, 'the rising sun is nothing more than a child's drawing next to Ron the Magnificent's gorgeous and god like looks.'

"Very well, my ape-like concubine, which among you shall be the first to sample Ron the Magnificent's wondrous love?" he said to Millicent.

"Since this is a dem-rock-ore-see, I say Carnation will go first," ordered Millicent.

"Oh, damn," moaned Carnation.

"No complaints in a dem-rock-ore-see!" snapped her sister, Bergamot. "Get over there and have sex with what's his name!"

With her narrow shoulders hanging low in defeat, Carnation waddled over to Ron. Her vast hips, which only served to accentuate how slim her shoulders were (her body had the appearance and shape of a perfect inverted cone), knocked over his chair on the way to him.

"Wha' do you want me to do first?" she asked with a pout.

"You may pleasure Ron the Magnificent with your mouth, my homely witch," he said while striking a heroic pose.

Carnation huffed sadly and knelt before the ginger wizard. She lifted up his makeshift loincloth and narrowed her eyes on his stunted boyhood. She asked, disbelievingly, "Is that it?"

"What's wrong?" asked Violet.

"He's fuckin' puny!" exclaimed Carnation, pointing at Ron's crotch.

All the other girls circled around Ron and bent down so that they could get a closer look.

"Well if his name is 'Rod' it's false advertising, I tell you," Millicent stated with great disappointment as she looked at what the wizard had to offer. "It's definitely not worthy of 'Rod.' It's more like 'Push-pin.'"

"Maybe he's a 'grower'?" Bergamot volunteered hopefully.

"Even if he's a 'grower', he's still fuckin' puny," Carnation retorted.

"Well, it don't matter if he's puny or not, we have ta' fuck him. Minister Parkinson told us to," Marigold pointed out. "So you better suck him off, Carnation."

A vastly different scene played out in Ron's delusional mind. Instead of five witches crudely criticizing his lack of manhood, he believed that they were all performing fellatio on his imaginary massive organ. It was so large that each of the five witches could place their lips and tongues on his shaft and crown with more than enough room to spare. It was as if the five witches were trying to lick the bark off of an oak tree in his damaged mind. This image, of course, led to him ejaculating right then and there.

"What tha' fuck?" exclaimed Carnation, eyeing the small amount of discharge as it dribbled out of Ron's penis and fell to the floor between his feet. "I haven't even touched him yet!"

As Ron began to fall asleep, like he always did after climaxing, Millicent exclaimed, "Oh, hell no! If I'm forced to be part of his harem,

I'm gonna get off!"

She jumped up and tore off her clothes. Next she pounced on Ron and slapped him savagely across his face. "Wake up you little shite! Mama's horny!"

As Ron's eyes fluttered open, something strange happened. Not only had Millicent's blow woke him up, but had inadvertently knocked the sense back into him in a literal sense. No longer was he plagued by deluded fantasies of grandeur. No longer did he believe that he was "Ron the Magnificent," nor did he believe that he had killed Voldemort. He was just Ron – plain old conniving, back-stabbing, fair-weather friend, whiny, lazy, dim-witted Ron. Despite this healing blow, the young wizard's mind had forgotten the events of the past few days. He didn't recall running around naked proclaiming that he had destroyed Voldemort. He didn't even remember being beaten by Hermione with Luna acting as her squire. And, as Ron continued to heal and before his brain could register what was happening to him at that moment, the young wizard was thinking about having another go at Hermione or Luna. For a split second, he considered banging them simultaneously. He was even attempting to calculate how much 'Sob Story' he'd have to use to shag both witches at the same time.

But then, the pleasant thoughts about seducing Hermione and Luna vanished like a wisp of smoke in a strong breeze; for it was at that moment that Ron's brain finally registered what was going on around him. He saw a very nude Millicent was standing over his head just in time for her to reach down and grab a fistful of his hair.

As she dragged his face towards her surprisingly large sex, Millicent shouted "It's time to eat up Mama's hairy pussy!"

Ron's face was shoved into said hairy pussy and the utter horror of the situation seized him. Ron now knew what it felt like for a baby to be pushed from its mother's womb, because the reverse was happening to him at that moment. He swore that Millicent had

pushed so hard and so deep that he could feel her warm, wet labia cover his ears. While Millicent continued to grind her cunny onto and around his face, Ron lost control of his bladder out of pure, naked, terror.

"Oh, look! What's his name is peeing himself!" proclaimed Violet happily, pointing to the steady flow of yellow liquid streaming down Ron's leg. She stood and hiked up her robes while stating; "At least he's into water-sports like me!"

Ron screamed into Millicent's cavernous sex as Violet's warm urine splashed on his bare chest.

CMCMCM

"And here is where we'll get some Muggle money," Harry announced while pointing to a strange device built into a wall of a building. "It's called an ATM."

"What does that stand for?" Luna asked dreamily.

"I don't rightly know," Harry said, not really caring about the answer. "All I know is that it's loaded with money just waiting to be withdrawn."

"And how does one get the money?" asked Luna.

"Don't know how Muggles do it, but I use my wand," the black haired wizard replied. He pulled out his wand and tapped it against the device. The strange Muggle contraption creaked and groaned for a few seconds before a crack-like chasm formed in its face. Suddenly, stacks of Muggle money dropped out of the large fissure. Harry conjured a sack and began scooping the paper bills into the bag.

"Once we get some breakfast, we'll head over to Eloise's," announced Harry as he and his blonde witch made their way to a

local diner. "Then I'll seduce her while you watch. After that, Eloise will help us lure Tonks, and then we'll get our Hermione back. And I'll finally see her give you a rim-job."

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With a bounce in his step and broad, happy smile on his face, Percy Weasley came bounding into his Ministry office. He popped his head into one of his co-worker's office and greeted happily; "Hello, Roger! How's the wife and kids?"

"Uh, fine," Roger replied, more than a little taken back by both Percy's uncharacteristic happy mood, and the fact that this was the first time the red head had ever asked such a question.

"Fantastic! Well, I'm off. You have a great day," Percy said earnestly. The red haired wizard then strolled into Amanda Combs' office.

"Good morning, Mandy," he said and sat on the edge of her desk. "May I call you Mandy?" he asked with a dashing smile.

"Sure," she said, blushing slightly. The witch had never paid attention to Percy. But now that he was there sitting on her desk, she couldn't help but notice that he was cute in a nerdish sort of way. But the way in which he spoke and the manner in which he held himself piqued Mandy's interest. He was bristling with confidence. It was pouring off of his skin and it gave the young witch goose-flesh.

"You know, Mandy, I don't think I've ever said this, but thank you for your work," Percy said. "Your service is truly appreciated."

"You really think so?"

Percy leaned down so that he could whisper in her ear, "I know so."

"But I just regulate commercial broom speeds," she said with her

face heating up even more. Percy's self-confidence was making her a little lightheaded.

"That's still a vital part of the Ministry. That means you," he punctuated by touching the tip of her nose, "are a vital part."

"Thanks Percy," Mandy said and a genuine smile stretched across her face.

"And if you don't mind me saying, you have a lovely smile," Percy said.

"Oh, go on," the witch said and her blush deepened and smile grew even more.

"I dare say that your beautiful smile alone could turn a dreary day bright and special," he added.

"Really?" she asked and her eyes sparkled madly.

"I'm going to ask you out for lunch today and you're going to say yes," he told her with a smile of his own.

"You're right, I am," she repeated dreamily while gazing longingly into his eyes.

"I'll pick you up at noon," he said and began to walk out of her office. "And don't forget to bring your smile."

Percy could hear Mandy giggling happily over the thought of their lunch date as he entered his own office. He closed the door and Lucius Malfoy removed the invisibility cloak that had been concealing him.

"Lucius, so bloody good to see you," Percy greeted the Death Eater and shook his hand.

"I take it my 'present' was well received?" asked the blond wizard.

"Words cannot express my gratitude," Percy said, recalling the five witches screaming in ecstasy from the previous night.

"So you no longer doubt that you can be Minister?"

"Lucius, old boy, I'm ready to take over the world!" Percy chuckled confidently.

"Wonderful, I shall talk to the members of the Wizengamot who are like minded to our values so that they'll nominate you," Lucius said.

"I look forward to helping the people of Britain," heralded Percy.

"Very good," Lucius said. As he began to don his invisibility cloak again, he told Percy, "I shall be indisposed for a while. There is something vital I must do for the Ministry and will be out of touch. I wish you luck in the nomination, Minister Weasley."

Lucius had made this little detour to check on Weasley and to set his nomination in order. Now that this was accomplished, he had to travel with Thorfinn and the Flying Death to Potter's mudblood friend's house.

CMCMCM

"Lovegood, Potter, what are you two doing here?" a pimple faced Eloise Midgen, asked after opening the door to her home.

"We need your help, Eloise," Luna said.

"Help with what?" she demanded. The girl had a bitter and angry tone to her voice.



"Our friend went missing and we need your help with a Compulsion Charm," informed Luna. "We need you to cast a powerful charm on a piece of parchment, one that will make whoever reads it follow the direction listed on the parchment."

Harry would've begun wooing the pimply witch in order to get her to work her magic, but he was horrified by her complexion. After all, the description of "pimply" really understated the situation; if one could call Eloise pimply, then certainly, that same someone would refer to the Atlantic Ocean as being damp. Harry could've sworn that the thumb sized zit – the one over her left eye, not the thumb sized zit on her chin – was throbbing. It was literally pulsating on her face like it was alive and was attempting to break free! It looked like she was virtually budding. And the patch of pus-filled blemishes on her right cheek looked like some kind of homage to aboriginal cave paintings or a tribute to Jackson Pollock's work. For the first time in Harry's life, he doubted that he could bang a witch (this was a very big deal for Harry because not only had he shagged a centaur several times, but he also bedded a fish-like mermaid during the Tri-Wizard Tournament – as well as the giant squid, but that was a drunken bet and he didn't like to think about it – it took forever to remove the ink stains).

"What's in it for me?" asked Eloise.

"Well, not to brag but Harry's very skilled," Luna said with a bloom to her face. "If you know what I mean?"

"He's obviously not skilled in Compulsion Charms, is he? Otherwise you wouldn't be here now would you," the zit-coated witch said piercingly.

"No, but he's very skilled and incredibly gifted in other aspects," Luna said knowingly. She had not realized that Harry had become horrified over Eloise's complexion. The blonde was still eagerly looking forward to watching Harry's throbbing summer sausage pounding

away at Eloise's various bits and pieces. Perhaps, if Luna was lucky, she could clean Harry's warm discharge out of those same pieces when he was done.

"Show me," demanded Eloise.

Luna applauded, thinking that Harry was about to whip out his massive organ. She was sadly disappointed when she saw the look of revulsion on Harry's face.

In a desperate act, Harry pulled out his wand, pointed it at Eloise's face, and incanted "Verruca Abeo!"

With a pop of rushing air, all of Eloise's zits vanished, leaving neither trace nor scar behind.

With a trembling hand, Eloise reached up and touched her now smooth and soft skin. "They're gone?! I've tried dozens of charms but none of them worked!"

"Yeah, it's a charm I came across a few years back," bragged Harry. With all of her blemishes gone, the witch was rather cute. And Harry, being the mad, sex-crazed wizard that he was, was now more than happy to show Eloise how "gifted" he really was.

"Oh, thank you!" Eloise cheered. As Harry began to open his trousers, Eloise trotted over to a nearby desk. She grabbed a piece of parchment and spoke a long incantation, oblivious to the wizard's trousers being opened. The parchment glowed for a second before Eloise snatched it up and handed to Harry.

"There, it has the strongest Compulsion Charm on it that I know! I don't care that I'm underage and it'll get me a warning from the Misuse of Magic office, not after what you've done for me!" Eloise said with tears of joy in her eyes. "I can't wait to show my mum!"

With that, the now-blemish-free witch ran up the stairs while shouting "MUMMY! MUMMY, I'M CURED!"

"Oh, poo," moaned Luna. "I was looking forward to the notion of watching you slam her with your cock."

"Well, there's always Tonks," Harry said, a little disappointed over not bonking Eloise as well. He didn't like missing opportunities to cum in, or on, someone new. "How does this sound for the letter:

"Dear Tonks,

"I know that you were masquerading as Luna just yesterday. I'd like to talk to you about it at my relatives' house. Please come alone, it's vitally important. And please, don't tell anybody either.

Harry."

"That'll be perfect. Thanks to Eloise's charm, Tonks will have to go to the Dursleys' alone," summarized Luna. "And while you're shagging her, I'll get to watch!"

"Well then, let's get cracking!"

CMCMCM

"And how are we today?" asked Dumbledore as he walked into the room where Miss Granger was being housed.

"I'm fine, Professor," Hermione replied with an airy tone. The colors swam in her mind, singing sweetly to her.

"Ah, Miss Weasley, what a pleasant surprise," the Headmaster said to Ginny, who was sitting in a corner with her arms crossed. "How are you?"

"Just peachy, sir," Ginny said in a less than happy way. The red head was very upset over the fact that just the night before Hermione had shown her what true love meant, but now, Hermione was unwilling to whack the hell out of her.

Ignoring the moody and unimportant red haired witch, Dumbledore turned back to Hermione and asked "So, how are you coping with what Harry has done to you."

"He's a foul, evil wizard and what he did to me was reprehensible, whatever it was. But thanks to your wonderful treatment, Headmaster, I'm as right as rain," Hermione said in a chant-like voice, just as the colors had told her to.

"Splendid," cheered Dumbledore. "My experiment appears to be a success!"

A tingle washed over Dumbledore. The combination of the excitement of his achievement and the sight of the now-rotund witch – clearly on her way to a succulent build under those oversized robes— made his blood quicken and his loins burn. Without the aid of any Virility Potion, the old man felt his aged organ begin to swell.

"Now, if you'll excuse me, I just remembered that I have a pressing appointment with Professor Sprout," the ancient wizard said to the two witches before he left them alone.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Ginny. I forgot to ask Professor Dumbledore if he could help you with your wicked tendencies," Hermione said in a monotone.

"There's nothing wrong with my 'tendencies' that a good, thorough beating won't take care of," the red head said with a pout, wishing that Hermione, her loving mistress, would be the one to deliver said beating.

CMCMCM

After sending the charmed post off to Tonks, Harry and Luna returned to number four Privet Drive. There, the duo placed the Dursleys, still bound and gagged, in the smallest bedroom.

"If you had been nice to the other Harry, I'm certain this Harry would've let you watch him shag Tonks likes he's allowing me to do," Luna chastised the three Muggles from the doorway. "But since you were all horrible, you won't get to watch Harry's honking willy pounding away at Tonks' quivering sex." Luna stuck out her tongue at the Muggles and closed the door.

"Let's go find a good hiding place for you," Harry offered and led Luna to the master bedroom. He walked up to the wardrobe and tapped it with his wand.

"There, I just placed a One-Way Viewing Charm on the inside of the door. That way you can see everything as it happens with Tonks none the wiser," Harry explained. He waved his wand again, this time conjuring a fat, long pink dildo. "I know you're used to better and bigger, thanks to me, but I reckon that you'll get more than a little randy in there. This will help you out, at least a little."

"Oh, how sweet!" exclaimed Luna while holding the dildo to her bosom like a prized gift. "You're so thoughtful, Harry."

Outside and down the street, Tonks was walking toward the house. Since she received Harry's post, the young Auror felt an overpowering urge to meet with him. However, even before she received this post, her mind had been plagued with the sensations of that big hunk of man-meat splitting her open. And, as she walked toward the Muggle home, her naughty bits were trembling with excitement.

Tonks chastised herself for such impure thoughts. Sure, it was by far

the best shag of her life. But Harry was underage and an evil copy of the boy she had met just the year before. And to associate with him was wrong.

So Tonks forced the happy, knickers-soaking thoughts of his massive organ out of her mind – or at least she tried. The damn thing kept springing up in her mind's eye (literally, an image of his meaty appendage continuously sprung up in her mind, as if the organ was attached to a spring. It popped up complete with a "boing" sound as well). Twice she had to wipe drool from the corners of her mouth because of the mental image of evil-Harry's wicked cock swinging like a metronome – a throbbing, veiny, hot, metronome.

In order to help force the thoughts of sex from her mind, Tonks kept repeating a mantra over and over in her head: "I will not shag him. I will not shag him." She had no intention of seeing Harry again (at least, that's what she told herself – in reality, she begged and yearned for his touch, or at least the touch of his incredible penis), but when she received his post, Tonks felt compelled to meet him. Her initial thought was to ignore his request for a meeting, but for some reason she found herself in front of the Dursley house. She may have come to meet him here, but she'd be damned if she caved into her carnal desires and sleep with the evil little bugger.

She'd walked up the steps leading to the front door and steadied herself. Once again, she chanted: "I will not shag him. I will not shag him."

The sound of a knock on the door told Harry that Tonks had arrived.

"You hop in there," Harry said and ushered Luna into the wardrobe. "I'll be just a mo'."

Harry walked downstairs and answered the door. Tonks, who had bright green hair, was waiting on the other side with a frown. She held up Harry's post and said, "I know you're not Harry, not the one

from this reality. So you can drop any line you were going to feed me."

"Since when did you know about who I am?" he asked, unfazed by her declaration.

"We've known for a few days that You Know Who botched a ritual that swapped you with our Harry," the green haired witch explained.

"That's good to know," Harry said, dismissively. Even though he gave off a bored attitude, the young wizard took Tonks' comment and decided to mull over it as some later time.

"So what do you want to talk about?" she demanded.

"Excuse me?"

"In your post you said you wanted to talk about what happened," Tonks said impatiently.

"Ah, yes, the whole 'I shagged you without realizing that it was you' thing," Harry summed up. He noticed when he said the word "shagged" that Tonks' eyes darted down to his crotch. Harry smiled, knowing that he had her just where he wanted her.

"What's there to talk about really," he said and leaned against the doorframe, "just that it was... spectacular."

Repeating her mantra "I will not shag him. I will not shag him." in her head, Tonks boldly stated aloud to Harry, "I'm not going to shag you."

"Okay, I know it's just semantics, but how about I shag you?" he offered casually, putting emphasis on 'I' and 'you' as if such a tiny difference meant the whole world. He punctuated this offer by opening his trousers.

As he pulled out his manhood (which took some time as there was a lot of it) Tonks contemplated Harry semantic based argument. Normally, the young Auror would've dismissed such a weak ploy. But Harry had a really big cock. This big organ only seemed reinforced his semantic argument, it added weight and girth to it – throbbing, hot weight and girth. By the time his crown was freed, Tonks had come to a conclusion:

"That's fine by me," she replied honestly, happy that Harry won the short-lived argument. Semantics or not, Tonks was going to get laid.

Less than two minutes later, the two were in the Dursleys' master bedroom, naked as jaybirds and rubbing various body parts together.

As she watched Harry lick, kiss, caress, and probe Tonks' quivering sex, Luna pushed her dildo into her bottom. When Harry pushed his fat organ into Tonks' box, Luna wished that she was out of the wardrobe so that she could join in on the fun. The pink dildo that Harry conjured was neat, but it was nothing compared to the real thing.

CMCMCM

In the Burrow, Ron Weasley, now fully alert and aware, was cowering in the corner of his room in fear. His hair was wet and plastered against his skull thanks to Millicent's efforts in trying to push his cranium into her vagina. Ron didn't even want to think about the other foul liquids and wastes that clung to his body. After Violet and Millicent befouled him, the remaining Pritchard girls took turns enacting their own particular and peculiar fetishes. Thanks to these witches, Ron knew with absolute certainty that his urethra could stretch quite widely (two wands can be shoved into the small opening when stretched out properly, if you must know), his testicles grew a bright blue when a string was tightly tied between his body and nuts (a blue similar to a robin's egg). The most distressing fact that Ron now knew was that Marigold like to eat an excessive amount of corn



(a barrelful a day, estimated Ron – much too much for her system to completely digest).

The five witches had been so excited at being finally able to fulfill each of their wildest and disgusting fantasies that they had exhausted themselves. They slept around Ron in a circle as he clutched his sore (and tiny) bits in the corner. He whimpered and cried while asking TPTB what he had done to deserve such punishment.

After her rest, Molly woke up refreshed and ready to take on another day. Following a quick shower, the Weasley matron went to check on her son, hoping against hope that he had finally decided to abandon that stupid wash rag and put on some proper clothes.

"RONALD!" Molly screamed at the top of her lungs when she opened his door. There she found her son completely naked and covered in filth, surrounded by naked ghouls! Had the damage to his brain worsened? Had Ron's delusions led him to bed foul beasts?

"Oi, wha'cha yellin' for?" one of the trolls inquired.

Molly was taken back; they weren't trolls, but rather some kind of odd amalgam of monster and man. Perhaps they were an experiment to see if wizarding kind could copulate with trolls.

"What the devil is going on here?" Molly demanded of the obvious half-breeds.

"We're what's his name's harem," one creature answered, gesturing to Ron.

"A harem?" said Molly, aghast. She looked at Ron and screamed; "JUST WAIT UNTIL YOUR FATHER HEARS OF THIS, RONALD!"

With that, Molly apparated to Grimmauld Place, leaving her son

alone in his dire situation.

"Now that we're up, let's perform our harem duties," offered Millicent. Ron whimpered, fearfully, as the ape-like witch stood and straddled his head once more. "I wonder how far I can stuff your head in this time now that I'm loosened up a bit?"

CMCMCM

Arthur, having just fixed himself a sandwich, made his way to Grimmauld Place's library for lunch and a kip. But his wife's sudden appearance changed his plan.

"THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!" she screamed at him.

"What's my fault, dear?" he asked, already accepting blame like the dutiful husband he was.

"YOUR SON HAS A HAREM!" she screeched.

"Err, he does?" Arthur asked, not daring to inquire as to which of their many sons Molly was referring to.

"YES, FIVE GIRLS," she said, using the description of "girls" loosely.

"That's dreadful," he returned. "I shall scold him harshly."

"SEE THAT YOU DO!" his wife snapped, angrily. "I'M SO UPSET RIGHT NOW OVER RONALD'S ACTIONS THAT I NEED A DRINK!"

As his wife stomped into the kitchen to raid Mundungus Fletcher "less-than-secret" secret stash of fire-whisky, Arthur couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy over his son's harem. Arthur himself was stuck with just one witch – one whose body had lost the bitter battle with time and motherhood. And one would only have intimate relations once every blue moon.

Meanwhile, up in one of the home's bedrooms, a very surprised Ginny turned to Hermione and exclaimed "Ron's got a harem?" She had heard her mother's screams, as did everyone in the house. "Why in the world would five witches want to sleep with Ron?"

"Oh, how dreadful," bemoaned Hermione in her deadpan voice. The colors in her head scolded Ron for such foul actions. "Hopefully the Headmaster can cure Ron of his impure ways like he did me."

CMCMCM

In his office at the Ministry, Percy was railing Mandy on his desk. The witch had her legs wrapped around him and was screaming, "OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD!" repeatedly. You see, when the two prostitutes, Sandra and Laurel, adjusted Percy's memory, they had unwittingly instilled some rather useful skill into the wizard. Sandra and Laurel had implanted memories of times where they themselves were truly pleased and pleased by a wizard. And now, Percy was using those transferred skills and techniques on Mandy, much to her pleasure.

"I'M CUMMING! I'M CUMMING!" she cried out for the sixth time.

Clearly, Percy and Mandy's lunch date had gone rather well. Small chit-chat turned to snogging. Snogging led to fondling. Fondling was promptly followed by foreplay. And foreplay was pursued by banging on Percy's desk.

When Percy finished (with an encouraging command from Mandy boldly stating "cum in me, cum in me, you man!") the two quickly dressed. Their lunch hour was almost up and there was no time for cuddling.

The moment Percy canceled out the Silencing Charms he had erected around his office for privacy, a rapid and desperate pounding

rang through the room. The red haired wizard opened the door to find Roger pounding his fist on the door.

"What the hell have you two been doing for the last twenty minutes?" Roger demanded.

"Amanda and I have been discussing the new broom speed regulations," Percy said convincingly. Interoffice relationships were frowned upon in the Ministry so Percy concocted this cover in order to protect Mandy from any scandal. "I put up Silencing Charms so that we wouldn't be disturbed."

"Well, that would explain why you didn't hear me banging on your door for the last few minutes," Roger said, buying Percy's line.

"So, Roger old chum, what's so important that you've been knocking on my door for such a long time?" asked Percy.

"The Wizengamot has just elected a new Minister! It's you Percy! You're the new Minister for Magic!" cheered Roger.

"Bugger me," exclaimed Mandy, loudly. "I just bonked the Minister!"

CMCMCM

Back at number four, Harry was putting Tonks' metamorphmagus abilities to good use. For the first fifteen minutes, Tonks was in her standard appearance, complete with bright green hair that nicely framed her red, engorged labia as Harry pounded his meat into her. After that, Harry commanded that Tonks change her appearance to that of an Asian school girl (Harry had paused to conjure a pair of knee-high, white socks for the ensemble). Several minutes later, Tonks looked like an American stripper, complete with surgically enhanced breasts. Harry showed how appreciative he was of the Auror's unique abilities by giving her a nice, hard cock-slap against her nether lips. After that the slap, she took on the appearance of a

Nubian Princess, then an exotic Mediterranean woman. At one point, Harry had Tonks adopt a series of brightly colored polka dots just for the hell of it. Tonks didn't even consider ignoring Harry's orders. His masterful technique (and big throbbing willy) made her beg for more demands.

Just as the time before, Tonks had one, very long and incredibly intense, orgasm. Vernon and Petunia's bed was soaked with Tonks' sweat and love fluids. The witch laid on the bed, shaking like a leaf in a storm as she continued to drip sweat and other forms of liquids. Her body trembled uncontrollably due to the after effects of the incredible shag.

"I have to tell you this," began Harry, leaning sitting against the headboard. Whereas Tonks looked like she had just run two marathons, the young wizards looked as if he would be ready for another go in a very short matter of time. "I'm going to kill Dumbledore."

"WHAT?" Tonks screamed and tried to sit up. But the mind blowing shag had robbed her of fine motor control and rendered her a physical wreck. The attempt at sitting up only caused her to flop over the side of the bed and crash onto the ground. Clinging to the bedcovers, Tonks dragged herself up and repeated "WHAT?"

"Well, we just shared this intimate moment, and I thought it would be proper of me to tell you my plans so that you don't get caught in the middle," explained Harry. Internally, he was smiling broadly. He had no immediate plans on killing Dumbledore. The wizard told Tonks this small fib in order to fool her into heading straight to the Order of the Phoenix Headquarters. He needed her to flee there so that he could follow the Auror and get his Hermione back. There was a slight chance that Tonks would go directly to Dumbledore, but Harry had Tonks pegged as a person who would muster up as much backup as possible first, in order to better protect the old man.

"You're going to kill Dumbledore?" she asked, still not fully grasping the notion. "Why? Why would you want to kill Dumbledore?"

"Because, I'll have to kill the old man eventually. Sooner or later, he's going to try and stop me," he answered. This was a half truth; Harry knew that he'd have to deal with Dumbledore in due course. "Why not just nip it in the bud and get it over with."

"Are you serious?" she asked in utter shock.

"Serious as a heart attack," he replied. Suddenly, Harry's eyes grew wide, as if a brilliant idea had just occurred to him. "That's it! I'll slip the old blighter a Coronary Potion and make it look like his ticker gave out! Thanks for the idea, Tonks!"

"Oh, look at the time," Tonks said without even glancing at a watch or clock; her eyes were still fixed on the man that had just threatened to kill Dumbledore. "I must be off."

It should go without saying that the scene that ensued when Tonks attempted to dress as quickly as she could did not fare well for the Auror. Because of the mind-blowing shag, her limbs were like jelly – wobbling uncontrollably. She fell down twice, one such fall knocked the lamp and various pictures off of the bedside table. When she finally finished, her boots were on the wrong feet and her bra was on the outside of her blouse with her knickers stuffed in the right cup of her bra.

"Gotta go," she muttered before apparating away.

The moment she vanished, Harry hopped up and threw on his pants. As he fastened his belt, a naked and glistening Luna opened the cupboard door.

"Are you really going to kill the Headmaster?" she asked breathily. Clearly she had put the dildo Harry had created to good use.

"If he happens to be between me and Hermione, yes," Harry answered, truthfully. He closed his eyes and activated his Semen Tracking Charm.

CMCMCM

In Grimmauld Place, Arthur Weasley had just woken up from his post-lunch kip. He had a naughty little dream where he, not one of his sons, had a harem. Stretching his arms over his head, he walked out of the library. The dream had caused a strong need in him. And this strong need was now trying its very best to poke a hole through the front of his trousers. Normally, Molly wouldn't help him with this physical desire, leaving him to resort to wanking himself like a teenager. However, since Molly was not a "one-drink witch" (if she had one drink, she'd have two. And if she had two drinks, she'd have three, and so on and so on), she was most likely inebriated. Perhaps Arthur could use his wife's intoxicated state to his advantage (which was pretty much the only times he's ever had sex with her). She would be more pliable to sweet nothings whispered in her ear. More importantly, he wouldn't have to wank.

Arthur gave a little shout of surprise when Tonks apparated with a loud crack directly in front of him. Like a shot, the wizard moved his hands to shield his erection from the cute, young Auror.

"Call an emergency meeting, right now!" she demanded.

"Are you alright, Tonks?" he asked, concerned over her highly disheveled appearance. She looked like she had just been thrown under the Knight Bus.

However, before Tonks could respond to Arthur's question, a bare-chested and shoeless Harry appeared behind them without a sound. He waved his wand and sent two Stunning Hexes at the witch and wizard. They dropped to the floor, out cold.

As Harry looked down at the two unconscious forms, he considered his options. He couldn't just leave them there. After all, Tonks knew where he was hiding, and he really didn't want to find a new place, especially after breaking in the master bed. And Harry didn't want to kill her – she was, after all, a nice shag. And her unique talents couldn't be sampled again if he kill her. He could simply adjust her memory and remove their encounter from her mind. But Tonks would still know that she had sex (mostly due to the soreness and the whole dripping man juice). Harry looked between the red haired man, obviously the father of those two inbreeds Harry had run across a few days previously, and Tonks. With a smile, Harry waved his wand once more, adjusting both the witch and wizard's memories. Another flick of his wand and the two bodies levitated and floated into the library. Now that that issue had been dealt with, Harry ran up the stairs to seek his buxom, big brained prize.

When Harry opened the only locked door, he found his witch dressed in some ridiculous outfit and being guarded (if one had the audacity to call it "guarding") by the red haired witch.

"Harry!" Ginny cried out in hope and love.

"Harry!" Hermione cried in fear and apprehension.

"Let's get you out of here," Harry said, walking to Hermione. "Luna's eager for your tongue."

He tapped his wand on a nearby chair and incanted "Portus."

"No, leave me alone, you foul beast!" Hermione said. The colors in her head whispered warnings to the young witch. Harry is bad, and evil, you should get away from him, they said.

Ginny, whose eyes were transfixed by the rippling, bulging muscles of Harry's chest (and the noticeable bulge in the front of his trousers)



rushed up to the wizard.

"Take me with you!" she begged. The thought of being with her cruel prince and her Mistress, the witch who had shown her true love, made Ginny's heart flutter.

Harry looked the red head up and down, clearly judging her worth. With a cold distain that most people used when talking about tiny, insignificant bugs, he said, "No. Go away."

The mean edge to Harry's voice sent a pleasant chill up Ginny's spine. Oh how his voice touched her. She only wished that he had back handed her as he said no. Ginny found herself wishing that Harry would say cruel things to her in this tone while Hermione beat the young witch with her precious crop... or perhaps, if Ginny was truly lucky: a chair leg!

Harry wrapped his hand around Hermione's wrist. The brunette tried to pull away, just as the colors had told her to, but Harry was too strong. The moment before Harry touched the Portkey, Ginny leapt through the air and quickly took hold of Harry's ankle. She would've grabbed Hermione's but she'd have to lift layers of pleats in order to do so and time was of the essence.

CMCMCM

Sweat dripped in big globs off of Dobby's long nose. It was long, hard work building the Great Harry Potter's hideout, but it was well worth it. The thought of how pleased Harry Potter would be with Dobby excited the little House-Elf like nothing had ever done before.

The framing for the grand hideout was now complete. Dobby had some trouble with the steel and glass necessary for the west wing, but the time he lost with those materials was made up when he built the south wing; the wood logs were much easier for him to work with.

Despite being ahead of schedule, Dobby had much work to do. He still had to finish the interior of the building and furnish it before he could show it to the Great Harry Potter.

CMCMCM

A second after they left Grimmauld Place, Harry, Hermione, and Ginny appeared in the master bedroom of number four.

Luna, with her nose crinkled in obvious disapproval and distaste, looked at Ginny and asked, "Harry, I really do appreciate that you've brought another witch so that I can watch you shag her, but why'd it have to be her? There has to be better choices out there than her."

"I didn't bring her," Harry snapped and pushed at the inbred red head with his foot, not daring to let her get close to him. As his heel pushed into her belly and nudged her across the floor, Ginny felt her sex flood with hot, sticky, wetness. Ignoring the red haired pest that he was pushing away with his foot, Harry said to Luna, "She tagged along without my consent."

"Perhaps she's a spy?" suggested Luna. "She might be attempting to find our new hiding place."

"I'm no spy," protested Ginny.

"If she is working for the Order, we'll have to take steps to make sure she can't tell them anything," Harry said.

With the delicious thoughts of what steps Harry could take, Ginny happily announced; "Wait, I lied, I am a spy. You should tie me up and interrogate me! Oh, gods, please interrogate me!"

"Get Hermione out of that ridiculous dress," Harry commanded Luna while idly waving his wand at Ginny. A coarse hemp-rope shot out of his wand and flew toward the masochistic witch. The red head had

tears of joy cascading down her cheeks as the rope that Harry conjured abrasively wrapped around her and tied her to a chair.

"What are you doing?" Hermione demanded as Luna began to unbutton the brunette's dress.

"Your outfit is far too constricting," the petite witch pointed out, "and much too concealing."

"Speaking of constricting, these ropes are a bit loose," Ginny spoke. "I mean I could wriggle free and escape. You don't want that, do you?"

"I insist that you stop!" Hermione hollered, pushing Luna's hands away from her overly sized dress. The colors in her head were shouting and screaming that Hermione should behave and be a good girl.

"But, Hermione, your clothes will only hinder our sex," Luna put forth and she fidgeted with the buttons of Hermione's large dress.

Harry waved his wand at Ginny and the ropes constricted. As the rough hemp dug into Ginny's flesh, the young witch took in a long, shuttering breath through her clenched teeth. The pain raced through her body and made her nipples harden and ache.

"Now call me a whore and piss in my mouth, Master," said Ginny dreamily and opened her mouth as wide as she could in order to give Harry a larger target.

Harry cocked an eyebrow and looked in disbelief at the strange bound girl while Luna continued her attempt to unbutton Hermione's dress.

Hermione slapped at Luna's hands and screeched; "SEX? YOU CRIMSON WOMAN! No, wait, I mean YOU SCARLET WOMAN! Yes,

that's it 'scarlet.'"

"Harry, I think there's something wrong with Hermione," Luna said with utter dread. The blonde took two steps back and stood next to Harry.

"There's absolutely nothing wrong with me, you foul strumpet!" snarled Hermione. "How dare you try to undress me. For sex! I am not a Scarlet Woman! I do not lower myself for simple physical pleasures!"

"Sweetie, you know that I don't give just 'simple physical pleasure,'" argued Harry, offended at Hermione's choice of words. "There's nothing 'simple' about what I do."

"You! You're evil and bad and wrong!" Hermione ranted at the wizard. The colors were spitting out foul curses and the brunette was obediently repeating them. "You're wicked and improper. And you need help to cure you vile ways!"

"And put some clothes on!" she barked. "You're naked! The human form should always be properly covered!"

At this point, Luna's attention bounced between Hermione and Harry, well, Hermione's face and Harry's crotch to be specific. In the blonde's mind, if someone had seen Harry naked like she and Hermione had, that person would long to see him naked time and time again. Rippling muscles, framed with just the right amount of hair (enough to run your fingers through not long enough to need a comb or weed-whacker). A firm, strong bottom that someone could gnaw on for hours on end (Luna made a mental note to put this theory to test in the near future). And then there's his willy: Luna could go on at how beautiful Harry's organ was. To her, it was inconceivable for anyone who had seen Harry in his naked glory not to wanting to see it again. But Hermione's command to have Harry cover up perplexed the blonde witch.

"Oh my God!" exclaimed Luna as realization as to the cause for Hermione's odd behavior dawned upon her. "She's been brainwashed!"

"Yeah, apparently Dumbledore tried some new treatment on her," offered Ginny. She then popped her mouth wide open again, hoping that someone would pee in it.

Harry's expression went cold. It was a look he only showed when someone was going to die a very slow, and incredibly painful death. They toyed with his Hermione. For that, they will pay.

To Be Continued

Author's Notes: I know a lot of people were upset with what's happened with Hermione. But don't worry, she will be "cured" shortly.

## Chapter Nine

Standard Disclaimer: Harry Potter and all characters are property of J K Rowling, Warner Brothers, Bloomsbury Books, Arthur A. Levine Books, Raincoast Books and Scholastic publishing, and are used without permission. This work was written purely for noncommercial entertainment; no money is being made.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad parody with over the top humor (most of this humor is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (Out Of Character actions). To reiterate; this is a parody with a great amount of sex jokes and sex scenes.

Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (femmeslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

I'm going to do this until someone points it out: the Ron bashing has been stripped of its commission and is now a Master Sergeant.

Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

Harry's anger over Hermione's brainwashing could be felt by all three witches gathered in the room. Although she was frightened, Hermione, in her programmed state, felt Harry's rage justified her classification that he was evil. While Luna was scared as well, she was also concerned that Harry was going to kill someone (which was what he wanted to do). However Ginny had a much different reaction to Harry's anger than the other two witches; the odd red-head was not frightened by Harry's anger in the slightest. Instead she wanted him to turn some of that rage upon her. She had a burning, sexual desire for Harry to kick her in the belly and spit in her hair.

"I know a simple 'Finite' won't work, but maybe we can jog her

memory somehow?" offered Luna, hoping to stem the young wizard's anger.

"How would you suggest we do that?" asked Harry, eager to get one of his favorite harem girls (in both realities) back to normal. Not only did he value her on a physical aspect (it wasn't just her fantastic body, she was the only woman – human woman, that is – that could "deep-throat" him and that, in itself, was invaluable) but she was wicked smart and wasn't afraid to stand up to him, characteristics that Harry admired. But now, in this mental state caused by Dumbledore's meddling, Hermione was of no use to Harry. Not only was Hermione a prude, but clearly she wasn't thinking right – spouting drivel about proper behavior and whatnot. Which meant two of the things that he liked most about Hermione were now gone and he wanted them back.

"Perhaps if we introduce, or rather reintroduce her to things that she's familiar with, the effects of the brainwashing will be reversed," Luna stated. "Much like a mudkild von der wok does when he wakes up from his summer long hibernation."

"That's a good idea," Harry said – truth be told, he had no idea what a something von whatever was, nor did he care. Acting upon Luna's suggestion, he hooked his fingers around the clasp of his trousers, intent on "reintroducing" Hermione to something she had become very familiar with. "Luna, get her out of those ridiculous clothes so we can 'heal' her."

"YOU FOUL LECHEROUS BEAST!" screamed Hermione, offended at such an implication.

"Harry, I don't think that would be wise," Luna said in her unique dreamy fashion. "I fear that such a shock may do more damage than good. In her current state, Hermione is vehemently opposed to any kind of sex. If you were to do what I think you're going to do-

"Bonk her," Harry interjected.

"That's what I thought," the blonde said with an introspective nod of her head. "I believe that bonking her will only cause her to react adversely. There's a very good chance that her conditioning will get worse.

"Rather, I think we should start small; take her to places that she's familiar with," offered Luna. "Like her parents' home."

"So you're hoping that seeing things from her childhood will help her break her conditioning," summarized Harry.

"I believe it's a start," the blonde amended. "First, we'll take her to her home, and if she's still under Dumbledore's conditioning, we can go to Hogwarts, even though that could be dangerous for us."

To heal his Hermione, Harry was willing to go back to Hogwarts. That, and he was looking for an excuse to run across Dumbledore just so that he could show the old man how much he "appreciated" what he did to Hermione.

"Fine, take me to my parents' home," Hermione boldly stated. "There'll you'll see the evidence that I am a good and innocent girl! Judging by the time, I can assure you that my parents are at work and not at home – I only wished they would be there just so you could see that I'm a good, proper, and innocent person like my Mother and Father."

Harry quickly threw on a black pullover and slipped on his boots before tapping one of the bed's pillows with his wand, incanting; "Portus."

As the magic worked on the pillow, Ginny, still bound to a chair, asked with pleading eyes, "Can I go with you to my precious Mistress' house?"



Harry told her that he didn't think it would be wise for the red-haired witch to join them on their trip. This response was not given so much with spoken words, but with more of a pushing her chair over so Ginny crashed to the ground, face first, with a loud thud. Basically, Harry didn't believe even talking to Ginny was worth his effort. Needless to say, the action of smashing onto the ground face first caused the red-head to have an earth shattering orgasm.

"Luna, you hold Hermione's hand and I'll hold yours," Harry said to the blonde witch. A second later, the three disappeared with a pop.

Left alone and tied to a chair on the floor, a quivering Ginny breathed out; "I love you, Master. Please, heal my loving Mistress."

CMCMCM

Meanwhile, in the library of number twelve Grimmauld Place, Arthur and Tonks slowly began to awaken. Their eyes fell upon each other and their faces instantly heated up. Each smiled warmly at the other, trying to find words for the thoughts and feelings they both were experiencing. Their bodies still tingled from their love making – or at least that's what they believed. The actual reason for their tingling sensations was the aftereffect of Harry's Stunning Charm. Well, Arthur's tingling stemmed from that, Tonks' came from the Stunning Charm combined with the wicked shag that Harry had given her.

When Harry had adjusted their memories, he had to incorporate the fact that Tonks had just been shagged. And since Arthur had been standing next to the young Auror when he stunned the pair, Harry used the older wizard to help cover his tracks. He altered Tonks' memory of their most recent shag by removing himself from her memory and inserted Arthur as a replacement. Harry took the time to position their bodies in such a way that they would wake up naked in each others' arms. Both Arthur and Tonks now believed that they shagged each other in a bout of blind passion.

"Hi," Tonks said lamely, finally breaking the awkward silence.

"Um, hello," Arthur returned, just as feeble.

For several moments, the two fell back into their uneasy silence. They both knew that what they had done was wrong: Arthur was a married man. But, at the risk of sounding clichéd, it felt so good for them. Arthur didn't like to admit it, but Molly had grown distant in a physical sense (that was a kindness on Arthur's part – the woman was never much into physical shows of affection; her preferred sexual position was to lie motionless on the bed like a dead fish). He felt ashamed to be so petty; after all, Molly was the mother of his children. But he still had needs, and Tonks was so young, so vibrant, so willing – not like Molly at all. Meanwhile Tonks was thinking of herself as a home-wrecker for having slept with Arthur.

They tried to move away from each other a few times, but the feeling of warmth and affection made them resist. However, this close connection caused Arthur's loins to stir. He finally broke away from Tonks and sat up. She, too, sat up and the two took their places on the opposite ends of the couch they had woken up on. Despite not touching her any longer, Arthur's arousal was still present. He so wanted to touch her again, to feel her wrapped around him.

As to not further betray his wife, Arthur desperately tried to divert his attention away from the young and very naked witch..

"I, ah, have to go to the Burrow," Arthur said. "Ron needs a talking to."

"Oh, really, about what?" asked Tonks, hoping to divert attention away from their indiscretions as well.

"He apparently has a harem," informed the older wizard.

"A harem, huh?" commented Tonks, in an awkward attempt to continue the casual conversation. "He's a lucky bloke."

"Yes, he is," agreed Arthur. He recalled his secret desire of having a harem when he had heard of his son's group of witches. Then, as if a divine light shone upon him, Arthur came to realize something: Tonks, with her metamorphmagus abilities, was a one woman harem. Gulping nervously, Arthur gazed upon the witch he believed he had just shagged and let his mind wander over the infinite possibilities that she promised. Why, one day she could be a copy of Hermione, complete with kinky brown hair and a buxom figure that men have worshiped since the dawn of time. And the next day, Tonks could conceivably change her appearance to that of Viola Parkinson, a lithe woman whose jet-black hair stood out in alluring contrast to her pale, milky flesh. Next, the Auror could look like Panchali Patil, an exotic beauty that had haunted Arthur's dreams for years.

As Arthur continued to ponder over the possibilities of having a metamorphmagus girlfriend, the arousal that he had hoped to dissuade a few moments before returned like a rampaging dragon. His slightly larger than average manhood stood tall, proudly pointing straight up at the ceiling.

"Blimey, you ready to go at it again?" Tonks said, impressed that a man of Arthur's age was so virile.

"Oh, sorry," Arthur said ashamedly. He snatched one of the couches pillows and placed it on his lap, shielding his erection from sight.

"I... I um should be going," Tonks said, and began to stand.

"Yes, you're probably right," he said.

Then their eyes met and Tonks saw the affection, admiration, and open desire in his eyes. When she had shagged Harry the day before, Tonks had experienced physical pleasure unlike she had

ever dreamed of. But now, gazing into Arthur's blue eyes, she saw something that Harry nor any other man had ever shown her before: love. It touched her, deep down inside. It made her feel whole. More than that; it made her randy.

Tonks licked her lips hungrily before pouncing on the wizard who was old enough to be her father.

CMCMCM

Across the street from the Granger residence, three oddly paired men hid under a strong Disillusionment Charm. Even though they were unseen, they were far from unheard.

"THE FLYING DEATH DOES NOT LIKE BEING INVISIBLE, BROTHERS!" the massive masked man bellowed.

"So you've told us fifteen times now," Lucius said less than wittily.

"Actually, that makes sixteen," Thorfinn said, clearly not amused by the situation.

"It does?"

"Yes, he said it once when you went to relieve yourself," informed Thorfinn.

"THE FLYING DEATH THINKS IT IS BENEATH HIM TO SNEAK UP ON HIS OPPONENT UNANNOUNCED LIKE SOME LOWLY PURSE SNATCHER! OOH YEAH!" the man shouted and flexed his arms over his head even though no one could see him. "THE FLYING DEATH WOULD RATHER FIGHT HIS OPPONENT FACE TO FACE, MANO A MANO, IN A FAIR FIGHT! OOH YEAH! WITHOUT PETTY TRICKS AND LOW BLOWS SUCH AS SNEAKING UP ON SOMEONE LIKE WE'RE DOING HERE, BROTHERS!"

"How can you of all people say that?" Lucius practically screeched like an ill-tempered hag. "You destroyed my house in a failed sneak attack against Wormtail! How can you claim that sneaking up on someone is beneath you when you have done exactly that with Wormtail?"

"BECAUSE TINY SILVER FISTED RAT MAN HAS MET THE FLYING DEATH ON A FAIR FIELD AND HAS PROVEN HIS WORTH! THE FLYING DEATH HAS ELEVATED HIS ATTACK BECAUSE TINY SILVER FISTED RAT MAN IS WORTHY OF SUCH A CHALLENGE!" the Flying Death paused to take in a deep breath before continuing – of course he was flexing theatrically at the time. "THE FLYING DEATH HAS NOT YET MET THIS FOUR-EYED MESSY HAIRE D BOY AND TO SNEAK UP ON HIM IS BENEATH THE FLYING DEATH! IF FOUR-EYED MESSY HAIRE D BOY PROVES HIMSELF A WORTHY OPPONENT, THEN THE FLYING DEATH SHALL ESCALATE HIS TACTICS, AS HE DID WITH TINY SILVER FISTED RAT MAN! WHOOOOO-O-O!"

"Wait, I just saw some movement inside the Muggles' home," interrupted Thorfinn.

Lucius snatched up his omnioculars and peered through the magical device. He pointed it directly at the Muggle home and began adjusting one of the many knobs located on the omnioculars. Soon, the walls of the house faded away until Lucius could see directly into the building.

"He's in there," Lucius said, his eyes narrowed on the young raven-haired wizard flanked by two witches.

"VERY WELL, I SHALL RETURN TO SNAKE-FACE MAN AND TELL HIM HIS OPPONENT IS HERE!" shouted The Flying Death as he retrieved the emergency Portkey the Dark Lord had given him. This portkey was designed to be simple enough so even the Flying Death could work it: a short length of rope that would activate when tugged

on both ends. But, before the muscular man could remove the rope from around his arm and activate it, Lucius launched his plan of revenge against the muscle-bound fiend who had destroyed his once regal home.

"And I thought the Flying Death wasn't afraid of a challenge," he mumbled under his breath, just loud enough for the brute to hear him.

"WHAT WAS THAT? DID YOU JUST QUESTION THE FLYING DEATH'S COURAGE, BROTHER?"

"Oh, damn, you weren't meant to hear that," Lucius said with false shame and regret.

"THE FLYING DEATH FEARS NO ONE!" he shouted while attempting to flex every single muscle as hard as he could. If he had not been invisible, the two Death Eaters would've seen veins bulging all over his arms and neck, looking as if they might pop like overfilled balloons at any moment.

"I know that you're brave," offered Lucius with a show of nervousness. "I just thought it was odd, seeing how courageous and noble you are, that you're going to return to the Dark Lord for help in dealing with one opponent. But then again, seeing how powerful Potter has become, I believe you're right; it'll be prudent of you to seek aid for dealing with him."

The Flying Death looked at the house across the street, weighing his options.

"I think you're wise not to challenge Potter to a one-on-one fight," Lucius continued, knowing his words were egging the brute on. "By erring on the side of caution, you're protecting yourself from great bodily harm. Potter is clearly too much of a challenge for you to face alone."

"REMOVE THIS SILLY INVISIBLE SPELL SO THAT MY OPPONENT, FOUR EYED MESSY HAired BOY, CAN SEE THE GLORY THAT IS THE FLYING DEATH!" he yelled at the two Death Eaters. Lucius' mask hid his triumphant smile as he canceled out the Disillusionment Charm on the Flying Death.

The large man let out an animalistic growl before shouting; "PREPARE YOURSELF, FOUR-EYED MESSY HAired BOY! FOR THE FLYING DEATH IS ABOUT TO RAIN PAIN AND SUFFERING UPON YOU! WHOOOO-O-O-O!

CMCMCM

The instant Harry and his two witches arrived in the living room of the Granger home, Hermione stated; "There, you see? No depravity here. No pornography, no books on how to take over the world, and definitely no sex toys. You will find that good, wholesome people live here. Not people like you sex-crazed evil degenerates!"

"But sex is fun!" countered Luna. "It's a great exercise, and it releases your body's natural endorphins. It's a win-win situation all around."

"You're wrong. Sex is foul and debasing," Hermione retorted. The colors aided her in her argument with the blonde Scarlet Woman by suggesting such statements as 'It's messy and mortifying' and 'Fornication reinforces a patriarchal society that strives to repress women.'

"Ladies, we didn't come here to debate morality," Harry spoke.

"Or lack there of," interrupted Hermione.

"We're here to help Hermione remember who she truly is," continued Harry.

"That's very interesting, because I've brought you here to show you that I'm like my parents, moral and wholesome," countered Hermione. She attempted to cross her arms over her chest, but the massive dress Mrs. Weasley had conjured made this task impossible – the enormous amounts of fabric and pleats hindered the witch from even holding her own hands in front of her, much less crossing her arms. After several seconds of fidgeting with her arms, the brunette settled with placing her hands on her hips. "They certainly do not go around having sex whenever they feel like, unlike some foul people I know! My parents know, like I do, you don't have sex unless you want to have a baby."

"So you're telling me that since your folks had one child that they only had sex once in their lives?" Harry asked, dubiously.

"Don't be silly! Even I know that sometimes a woman doesn't get pregnant on the first attempt," she snapped. "They probably had sex two or three times. Four tops. And I'm sure they felt rotten if they had to do it even that much."

"Oh come on, you never walked in on them when you were a kid?" he asked. "Never saw them playing a game of 'hide the sausage' while they thought you were asleep or out of the house?"

With Hermione's attention focused on Harry, Luna slinked off in hopes of finding something to trigger the brunette's memory. Luna was growing quite frustrated with the whole ordeal to be honest. It had been too damn long since she had Hermione's skilled tongue in her bottom. And thanks to this brainwashing predicament, it could be even longer until Hermione tongued Luna's hole.

"You can't tell me that you never once walked into their bedroom late at night because of a nightmare or you wanted a glass of water to find you mum and dad frolicking under the sheets?" continued Harry. "Or against the wall, which is loads of fun, not to even mention



against windows."

"My parents are not like you," Hermione said evenly, despite the colors in her head urging her to yell curses such as 'evil' and 'foul.' "They aren't wild animals who cave into their base carnal desires. They know that it's improper and wrong to have sex for pleasure. Once my Mother got pregnant with me, they stopped the foul act of sex right then and there and have not done it since, I can assure you."

"Oh, really? Then how do you explain this?" asked Luna, standing in front of the study, a few feet down the hall. "I just found your parents' sex room!"

"My parents do not have a sex room, you Scarlet Woman!" shouted Hermione as she stomped over to the blonde.

"Tell me, Luna, have you ever even seen a sex room?" asked Harry as he, too, walked to join the other witch.

"No, but I'm guessing it'd look something like this," Luna answered, pointing to the room.

Upon reaching the blonde and looking into the room which she indicated, Hermione scolded; "You ninny, this isn't a sex room! It should be obvious to any sane person that my parents are dentists by the items in this room!"

Harry peered into the study and saw that it had been turned into a museum to dentistry. Numerous tools lined the walls from very old looking pliers to more modern drills and everything in-between. The showpiece was an old dentist's chair located in the middle of the room. It had been clearly lovingly restored and the highly polished brass plaque on the back of the headrest read "McGuffin Industries 1929."

"My Father collects and refurbishes antique dentistry tools and equipment," explained Hermione, hotly. "My Father doesn't need to befoul himself with sex because he has a wholesome pastime like this."

"Sex is not befouling!" returned Luna, equally upset. Hermione had a sharp tongue (and Luna wanted it up her bottom, not flinging harsh words at her). "Sex is a downright hoot when done properly! And believe me; Harry can do it very, very properly! You weren't too shabby at it either, before Dumbledore brainwashed you!"

A loud shout like a battle cry from outside drew Harry's attention. "Did anyone else hear that?"

With a thundering crash, the front door exploded. Splinters and chunks of the destroyed door rocketed through the living room like bullets. Harry rapidly pulled out his wand and quickly cast a Shield Charm, effectively blocking the fragments of the door from hitting him or his witches.

A mountain of a man, wearing a wrestler's mask, charged through the ruined doorway, bellowing; "FOUR-EYED MESSY HAIRED BOY, IT IS TIME TO FACE YOUR DOOM AT THE HANDS OF THE FLYING DEATH!"

Harry didn't even blink an eye before firing off curses and hexes at the muscular mystery man (some were Stun Hexes while a few were curses of his own design intended to sever toes, thereby hobbling the target, and one that would permanently turn the target's eyes into sludge). However, the man's speed belied his massive size. He was a blur of motion and Harry couldn't get a bead on him. He bounced from wall to wall as if they were springboards.

Luna took hold of Hermione and dragged her into the study. Even if Moody had not taken her wand, the blonde realized that she was no match for this muscle-bound attacker. So she decided to take herself

and Hermione out of the fray. Besides, Harry was a skilled dueler – notwithstanding that none of his hexes had hit their target yet. Luna was confident that Harry would get the best of the mystery man in no time, or at least she hoped he would.

Bright bolts of magic from Harry's wand whizzed by the masked man, missing him by fractions of an inch as he bounced from wall to wall like some sort of acrobat, an acrobat who's spent the last ten years abusing horse-steroids. Knowing that he was the target, Harry began to jump out of the mystery man's path, but it was too late.

"OH YEA-A-A-AH!" the man shouted, jumping, feet first, at Harry. The Flying Death's heels collided with Harry's right shoulder painfully. A noise that sounded like air escaping a sealed mason jar, only much, much louder, emanated from Harry's shoulder. Like a shock of electricity, the pain from the blow raced up Harry's shoulder, neck and into his head. A blinding flash of white light erupted behind his eyes.

CMCMCM

"Lucius, are you mad?" Thorfinn demanded as he witnessed the muscle-bound brute smash his way into the Muggle home across the street. "Why did you antagonize the Flying Death like that? The Dark Lord wanted to attack Potter en masse with both of his duplicates."

"It was a regrettable mistake," said Lucius, attempting to hide the happy tone in his voice from his fellow Death Eater. If half of what Severus had said about Potter having "near omnipotent" powers was true, the savage beast who had destroyed Lucius' wonderful home would be dead in less than a second. Lucius resisted the urge to cheer when the Flying Death smashed through the Muggle's front door. The fool's death was imminent!

"We should apparate to the two other teams and lead them back here immediately," Thorfinn ordered over the sound of battle coming

from the Mudblood's house. "You go to our Master while I fetch his cowboy counterpart."

Lucius was trying to formulate a way to slow Thorfinn down. The more time the Flying Death had alone with a super powered Potter, the more likely it would be that the muscle-bound thug would die.

A cry of "HARRY, LOOK OUT!" came from the house.

"Wait a moment, this isn't right," Lucius said in honest disbelief. If Potter did have near cosmic power, he should've smote Flying Death instantly – even if the brute had surprised him.

Lucius' suspicions were heightened even more when he heard a man's scream of pain that clearly did not come from the Flying Death. Obviously it had been Potter that had cried out in pain. Lucius knotted his brow together as the sounds of battle increased.

Clearly, Severus was incorrect about Potter. If the boy had indeed done the impossible and completed his Epic Phan Pnixshun, he would've dispatched the brutish Flying Death by now. But the sounds of furniture smashing and shouts of pain emanating from the Mudblood's home told Lucius that Potter had not smote Flying Death. In fact, judging by the sounds, Lucius assumed that the Flying Death was whomping Potter. So, obviously Severus was wrong – Potter did not have cosmic powers. Perhaps that old Muggle-loving fool, Dumbledore, had realized that Severus was a spy and had fed the Potions Master misinformation about Potter for some unknown reason.

Whatever the reason Dumbledore might have had was irrelevant for the time being; Lucius saw a two-fold opportunity. Not only could he kill his Master's teenaged enemy and receive praise from the Dark Lord, but he could make sure that the Flying Death perished in the battle and be blameless.

"Wait a moment, Thorfinn," Lucius said. "I have a plan."

"Make it quick, Malfoy," urged the other Death Eater.

"As you can tell, the Flying Death is doing surprisingly well," began the blond wizard.

"Well then, Potter's just toying with him," offered Thorfinn. "Any moment now, Potter's going to turn the Flying Death into a pile of crap."

"True, but we can use this to our advantage. While Potter's attention is on the Flying Death, we can sneak up behind the boy," Lucius explained. Although he believed that Potter was not super-powerful, there was no time to convince Thorfinn. "Can you imagine how pleased our Master would be with us if we dispatched Potter?"

With the thoughts of praise and rewards flying through his head, Thorfinn spoke; "You're right! I can see it: we sneak up and cast Killing Curses at Potter while he's distracted!"

"Exactly," cheered Lucius as he and Thorfinn stood. As the two Death Eaters marched to the Mudblood's home, Lucius snickered to himself, knowing that one of his Killing Curses was going to "regretfully" miss Potter and end the Flying Death's miserable existence.

CMCMCM

Luna's panicked scream of "HARRY, LOOK OUT!" pulled the young wizard out of his pain-induced stupor. His eyes opened to find the massive man standing over him. The brute was swinging his fist towards Harry's head like two sledgehammers. With stars still sparkling in his eyes from the blow to his shoulder, Harry rolled just in time – the masked man's fists slammed into the ground and Harry could feel the shockwave of the impact from the strike reverberate

through the floor.

Harry gritted his teeth as pain akin to a raging fire raged through his arm. As he hopped up off of the ground, he quickly took in his right arm. It dangled uncontrollably from his shoulder, clearly torn out of its socket. A simple healing charm could fix it up right away. Unfortunately, the blow that dislocated Harry's shoulder also caused the wizard to lose his wand.

"THE FLYING DEATH WILL POUND FOUR-EYED MESSY HAIRED BOY INTO A STICKY PASTE!" the massive man shouted and began to swing his fist at Harry.

The injured wizard ducked. The blow from the man who called himself the Flying Death barely missed the top of Harry's head. He could feel his hair part as the Flying Death's large fist rocketed by.

Knowing that he had no time to search for his wand while this maniac tried to mash his skull, Harry dashed for the kitchen to find another weapon. However, Harry knew that even with a knife, he'd be no match for the Flying Death with his right arm out of commission. He needed to be able to use it. As he approached the doorway to the kitchen, Harry decided to try and fix his arm the old fashion way.

Just as he reached the doorway, Harry spun and threw himself backwards, slamming his injured shoulder hard against the doorjamb. A scream escaped Harry's lungs and stars once again erupted in his vision as the joint was painfully forced back into its socket. His vision suddenly started to darken. His arm, chest and most of his belly screamed out as the pain from his shoulder burned through his limb and torso. In order to remain conscious, the young wizard bit into his tongue hard enough to draw blood. The sharp, localized pain helped focus his mind from the fire that raged through the right side of his body.

His arm was not yet functioning fully; it still hurt like hell and moving it

caused even more pain. But it would have to do until he dealt with the Flying Death and retrieved his wand.

Spitting out a mouthful of blood, Harry quickly surveyed the kitchen. On the wall adjoining the hall, Harry spotted the knife rack which contained a very nasty looking carving knife right next to a large meat cleaver.

Just as Harry reached for the blades the entire wall exploded; the Flying Death rammed his body through it, sending chunks of the wall, counters, and the knives that Harry had been reaching for all across the kitchen. Before these fragments and blades even had a chance to hit the floor, the Flying Death swung his fists madly at Harry.

Outside the kitchen, Luna was desperately trying to find Harry's discarded wand. The blonde was on all fours, crawling over the debris in the now-ruined room, sifting through the wreckage, hoping to come across the wand.

Rolling in a ball, Harry tumbled out of the kitchen and back into the hall, his right arm still screaming in pain. He saw Luna crawling around and barked "Get back in the study!" He didn't want his witches to get caught up in this fight.

"WHOOO-O-O-O! THE FLYING DEATH HAS FOUR-EYED MESSY HAIRED BOY ON THE RUN!" the masked man shouted, bounding into the hallway after his prey.

Harry stood and spun to face his attacker.

CMCMCM

Lucius and Thorfinn scurried through the front garden of the Granger house and dashed into the building. Potter had his back turned to them and his attention on the Flying Death. As a unit, the two Death Eaters leveled their wands at the boy's back. Subtly, Lucius adjusted

his aim so that his Killing Curse would just miss Potter and hit the thug who had ruined his palatial home.

Two shouts of "AVADA KEDAVRA!" filled the house.

CMCMCM

The Flying Death's legs flexed and Harry knew the monstrous man was about to throw himself at him as he did before. Like a shot, Harry dropped down and to the side. As the Flying Death soared over Harry, two bright green bolts of magic, clearly Killing Curses, flew passed the masked man's head, missing him by inches.

Glancing quickly at the ruined entrance to the home, Harry saw two Death Eaters brandishing their wands and the Flying Death landing in front of them. Harry cursed his luck; now he had to deal with two Death Eaters and a steroid monster; all without his wand.

"STAND BACK BROTHERS," the Flying Death shouted to Malfoy and Thorfinn over his shoulder. The large man stood directly in front of the two Death Eaters and cried out; "THE FLYING DEATH WORKS ALONE! THIS IS ONE BATTLE THAT WILL NOT BE A TAG-TEAM MATCH!"

Harry smirked. With a little effort, he could turn the Flying Death's position to his advantage.

The black haired wizard leapt at his foe and his left fist shot out, directly at the Flying Death's large Adam's apple. Judging by the brute's size and build, Harry knew that this punch wouldn't do much damage. Even though he wouldn't hurt the Flying Death, Harry knew his target would recoil, and he was going to use that to help get rid of at least one of the Death Eaters.

Just as predicted, the Flying Death let out a bark-like choke, reeled backwards slightly, and involuntarily brought his hands up to defend



his neck. Then Harry moved onto the next part of his plan. With all of the power he could muster, Harry kicked the point of his opponent's chin. The blow caused the Flying Death's head to snap back. Next, Harry spun as fast as he could, sweeping his foot inches over the floor, directly at the Flying Death's ankle. Harry grunted as his foot crashed into his foe's Achilles tendon. This caused the muscular man to rise up his foot and reeled back even further. Now all Harry needed to do was push the masked man and gravity would do the rest of the work for him.

CMCMCM

While the Flying Death stood in front of him, Lucius considered hitting the brute with a Killing Curse and be done with it. However, he knew that he would have a difficult time explaining his actions. Hitting the Dark Lord's counterpart in a pitched battle is one thing, but to kill him when he was standing right in front of him was another. Once the savage reengaged Potter, Lucius had every intention of killing the giant lummo.

However, before Lucius got the chance to enact his simple and devious plan, Potter struck. From what little Lucius could see around the Flying Death's broad body, Potter moved like lightning. In the blink of an eye, Potter had hit the Flying Death three times and then pushed him. Lucius was so amazed at Potter's speed that he hadn't noticed that the Flying Death was tipping backwards, towards the blond Death Eater himself.

With a resounding crash, the Flying Death fell on top of Lucius. At that moment, Lucius knew with absolute certainty that his Master's muscle-bound counterpart weighed no less than four times more than a normal man. Lucius knew this because all of the Flying Death's fifty stone of muscle and bone landed right on top of him with the force of a herd of stampeding hippogriffs.

When Lucius' head hit the floor, his neck twisted roughly and a loud

pop and crack sounded. As the icy grip of death seize Lucius, his last thought was that of regret. He suddenly realized his one lament in life was that he didn't spend enough quality time with the two most important people in his life. 'I wish I could've gotten another go at the twins, Sandra and Laurel, one last time.' He then became very cold and everything went dark.

CMCMCM

While the other Death Eater looked at his fallen compatriot crushed under the enormous weight of the Flying Death in shock, Harry moved. With his left hand, he chopped the inside of the Death Eater's elbow of his wand arm, causing him to flinch involuntarily. Harry used this action of the flinch to his advantage. He grabbed the Death Eater's hand and wand with his right hand, and even though it caused him pain, Harry brought the Death Eater's wand to his face rapidly. Voldemort's minion let out a blood curdling scream as the tip of his own wand tore into and buried itself in his eye.

With his forefinger and thumb still wrapped around the Death Eater's wand, Harry shouted "Expelliarmus!"

This simple spell, when used normally, would knock an opponent's wand from his hand. But Harry knew from experience, that even simple spells can be lethal when used in the right manner. Since the tip of the wand was touching the back of the Death Eater's eye socket, the Disarming Spell knocked several sizable chunks of bone out and up, sending it though his brain – effectively shredding his brain.

As the second Death Eater fell to the floor, Harry held onto the wand and instantly began conjuring heavy chains and bound the Flying Death to the ground before the brute could recover.

"THE FLYING DEATH IS NOT SO EASILY DEFEATED!" the man boasted loudly as the corpse beneath him expelled its bowels. The

Flying Death strained against the thick, heavy chains that bound him and cursed, "YOU, FOUR-EYED MESSY HAIRED BOY, WILL SCREAM AND BEG FOR MERCY! OOH, YEAH! YOUR PAIN AND SUFFERING WILL BE LEGENDARY! WHOOOO-O-O-O!"

Harry waved the wand once more; this time conjuring a lead cannon ball in midair, directly over the Flying Death's head. Harry turned his back as the fifty pound ball fell.

"OW!" the Flying Death exclaimed before blacking out.

"Are you two okay?" Harry asked Luna and Hermione.

"I'm fine," Luna said meekly. "I found your wand, finally."

"Thanks," he said and took his wand from the blonde, discarding the dead Death Eater's.

As he waved his wand over his injured shoulder, silently casting various healing charms, Hermione scolded; "Do you see what your evil ways has wrought? Look around you! My parents' home is destroyed! Your foul depravity and actions led these fiends here and you destroyed everything! Why, judging by you disposition, I wouldn't be surprised if you got some kind of perverse sexual thrill-"

Having had enough, Harry pointed his wand at Hermione and launched a Stun Charm at the brainwashed brunette. Thankfully, the voluminous dress that she was wearing had cushioned her fall and Hermione was not injured.

"Was that necessary?" Luna asked.

"Yes; it's also necessary that you take Hermione up to one of the bedrooms, lock the door and don't come out until I come and get you," Harry ordered and began waving his wand in intricate patterns, magically repairing the damage to the house. He knew that the

ruckus the battle cause may have alerted the neighbors. And if these neighbors looked out their windows and saw a gapping hole in the front of the Granger home, they would undoubtedly call the police. Once the damage was repaired, Harry cast a Featherweight Charm on Hermione so that Luna could carry the unconscious witch up the stairs.

"What are you planning on doing?" the blonde asked, picking up the other witch by the shoulders.

"I'm going to ask the Flying Death a few questions," he replied with a smile that warned Luna of his intentions. "Questions that he may be opposed to answering without some 'encouragement' from me."

"Oh," said Luna meekly. She really didn't want to think about what Harry was going to do.

While Luna took Hermione up the stairs, Harry checked on the Flying Death and the two Death Eaters. As he assumed, both of the Death Eaters were dead and the Flying Death was merely unconscious. Harry waved his wand over the massive man and levitated him into the Granger's study. Once there, he set the Flying Death on the antique dentist chair and redoubled the chains. To be on the safe side, Harry added several body binding hexes, rendering him utterly immobile.

If everything was going to happen the way Harry thought it would, the Flying Death would be screaming in a short matter of time. Knowing that Luna was not accustomed to screams, Harry placed a Silencing Charm on the walls of the study for the blonde's comfort. Then, he woke up his prisoner.

"YOU WILL SUFFER!" the Flying Death immediately shouted. It was clear that the brute tried to struggle and break free, but the various charms and chains prevented any movement besides his jaw and mouth.

"Give it a rest why don't you?" asked Harry, browsing through the tools displayed on the wall of the study. The pair of old pliers caught his eye. As he took them down, he said to the Flying Death, "I'm going to ask you some questions. About who you are, what your plans are, where's your base of operations, and so forth. And you'll answer each and every one of them."

"THE FLYING DEATH WILL NOT GIVE FOUR-EYED MESSY HAIRED BOY THE SATISFACTION!"

"Oh, I think you'll change your tune once I tug one of your teeth out of your skull," said Harry, standing over the Flying Death, displaying the pliers.

The Flying Death eyed the tool and snarled, "FOUR-EYED MESSY HAIRED BOY DOESN'T HAVE THE-"

What ever insult he had in mind was cut off when Harry tapped his wand on the Flying Death's jaw and invisible hands pried his mouth open.

"Now, I'm going to do a test run and yank out one of your teeth for two reasons," Harry said, leaning over the bound man. "The first is to show that I do, in fact, have what it takes. The second is so that I can practice. You see it is tricky pulling teeth with an old pair of pliers; if I use too much force in my grip I'll shatter the tooth. But if I don't have enough strength in my hold, the pliers will slip off the tooth."

Carefully, Harry put the pliers in the Flying Death's mouth and a moment later, the brute let out a scream as his left primary molar was crushed.

"See, I told you if I applied too much force I'd shatter the tooth," Harry said over his prisoner's scream with a mock show of regret. "Oh well, it looks like I'll just have to do another practice run."

CMCMCM

Meanwhile, at the Wizengamot, the new Minister for Magic, Percy Weasley, was giving his acceptance speech to the gathered members of the Ministry and numerous reporters. His address was rousing to say the least. The speech, peppered with bold statements including "We shall purge the evil that plagues this great nation!" and "Times ahead will be harsh, but we are a brave and noble people and we will persevere!" had many Wizengamot members on their feet, cheering and exclaiming Minister Weasley's courage. Many were bowled over and empowered by the fact that Weasley did not hesitate or stutter when he bravely spoke Voldemort's name aloud, unlike his predecessor.

Besides being a fantastic speech that gave people hope, two things were unique about it; the first being that Percy had no notes or prepared script from which he read. He spoke openly from his heart. The second unique thing wasn't connected to the speech, it was however hidden in the podium from which Percy stood and was giving him a discreet blow-job while he spoke. You see, Mandy had been so turned on by the startling revelation of Percy's appointment, that she couldn't help herself. As he marched to the Wizengamot, Mandy kept attempting to kiss and fondle the new Minister. The power of Percy's new position acted as a powerful aphrodisiac for the witch and she couldn't help herself. Mandy was so randy that she even snuck into the hollow of the podium and promptly began fellating Percy when he started his speech.

Normally, when a man is receiving head, he finds it a touch difficult not grunting or groaning – especially near the end. But Percy drew upon Mandy's ministrations and the passion he felt from her mouth and tongue and added this empowerment to his speech. He turned what normally would've been a handicap (grunting doesn't help much when speaking to the public – unless the public is made up of trolls) and used it to his advantage. With the help of Mandy's talents, Percy

channeled his passion and confidence into his speech.

When he came, Percy threw up his arms high over his head and shouted "VOLDEMORT WILL NOT SUCCEED! WE SHALL TRIUMPH OVER HIS EVIL!" The happy shouts and exuberant cheers from the crowd reverberated off of the walls as he unloaded himself into Mandy's mouth.

The members of the Wizengamot who had nominated Weasley, all of whom were Death Eaters in secret or their supporters, smiled to themselves, confident that Weasley was in their pocket. These Death Eaters each knew that Weasley's display of a new found ability to play the public would aid the Dark Lord when the proper time came.

CMCMCM

As quietly as he could, Ron crept out of his room. Well, as quietly as someone with two wands shoved firmly up their urethra can get – tiny, weak whimpers escaped his throat with each painful step. Ron had tried to remove the pieces of wood from his abused body, but the wands were jammed deeply and securely. Naked and still covered in various forms of filth, the besieged red-head slowly closed his door behind him, silently praying to TPTB that the door not squeak and awaken the five hideous witches that had appointed themselves his harem for some ungodly reason.

The five witches had used and abused Ron in many foul ways until they had all exhausted themselves again, and Ron seized this opportunity to make his escape. Of course Ron was no fool (obviously Ron was an idiot to believe he wasn't a fool), he couldn't just make a mad dash for the front door and run to safety; at least not while he was naked, covered with filth and waste, and with two wands sticking out of his bits. He had no intention of alerting anyone to his shame by running out of the Burrow in his current state. So Ron decided to sneak up into the attic. He was planning on scouring through the many storage trunks to find some old discarded clothes,

then carefully finding a way to remove the two very painful wands and finally making his escape.

The trapdoor to the attic creaked slightly when Ron opened it, but the only sound he heard was the rattling snores of the ghoul that lived in the space above his room. Breathing a sigh of relief, the young wizard crawled into the attic.

As he searched through trunk after trunk (all of which seemed to be filled with baby clothes and therefore unsuitable), Ron once again contemplated what he had done to deserve such punishment. He had clearly somehow offended TPTB judging by the pains he had suffered. He quickly discounted his ill mannered nature, laziness, and seductions of Hermione and Luna because he believed those qualities and actions to be his strong points, and would have been commended, not punished.

While Ron rummaged through the tenth box, the ghoul rose from his slumber. What Ron had not and could not have known was the smell of his fear, Millicent's vaginal discharge, Violet's urine, and Marigold's fecal matter –all of which still clung to his head and body – had combined. And this blended aroma was very much like the scent that female ghouls give off during mating season, and this foul mix had roused the ghoul in more ways than one.

The only warning Ron got was a loud, animalistic grunt before he was introduced into a whole new world of pain and discomfort. If someone had the misfortune of witnessing what occurred in the attic that day, they could've assumed that the ghoul was assaulting Ron. Of course, to have come to this conclusion, this person would have to be terribly naive and would've convinced themselves that the ghoul was using his pelvis to savagely beat Ron's naked backside. A small whimpering voice in the back of Ron's head pointed out that the Ghoul, while now banging Ron, normally could bang the pipes for hours at a time. The savage pounding action caused the two wands to inflict even more pain in Ron's stunted willy. He began to sob



uncontrollably as the Ghoul continued to ravage the redhead.

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The Flying Death was full of useful information. In fact he was a veritable fountain. He had supplied Harry with the location of Voldemort's new base, why Voldemort was out for Harry (apparently, Voldemort was under the impression that Harry was immensely powerful – which Harry believed could be used to his advantage), the Portkey Rope that was designed to take him back to Voldemort's base, and an interesting little tidbit regarding the Summoning Sapphire. During the course of his interrogation, Harry was forced to pull one tooth after another until the Flying Death was left with only three teeth.

"That was very helpful, thank you," Harry said patronizingly to the Flying Death, who was whimpering in pain. "However, since I like the idea that Voldemort thinks I'm super powerful, I can't just let you run free. I mean, you'd just tell him that I wasn't extremely powerful. And I can't have that."

Harry waved his wand at the Flying Death's neck and once again he was a fountain – this time spraying the room with his blood rather than spewing information.

As the Flying Death died, Harry strolled to the two Death Eater corpses. He removed their masks and transfigured their bodies into bits of parchment before lighting them on fire (it was one of the more effective ways of dealing with corpses that Harry knew). With masks in hand, Harry walked into the now gore covered study. He cast a Sticking charm on each of the Death Eater masks before attacking them to the Flying Death's chest. Then Harry retrieved the Portkey which had been tied around the dead man's bicep, and placed a Sticking Charm on it as well. After wrapping the Flying Death's hands around either end of the Portkey, Harry waved his wand and forced the dead body's arms to move, tugging on the rope and activating the

Portkey. The young wizard smiled to himself, hoping that Voldemort would like his subtle message.

Once the Flying Death's body disappeared, Harry magically cleansed the study, erasing any trace of foul play. Finally, he marched up the stairs and found his two witches.

"We're leaving," he said briskly and made a Portkey. The three arrived back in the master bedroom of number four Privet Drive.

"Is she all right? Is my Mistress herself again?" Ginny asked desperately, still tied to the chair and lying on the floor. The red-head wanted them to say yes. More than that, she wanted her Mistress to wake up and beat her silly with her lovely crop.

"This isn't good," Luna whimpered. "Now we have the Order of the Phoenix and Death Eaters after us. How are we going to heal Hermione?"

"This is how," Harry said. He conjured a chair and placed the unconscious brunette on it. Then he magically bound her to it. Finally, he cast Rennervate, waking her up.

Hermione's head snapped up and began hurling insults once again, as if she had not been stunned at all.

"You foul degenerate! Scum. You're nothing more than a villainous monster who only thinks of sex and physical pleasure!"

"I've had enough of this shite," snapped Harry angrily. He waved his wand and magically shrunk the legs of the chair so that Hermione's face was level with his waist. As Harry unlatched his trousers, the colors in Hermione's head began to scream.

'FOUL!' 'DEGENERATE!' 'HE'S AN EVIL MAN!' and so forth.

Listening to these shouts, Hermione steeled herself. Regardless of this evil version of Harry's best efforts, she would not succumb. She would prevail, with the aid of the colors that Dumbledore instilled in her, over Harry's impending assault. He could do his worst to her, but Hermione would remain a pure, chaste, good girl!

She held onto this belief for a whole second after Harry pulled his organ free from his trousers. The brunette witch stared at his meat with wide, wonder filled eyes.

'No, turn away,' the colors implored.

'Be a good girl and don't look,' they begged.

'But... but that's a huge cock,' Hermione argued internally. The young witch seemed confused. She wanted to do as the colors told her, but that huge cock dangling in front of her eyes was a work of fine art. To turn away from such a beautiful masterpiece would be an offence to TPTB and the fine work They put into said huge cock.

'Don't give in,' the colors prayed.

'Be a good girl,' they repeated.

And Hermione listened. Despite the fact that it was a huge cock, Hermione redoubled her efforts and turned away from that beautiful hunk of trouser basilisk.

However, Harry had a plan and this plan did not include Hermione looking away. So, with his left hand, Harry took hold of Hermione's head and turned it so that it faced his bits.

"Harry, do you think this is wise?" asked Luna nervously.

"We can't waste time gallivanting around the country in hopes of curing her, not with two groups chasing after us," he answered.

'Close your eyes!' the colors shouted in Hermione's head. Before acquiescing to their commands, Hermione took a half second to take in that huge cock once more. Not to do so seemed wrong on several levels.

While still holding her head firmly in place, Harry placed his other hand around the base of his organ. He wielded the limp member like a whip and slapped it across Hermione's face, hitting her right cheek and dragging it across her nose and lips.

Her eyes fluttered, threatening to open involuntarily. The scent of his organ filled her nose like some exotic spice. The warmth of his rod made her closed lips tingle.

But still the colors persisted. 'He's a foul monster!' they said. 'Don't give him the gratification!'

'But that's a really big cock rubbing against my face,' Hermione told the colors. To her, the size, warmth and scent of the organ allowed this point of contention.

'Don't be a Scarlet Woman!' they scolded.

Obedying the colors and the proper behavior they preached, Hermione squeezed her eyes and mouth shut even more.

Harry slapped her once again, this time striking the left cheek and dragging it across her face. This process caused blood to flow into Harry's sizable organ. And as his willy throbbed and burned on her face, one of the colors announced:

'Wow! That is a big cock.'

'Don't you start,' another color yelled at the first.

'I'm just saying that it's a really big cock, is all,' the first defended. 'I'm not saying Hermione should be a Scarlet Woman and part her lips slightly so she can feel that big cock on the front of her teeth and gums am I?'

And that's exactly what Hermione did. The mere suggestion combined with the hot, meaty goodness dragging across her face was the excuse she needed. She parted her lips and the beefy organ pushed against her lips and gums, filling her mouth with that exotic spice.

'Look what you did,' a color snapped at its compatriot. 'Now she'll stick out the tip of her tongue to taste it!'

'You shouldn't have said that,' another color said, regrettably, because, as with the other joking suggestion, Hermione eagerly leapt at the chance.

The veins of his shaft grazed across the tip of Hermione's tongue. The taste of him rocketed through her mouth, down her throat and into her belly, making it clench up like a fist.

'No, Hermione, that's not like you,' a color pleaded. 'That's a bad and naughty girl who has sex for nasty pleasure instead of its sole and proper purpose of making babies!'

Remembering what she thought were her values, Hermione withdrew her tongue and sealed her mouth shut once again. But the brief taste of his manhood lingered and the naughty places in her mind and bits yearned for more.

From her position on the floor, Ginny heard the repeated slapping of flesh. She didn't know what her black-haired Master was slapping her loving Mistress with. Whatever it was, it sounded much thicker and heavier than her Mistress' exquisite crop nor did it have the same glorious firmness of it. Regardless of the fact that it wasn't her

Mistress' crop, Ginny wanted to see what her cruel Master was beating her Mistress with. Perhaps, if Ginny was lucky, after her Master was finished with his punishment, her Mistress could wield the mystery tool and whip the masochistic witch like a bad dog.

Luna couldn't help but lick her lips at the sight before her. Harry's willy was growing harder and larger by the second. On the third slap, it was now hard enough to nudge Hermione's nose to the side as it passed. The fourth slap had produced a small amount of precum, leaving a tasty tail of clear liquid just under the brunette's nose, above her lip.

It was hanging there; a lasting reminder of his musky aroma, just under Hermione's nose! Her tongue danced behind her teeth, daring to dash out of her mouth to sample the warm liquid on her lip.

'This is wrong!' a color screamed. 'Harry's actions are vile and evil!'

Hermione struggled to obey the voices in her head, but the liquid of Harry's love was filling her nose with his beautiful scent! Tiny beads of sweat broke out all over the witch's face as Harry's organ slapped against her cheek for the fifth time.

With the pressure in his loins building up, Harry whacked his hardening manhood across Hermione's face once again. He needed his witch back – not only for the sex, but in her current state, Hermione was addled and her marvelous intellect was distracted by the utter nonsense that Dumbledore had implanted. He hoped that the sensation of his willy smacking her face would force Hermione's true self to reappear, not this preachy prude. And to be honest, slapping his cock across her face was a thrill, so not only was it necessary, it was entertaining to the wizard as well.

The sounds of the tool whipping her Mistress made Ginny wonder at to the identity of what tool her Master could be wielding. When he first began his loving punishment, the tool sounded limp, similar to

how Ginny imagined a sock stuffed with pudding would sound. But now, the mystery item was hitting her Mistress' face with a dull, almost meaty, thud. Ginny strained her neck, trying to get a glimpse at her Master's tool (not knowing that it was, in fact, his tool).

Harry continued to whack the brainwashed witch over and over again until his organ became hard as steel. It was at this point that Hermione's resolve faltered. On the next pass, she opened her mouth wide.

'NO! DON'T DO IT, HERMIONE!' the colors screamed.

'THAT'S THE ACT OF A SCARLET WOMAN!'

'FIGHT IT! DON'T LET HARRY'S FOUL DEEDS CORRUPT YOU!'

'Oh, shut the fuck up,' Hermione told the colors as she tried to wriggle free from Harry's grasp. 'That's one big cock and it's just simply wrong not to do this!'

Harry looked down and saw Hermione, her eyes close but her mouth open, attempting to pull free. Eager to see if his plan had worked, he let her loose. With her head now freed, Hermione move forward and swallowed Harry's impressive organ whole. She shoved it into her mouth and pushed it down her throat until the wizard's pubic hair tickled her nose and his scrotum pressed against her chin.

"Oh, fuck me! That feels so-o-o good!" exclaimed Harry as his witch's throat worked on him, contracting and massaging his organ.

The colors screamed in protest. But somehow, their cries did not reach Hermione, not like they had before. Now, the colors sounded like voices drifting from another room; they were muted and distorted. When Hermione pulled back for air, all she heard was a whimper from the colors before they died out completely.

"Hi, Harry, did you miss me?" she asked before throwing herself back on his rod.

"More than words, baby," he said and ran his fingers through her bushy hair while she gobbled up his manhood.

"I missed you, too," added Luna, on the verge of tears. The blonde was overjoyed at the thought of having Hermione, and more importantly – Hermione's tongue, back.

Pulling back once more, Hermione said to Luna, "Get your bottom clean. Once I'm done with Harry, I'm going to show you how much I missed you."

Unlike Ron who had no recollection what had occurred when he was running around in a makeshift loin cloth referring to himself as "Ron the Magnificent," Hermione's superior brain retained everything that had been done to her. She remembered clearly that both Dumbledore and Molly Weasley had attempted to change her, to make her into a different person simply because they could. Dumbledore, with his so-called infinite wisdom and patience, brainwashed her, adjusting her thoughts and feelings just because he thought the young witch may have been corrupted. The old bastard hadn't even taken the time to ask Hermione a single question; he just charged ahead and took control of her mind simply because he could. And the fact that Molly used Dumbledore's tactics to instill a ridiculous set of inane morals enraged Hermione even further. That woman had no right to interfere with Hermione whatsoever!

However, Hermione had a more pressing issue to deal with prior to Dumbledore and Molly; that being Harry's heavy manhood bobbing in front of her face, dripping with her spit. Once she dealt with Harry, she'd decide what to do with Dumbledore and Molly. Then Hermione saw Luna applying "Harry's Bum Mint Foaming Gel" to her own bottom in anticipation of the brunette's tongue. 'Okay, I'll deal with the



old man and the frigid cunt after I suck off Harry and tongue Luna,' Hermione amended internally. But then Hermione's eyes drifted to Ginny and she recalled how the red-head had begged Hermione to beat her. A naughty part of Hermione so wanted to fulfill Ginny's wish – not only because she was a Weasley and therefore deserved to be beaten, but the sense of power that it gave Hermione thrilled her and made her heart pound with excitement. And of course, since she was thinking of the Weasleys, her mind wandered to Ron and his new harem. That frigid cunt's shrill voice had told everybody in Grimmauld Place about Ron's new blessing. Truly, the cosmos was an unfair and cruel place. How could that dickless ponce have a harem when Harry, a sex-god in mortal form, didn't have one? Hermione realized that she had to correct this great injustice, it was imperative. Therefore, her plans for Dumbledore and Molly would have to wait until these other, more important, issues were handled.

Focusing her attention back to the wonderful organ in front of her face, Hermione's tongue darted out and lapped up a thick string of her own spit that was threatening to fall off of Harry's tip. "Do you know who else I missed," she said after swallowing her spit, looking up at Harry.

"Was it me?" asked Ginny, hopefully still tied to the chain on the floor.

"Why the hell would anyone miss you, you worthless skank?" returned Hermione without even bothering to look in Ginny's general direction. "I rather have festering boils develop between my toes before I'd miss you."

"A-ah," a shuttering breath escaped Ginny's lips. With tears of happiness flowing freely down her cheeks, the red-head muttered in a joyful sob as she passed out from the strength of her orgasm, "Th-thank you, Mistress."

"Get me out of this ridiculous outfit, Harry, I want to say 'hello' to my girls," requested Hermione.

More than happy to oblige, Harry pulled out his wand and waved it over Hermione, removing both her outfit and the invisible ropes that had bound her to the chair.

Now completely naked, Hermione cuddled her breasts like the precious things they were, and spoke affectionately, cooing to them, "Hullo babies, did you miss Mummy?"

She hoisted up her left tit and kissed her nipple before repeating the action with her right. While still holding her right boob, Hermione let the left drop and took hold of Harry's summer sausage. She guided Harry forward and touched his crown to her right nipple. Playfully, she rolled the spongy head over her hard nipple, dragging it over the nub and areola. After a few moments, Hermione switched hands and lifted up her left tit; so that she could continue this play on her other nipple.

"This is fun and all, but I prefer your mouth," said Harry.

"My, aren't we impatient," she said with a sultry smirk.

With a very wet "GRRK" sound, Hermione impaled her mouth, throat and face on his willy once more. The "GRRK" sound was followed by even more wet sounds like "THHK" "RGGT" and "WHOOOMP" as Hermione pushed back and forth, shoving and pulling his organ in and out and up and down.

He filled her up and Hermione basked in it. She could feel every bit of him as she forced his willy down her throat again and again. His taste and warmth made her sex flood and ache. The witch groaned and moaned on him, knowing the vibrations did wonders for him.

The brunette continued to what is sometimes referred to as "throat-shag" Harry for quite awhile. When Harry finally did reach the heights of ecstasy, Hermione's face was rather messy; various

liquids such as her and Harry's sweat, her saliva and his ejaculate dripped in great globs off of her nose, lips, chin, and cheeks.

Still panting, Hermione said, "Luna, get your bottom over here right now. It's high time we gave Harry that show!"

What Hermione hadn't noticed until she finished her command – because she had been so focused on Harry's manhood – was that Luna was already on the bed on all fours, cleaned out, with her bottom wiggling up in the air, waiting impatiently for Hermione's talented tongue.

To Be Continued

## Chapter Ten

Standard Disclaimer: Harry Potter and all characters are property of J. K. Rowling, Warner Brothers, Bloomsbury Books, Arthur A. Levine Books, Raincoast Books, Scholastic publishing, et al, and are used without permission. This work was written purely for noncommercial entertainment; no money is being made or asked for.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad parody with over the top humor (most of this humor is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (Out Of Character actions). To reiterate; this is a parody with a great amount of sex jokes and sex scenes.

Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (femmeslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

Major Ron and general Weasley bashing ahead.

Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

Harry had seen many wondrous things in his life and considered himself to be a worldly man. Back in his home reality, he had seen a herd of hippogriffs attack and eat a dragon; the ferocity of the moment chilled even his cruel heart. The refracted colors of captured light of the morning sun made the Crystal Waterfall of Glasgow, a creation of the King himself, a wondrous thing to behold and made Harry marvel.

But not a single experience in his life came close to preparing him for what he witnessed in the master bedroom of number four Privet Drive. It was simultaneously humbling and inspiring for the young wizard. He watched with his eyes and mouth open wide in wonder and awe.

"Oh Merlin, Hermione, your tongue feels so very fantastic in my bottom!" cheered Luna. "This is so wonderful!" the blonde cried out. Harry couldn't agree more.

Harry had seen many a rim-job before, but the Hermione from this reality was nothing short of an artist. She was the Picasso of arse-licking, the Michelangelo of analingus, the Da Vinci of rimming. Her tongue was the brush and Luna's hole was the canvas and what was created was a masterpiece. He was so impressed that even though he had a steel-like erection, Harry did not push Hermione out of the way and use said erection on Luna's freshly tongued hole. He was more than content to watch Hermione, an absolute Master, at work.

At first, the tip of Hermione's tongue rolled around Luna's tight hole while the brunette pulled the witch's cheeks wide apart with her hands. Then her surprisingly long, strong, and nimble tongue had penetrated Luna's tight opening and was now wriggling about in the blonde witch's cavity.

Luna, being a self-described "arse-girl," had her first orgasm shortly after Hermione began to move her tongue inside her. After Luna recovered, Hermione decided that even though the blonde had cum rapidly, extra effort was required. While continuing to tongue her "no-no" hole, Hermione used her fingers to jab, poke, prod, rub, pinch, and caress Luna's sex. The odd Ravenclaw was no match for both Hermione's tongue and fingers. In a matter of seconds, Luna was crying out orgasm after orgasm.

When all was said and done, Hermione licked her lips and smiled at Harry.

"That was amazing," Harry said. He was moved.

"Let's take care of that, shall we?" the brunette said, nodding to

Harry's impressive organ. She spat on the bulbous tip and wrapped her fingers around the base – or at least as best as she could do in gripping his sizable girth. Then, gently guiding Harry by his manhood, she made him stand and led him to Luna's posterior. Continuing her hold, she helped Harry push into Luna's rectum.

"That's just so pretty," Hermione said, watching intently how Harry's big rod pushed and stretched Luna's bum.

"I can assure you that it feels very, very pretty!" Luna stated.

"Harry, I'm going to swallow your cock once you pull out," Hermione said. "I want to taste Luna's arse on your meat."

"Oh-ho! That just sent a shiver up my spine!" cheered Luna. "Well, a different shiver than the one cause by Harry's organ stuffed in my bottom. Please, Hermione, continue talking dirty!"

"She's going to be too busy using her mouth for other things," Harry said pulling out of Luna. He turned and presented his organ to Hermione. The brunette looked up at him with a wicked glint in her eyes and a naughty smile on her lips before engulfing his large manhood effortlessly. She bobbed twice, shoving his crown deep down her throat. When she pulled away, a thick string of saliva connected her lips to his crown and great globs of spittle fell from her lips and his member. Grinning, Harry said, "Now you can talk dirty."

"Let me get Luna's hole wet for your fat, juicy cock," she said.

"Another delightful shiver!" stated Luna. When Hermione began licking and probing the blonde's bum, Luna repeated with a rapturous squeal, "Another shiver!"

The moment Hermione was out of the way, Harry plunged himself into Luna. With one rapid push, he buried his entire length into her bottom. The sound Luna made was a cross between a shout of joy

and a squeak of surprise. Harry pulled back only to slam back into her. He repeated this motion, pulling back and slamming home, again and again. The master bedroom of number four was filled with the sounds of masculine grunts, feminine cries, and skin rhythmically slapping against skin.

While caressing Luna and Harry's thighs, Hermione told her two lovers about the shocking news she had learned while captive at Grimmauld Place. "Ron has a harem."

"When I – UGH – said I liked – OH – dirty talking – WOW – that wasn't what – SNORKACK! – I had in mind!" Luna said while Harry pummeled her bottom.

"It wasn't meant to arouse or excite you," said Hermione. "On the contrary, it should disgust you as it does me."

"What does it matter if that ginger has a harem? He shouldn't be of any concern to you," Harry asked, not pausing in the slightest in his piston-like motions.

"It concerns me because that dickless ponce has a harem of five witches while you only have the two of us!" argued Hermione.

"SHE'S – OH, GOD – RIGHT! THAT WILL – SNORKACK – NOT DO!" shouted Luna in a combination of passion and rage; passion of the orgasm that had just rocked her and rage over what Hermione had said.

"There Ron is, with his puny less than a small boy-dick with five witches, while you, with your massive, throbbing, beef-stick combined with your incredible technique, have only two. It's a travesty! I will not stand for it. The first chance we get, we will add witches so that your harem will dwarf Ron's!" Hermione said firmly.

"I do have standards you know. I won't just accept any witch off the

street," informed Harry, continuing to pummel Luna.

"Of course we won't just accept any witch. We won't sacrifice quality for quantity," said Hermione, as if such a notion was evident.

"How – GOLLY, THAT FEELS FANTASTIC! – how about – WOW! – Fleur Delacour?" Luna asked between thrusts.

"I don't like her very much," admitted Hermione. "She's a snob."

"But she's – MY OH MY – very attractive," argued Luna. "I think Harry would –SNORKACK – rather like shagging her."

"Who's this Fleur bird?" asked Harry.

"Some gorgeous, stuck up, French—" began Hermione.

"Wait, stop right there," interrupted Harry. "No French. Period. End of discussion. I cannot stand the French."

"That's fine by me," Hermione said.

"What should we do about Dumbledore?" asked Harry, changing topics but not changing his piston-like motions into Luna's bottom. "Wait a tick, I need more lube," he pulled out and once again, turned and presented his manhood to Hermione. She swallowed his organ, coating it with her warm spit. Once properly lubricated, Harry lunged back into Luna's bottom.

"What do you think we should do to Dumbledore and his flunkies for vengeance?" he asked over Luna's happy cries.

"I would've thought that you of all people would've hatched an evil plan already?" Hermione returned.

"Who says I haven't? I was just looking for some insight from you."



At this point, Luna added to the topic by making soft gurgling sounds that would peak with each of Harry's thrusts. Apparently, the blonde was so content that she was foaming at the mouth.

"I'd like to do to him what he did to me, but I'm too angry to try and brainwash him," Hermione spoke. "The bastard walked in and meddled with my mind. What gives him the right to think he could do such a thing?" she fumed.

"I can kill him if you like," Harry said.

"Death would be too quick for him. I need him to suffer," Hermione said. Of course, if she had not been so upset over the topic, she might've noticed that Harry had already made up his mind as to what he was going to do with Dumbledore.

A soft, rattling snore came from Luna.

"Um, Harry, I think Luna's unconscious," Hermione pointed out. Another snore escaped the blonde, as if to confirm Hermione's assessment. "Yes, you shagged her unconscious."

"Almost finished," he grunted in response, pounding away. His veins bulged in his neck and a growl escaped his gritted teeth shortly after. The squelching sound that accompanied each thrust grew in intensity as Harry shot string after string of hot cum into the slumbering blonde's bottom.

"Can I borrow your wand, Harry?" asked Hermione when he pulled out of Luna and flopped down next to the blonde.

"What are you going to do with it?" he asked, handing her his wand.

"I'm going to search that ginger-slut," she replied, indicating the bound and unconscious Ginny. "I wouldn't put it past Dumbledore to

have put a tracking charm on her or hidden some device without her knowledge."

Hermione knew that such a thing was unlikely. Even if a tracking device did exist, all she would need to do would be to cast a few spells and disable the tracking charms on the device. No, she had a very different plan in mind.

She waved Harry's wand over her left arm, conjuring a long, thin, green rubber glove that went up past her elbows. Putting the wand in her off hand, the brunette conjured another glove covering her right arm.

"Just where do you think Dumbledore might have put this charm?" Harry asked, knowing that whatever Hermione was about to do had nothing to do with tracking charms.

"You'll see," the naked brunette said, sauntering over to Ginny. Once again, Hermione waved the wand in an intricate pattern. A big, red ball appeared in Ginny's mouth, gagging her. A thick black strap wrapped around her head, holding the ball firmly in place. The red-head woke up when she felt her jaw being forced open. She looked up with bleary eyes at her one true love. Her lovingly cruel Mistress stood over her with old fashion surgical gloves and nothing else. A tingle of anticipation erupted in Ginny's sex.

Hermione waved the wand, this time conjuring an odd device that attached itself to the black strap and went over Ginny's head and down her face, between her eyes and into her nose. Two rubber hooks dove into the submissive girl's nostrils and pulled them up forcibly until her nose resembled that of a pig.

"Your name is now Ginny-Pig," Hermione said, her voice dripping with contempt. "Do you like your new name, Ginny-Pig?"

Ginny's womanhood flooded as she nodded her head.

"Good," the brunette said. Another wave of Harry's wand and the hemp ropes that bound Ginny to the chair vanished with a pop. Hermione commanded of her slave, "Now get up and bend over that dresser!"

Like a shot, Ginny leapt up and threw herself on the dresser, facing away from the bed. She couldn't wait for what Hermione had in mind.

Hermione set Harry's wand down and without warning or preparation, jabbed four fingers into Ginny's sopping cunt. The red-head's muffled cried sent a shiver down Hermione's spine. With a satisfied smile, Hermione pushed deeper into her submissive toy's folds. When she forced her thumb in and formed a fist, Ginny's first orgasm struck. The red-head screamed into the oversized gag. While Ginny's muscles were still contracting under her climax, Hermione pushed her fist in further with a sharp punching motion. Warm, sticky fluid poured out Ginny's cunny as Hermione buried her hand past her wrist.

"First thing tomorrow, I think we should fetch some more witches," Hermione said conversationally to Harry as she violently forced her hand deeper and deeper into Ginny. "I will not allow that dickless fool Ron to have more witches than you. It's a crime against nature."

"I was going to ask you about that before. You mentioned I only have two witches earlier, but I've got three right now: you, Luna and the ginger you're fisting," Harry said, watching Hermione fist the red-head.

"This slut?" asked Hermione, scornfully. "This despicable whore of a pig isn't worthy of even looking at your glorious cock!"

Maybe it was her Mistress' fist punching into her sex, or perhaps her viciously cruel words, but Ginny experienced another earth-shattering climax. Her heart soared with happiness.

"To best that dickless shite's count, we need to find at least four more worthy witches." Bracing herself, Hermione pushed even harder into her toy.

"Look Harry, I'm putting on a puppet show for you," Hermione said. She raised the pitch of her voice, making it comical. "'Hey there boys and girls, I'm Ginny-Pig and I'm a worthless whore!'" she said, as if putting words in Ginny's mouth. Coincidentally, Ginny's head bobbed in synch with the words as waves of both pleasure and agony caused by her Mistress' violent arm motions assaulted her.

"You're nothing more than my useless whorish puppet, Ginny-Pig," Hermione said cruelly. The orgasms stemming from her Mistress' hand was nothing compared to the joyous rapture Ginny felt over the foul names she was called.

"Um, not that I don't like watching you at work, Hermione," Harry said evenly, "but even if Dumbledore did put some sort of tracking device in um... Ginny-Pig, I'm fairly certain that it won't be in her fallopian tubes."

"I'm just being thorough," she said, grunting. "Besides, don't exaggerate; I can barely get my forefinger through her cervix." She grunted; "Ah, there we go, it's in now!"

If she had not been gagged, Ginny would have joyously screamed; "Yes, Mistress, be as thorough as you like! Rip me apart, my one true love! I'm nothing more than your puppet, your Pig, and whatever else you desire me to be!"

Several minutes later, Hermione tugged and pulled her gloved hand free with very loud and pronounced squelching sounds. This was a fairly difficult task, for it seemed that Ginny was opposed to having Hermione's hand leave as the red head used all of her muscles to deny her exit. But Hermione prevailed and a part of Ginny felt empty

and hollow (of course, a noticeable part of her was now gapping and cavernous, but, this goes without saying).

With a maniacal smile on her face, Hermione announced "One hole down, two to go! But first, I think I'll need to lube up my other arm."

The part of Ginny was empty and hollow was now rapidly and violently filled up once again (as were her bottom and her mouth shortly after that).

CMCMCM

Today was a happy day... at least happier compared to the last few days. This was the day that Draco could stop taking those dreadful potions and therefore no longer had to suffer from those horrendous side-effects. Well most of the side-effects. The young wizard still had a little issue with lactation, but compared to the rest of his problems, this was minor. Some well placed absorbent pads would take care of that.

Draco bounded out of his room and skipped down the hall. He was no longer confined to his bedroom and was overjoyed. A broad smile stretched across his noble face as he trotted down the stairs, two steps at a time, with his special new pads on his bouncing chest. He couldn't wait to tell his mother and father the good news of his recovery.

The young wizard was so lost in his happy thoughts that he didn't notice the ruined foyer. Nor did Draco notice the massive, bloodied corpse that graced the destroyed room. That is until he tripped over it and crashed to the floor.

"What the hell!" he cried out in indignation.

"Draco, dear, what are you...?" Narcissa's question vanished when she saw the brute that had ruined him home and desecrated her

father's remains lying dead in her foyer. For a brief moment, the blonde almost let a righteous cheer escape her lips. But even in her rapidly evaporating alcoholic stupor, she knew that if the Dark Lord heard of such jubilation over the death of his duplicate from another reality, Narcissa would surely be punished.

Then, one of the two masks attached to the Flying Death's ruined torso caught her attention. She had seen it often. It was her husband's mask. The once prized mask was crushed and bloodied. Now the cheer that had threatened to escape her lips leapt from her throat and echoed off the walls.

"FREEDOM!"

CMCMCM

"Hello, Remus, Alastor," Molly slurred at the two wizards as they marched through the door into number twelve, Grimmauld place. The witch staggered while walking.

"Are you drunk?" Moody asked.

"You would be too if your son was rolling around with a bunch of harlots!" hollered Molly. She tried to take a pull from the bottle clutched in her hands, only to find that she had downed the last drop a few moments before.

"Why don't you do get some rest," Remus said helpfully.

"No, I need to relieve Ginny," slurred Molly. "She's been keeping an eye on that Scarlet Woman and now it's my turn."

"Actually, Molly, we came on Albus' orders to check on Hermione," Remus stated.

"Then I'll definitely need to go up there," she said defiantly. "I can't

have you two ogling that girl. You'll try to sneak glances down her top to see her magnificent, gravity defying titties. Well, I won't have that. Not on my watch!"

As the plump witch staggered up the stairs, both Remus and Moody cursed their luck. Both had hoped to visit Hermione without Molly's interference. Each of them had a vivid dream the night before. Oddly, they each had very similar dreams. Each had walked in on Hermione while the buxom beauty was showering. In Moody's dream, the old wizard stood and watched as the young witch worked the lather on her soft, inviting skin. His blood raced as he recalled the erotic image of suds slowly trickling down dream-Hermione's nearly divine breasts. While Remus had a much more pleasant variation: he actually got the chance to be the one working the lather on Hermione's inviting skin. Needless to say, thanks to Remus' efforts, dream-Hermione had very, very clean breasts due to his worship-like attention.

As the drunken witch and two wizards plodded up the stairs, a passionate cry from the library seized their attention. It was a very energetic witch screaming; "Arthur, I'm cumming again! I'm cumming!"

Upon hearing her husband's name, Molly dashed to the library and threw the door open. There, standing directly in front of the now open door, was a skinny wisp of a blonde with ridiculously large breasts. She was completely naked and glistening with sweat. Behind this unknown witch stood Arthur, equally nude and sweating. Molly's eyes bulged in disgust and horror when she saw her husband's erect organ buried in the blonde's quivering sex.

"ARTHUR!" Molly screamed.

"Molly?" the red haired wizard shouted. In a panic, Arthur tried to pull away rapidly from the witch he was shagging and get as far away from his enraged wife as possible. This unfortunately created a jerking motion, which led to him ejaculating.

"ARTHUR!" screeched Molly as visible evidence to her husband's infidelity shot and dribbled out of the blonde's cunny and around his rod.

"Oh, this won't end well," mutter Moody, who was gazing at the naked witch and wizard over Molly's shoulder.

Remus bit his tongue. His initial reaction was to congratulate Arthur. The blonde that Arthur was with was quite fetching.

"HOW COULD YOU?" screamed Molly. She spun on her heel and ran out of the house. Before slamming the door behind her, the Weasley matriarch shouted, "IF I EVER SEE YOU AGAIN, ARTHUR WEASLEY, I'LL CUT YOUR WILLY OFF!"

Still frozen in shock, Arthur and the unknown but stacked blonde witch stood, dripping with sweat and various other fluids, connected at their sex, for Remus and Moody to see.

"Bad move, Tonks," commented Moody.

"Wait, that's Tonks?" asked Remus, pointing to the blonde.

"Yeah, I can see her Metamorphmagus magics with my magic eye."

"Hiya, blokes," Tonks said nervously.

"Wow, you bagged a Metamorphmagi," Remus said. His mind was flooded with the possibilities of shagging a Metamorphmagi. "You lucky bastard," he muttered.

Without warning, the front door banged open, shaking the home's foundation. A familiar sounding pair of heavy feet thundered up the steps toward the library. Molly furiously stomped in front of the still connected Tonks and Arthur and screamed at the top of her lungs



"I'LL RUIN YOU, ARTHUR WEASLEY! I'LL DIVORCE YOU AND TAKE EVERY KNUT YOU MAKE FROM NOW UNTIL THE DAY YOU DIE, YOU ADULTEROUS SWINE!" With her threatening message delivered, Molly stomped down the stairs and out of the building, slamming the front door once more.

"We'll let you two clean up," Moody said closing the door. Remus attempted to get another glimpse of Tonks in her slender, big breast form before the door closed.

"C'mon, there's work to do," Moody nudged Remus toward the room where Granger was kept.

Begrudgingly, Remus headed up the stairs with Moody in tow. The werewolf didn't get much tail and he liked seeing a nice set of breasts as much as the next bloke. Of course, the set of breasts that Tonks had on wasn't near the quality of Hermione's, but he wouldn't have minded if he was allowed to look at the Metamorphmagi's titties a little longer.

"Get moving, Lupin, we don't have all day to ogle witches tits," scolded Moody. Needless to say, the retired Auror had an advantage in the ogling titties department: his magical eye could see through walls. As he trudged up the stairs, said eye was pointed directly at the room the two wizards had just left, fixed firmly on Tonks' naked melons.

"Oh bugger!" cursed Remus when he opened the door. "Ginny and Hermione are gone!"

"Damnation!" barked Moody. "Albus won't like this."

CMCMCM

A few feet within the tree line of the Forbidden Forest, just outside Hogwarts' wards and protection, Lord Voldemort and two of his

followers, Rabastan Lestrangle and Severus Snape, waited and watched the castle.

"Severus, I plan on bringing some more of my brothers from different realities here so that when I deal with Potter, I can overthrow the world effortlessly," mused Voldemort. "With an army of Dark Lords, no one would dare stand in my way."

"Pardon my Lord, but that may not be wise," began Snape.

"Of course it's wise. Our Master came up with the plan and He is infallible!" snapped Lestrangle.

"Although this is true and I am perfect, please continue with your thought, Severus," Voldemort said haughtily.

"Thank you, Sire, you are most generous," Snape said while bowing. After showing the proper respect, he spoke; "My Lord, it is beyond a doubt that you are incredibly powerful and therefore it is your rightful place to rule the world. I believe it is safe to assume that your counterparts from many different realities will share this same glorious distinction; they have earned the right to rule their worlds. I fear that if you brought more of your brethren over they might believe that they have the right to rule this world instead of you."

"Preposterous!" snarled Lestrangle. "Our Master is the One True Dark Lord and ruler of the world!"

"I couldn't agree with you more, Rabastan. Anyone who doesn't know this to be true is a fool and an imbecile," Snape said with a show of reverence to Voldemort. "However, some of the Master's brothers might not be so enlightened. If they help our Master achieve his destiny and conquer the world, some might demand the Dark Lord divide up the world and divvy it out to his brothers. Some might even try to wrest control from our Master, perhaps even try to assassinate him, thinking incorrectly that they should be the one who should

rule."

"That is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard," Lestrangle shot back. "The idea that any of the Dark Lord's brothers would try and steal what is rightfully His is ludicrous!"

"No, no, Severus has a point," Voldemort said. He knew this to be true; if he were taken to another dimension, he would try and overthrow whoever was the ruler, even if that person was Voldemort's double. "Severus is right; bringing more of my brothers to this reality risks creating competition for myself. Thank you for your insight, Severus," Voldemort concluded.

"I live to serve, Master," Snape said with another bow.

Just then, a masked Death Eater rushed out of the depths of the Forest.

"Master, I portkeyed as close to the school's wards as I could and ran here. Something terrible has happened!" he shouted, holding his side in pain from his sprinting.

"What's the matter?" demanded Voldemort.

"Your counterpart, Sire, Potter's killed him!"

CMCMCM

"Our plan to ruin Draco has only just begun," Pansy announced to her fellow Draco Haters, Tracy and Daphne (Astoria had been grounded by her parents for her stated desire to join a harem). "The knowledge that what's-his-name Weasley has a harem will hurt him, but only a little. We must do more to ensure Draco's suffering."

"What do you suggest, Madam Minister?" asked Daphne.

"We make Draco You Know Who's little bitch," Pansy said and cackled maniacally. "The Dark Lord will put Draco under the Cruciatus Curse day after day."

"Erm, I don't think the Dark Lord would do that," Tracy said.

"Yeah, even if we ask nicely and tell him what Draco did to us," added Daphne. "Draco's the son of one of You Know Who's inner circle. He won't torture Draco without a good reason."

"What if we asked the Dark Lord to do this in exchange for us giving him Potter?" she replied with a victorious smirk.

"Are you saying we should kidnap Potter, hand him over to You Know Who, and then, as our reward, we ask the Dark Lord to torture Draco on a daily basis?" summarized Tracy.

"Basically, yes." Pansy grinned over her brilliant plan for revenge.

"That's all well and good, but just how do you suggest we nab Potter?" asked Daphne. "You Know Who and his followers have been trying to do it for years unsuccessfully."

"Don't tell anyone I said this, but You Know Who tends to look over the little things," Pansy said in a whisper, fearful that someone might overhear her sacrilegious comment. "And when I say 'little things' I mean house-elves. The Dark Lord thinks of them as nothing more than lowly servants. He's right, but once in a while, a house-elf can be useful."

"I heard a rumor that there's this funny house-elf named Dobby who practically worships Potter," continued Pansy. "If we trick this Dobby into leading us to Potter, we can nab him."

"I heard about Dobby. Didn't he whomp Draco's dad when he threatened Potter back in our second year? Won't that mean Dobby

will protect Potter from us?" offered Daphne

"Not if he doesn't realize it's a trap and we follow him without his knowledge," answered Pansy. "We'll get my family's house-elf, Buttons, to go to Dobby. She can tell him that we're afraid of You Know Who and need Potter's help. Since Potter's so noble, Dobby will think that he'll want to help us. The house-elf will go directly to Potter. All we need to do is have Buttons place a tracker on Dobby and we can follow the stupid elf."

"Once Dobby leaves Potter, we can grab him!" cheered Tracy.

"Now just hold on," Daphne said. "For this to work, we'll need to perform magic. We'll need to imbue a tracking charm on an item and create a portkey to follow the charm. Even then, we'll need to subdue Potter. Since we're all under-aged, we can't do any of this without alerting the Ministry!"

"That would be a problem if my dad hadn't removed the Ministry's tracking charms on my wand," Pansy said, proudly showing off her untraceable wand. "He did it as a form of penance for giving me to Draco."

"Then there won't be a problem," Daphne said, eager to get her revenge against Draco.

CMCMCM

Janus Peg's work *The Untamed Beast in Our Homes* was a ground breaking study on ghouls. Peg had observed and lived with more than a dozen ghouls in different homes across Europe for over a decade. He recorded their behavior and civil manners (both of which were relatively short chapters seeing that ghouls spend a majority of their time sleeping). But one thing that Peg had brought to the general public's attention was the odd sexual dimorphism and reproductive habits of ghouls. This unusual sexual dimorphism, the

physical differences between the male and female of a species, was directly connected to the ghouls' reproductive organs. Until Peg's work was published, no one had bothered to take notice that a female ghoul had one set of genitalia while the male had two sets: two overly large penises and four goodly sized testicles. The reason for this strange physical development is that the female ghoul's vaginal cavity is very long and her eggs need a great amount of semen to fertilize it instead of a single sperm as in humans. The male ghoul would first use one of his penises to penetrate the female during procreation. When this penis ejaculated and became flaccid, the second is used. By the time the second penis ejaculated, the first was once again erect, and the male would continue. All in all, the male ghoul could ejaculate ten to fifteen times on average, producing up to a gallon of ejaculate. The shortest session that Peg witnessed was fifty-nine minutes and four seconds. The longest was just shy of two hours (one hundred and sixteen minutes, forty-five seconds).

Ron had heard of neither Janus Peg nor his notable work. However, if he had, the red-head could easily confirm Mister Peg's findings. The ghoul who lived in the Burrow's attic had demonstrated Mister Peg's finding regarding reproductive habits on his arse. And this ghoul was apparently particularly amorous, which only heightened his performance. The ghoul pounded his large organs in Ron's bottom for ninety minutes and ejaculating thirteen times

Once the beast was finally finished, he promptly fell asleep. While the ghoul snored, Ron tried to make his escape. Unfortunately for the red-head, the assault had left his legs numb (he half wished this sensation was in his bottom so that he wouldn't feel the various bruises developing or the ample amount of warm ghoul cum pouring out of his stretched and abused orifice).

Ron dragged himself by clawing at the floor. Slowly, he inched toward the attic exit.

Apparently, the cosmos had thought that Ron had not paid enough

for his transgressions. For just as Ron reached the trapdoor, Marigold's head popped up.

"Oi, girls, I found him," she called out. "He's in th' attic!"

"Ooh, the attic! I betcha there's loads more room to play wit' 'im up there!" one of the witches called out.

If two wands had not been jabbed into his urethra, Ron would've wet himself in fear as the five hideously homely witches scampered into the attic, ready and eager to once again practice their horrendous fetishes upon him.

CMCMCM

"What happened?" Rabastan Lestrangle asked as he looked over the Flying Death's corpse, lying in the Malfoy foyer.

"It appears that Potter killed my brother, as well as Lucius and Thorfinn," Voldemort said with his blood boiling with rage. Potter had apparently smote the Flying Death and two highly trained Death Eaters. Perhaps his conclusion about not bringing more of his duplicates from other realities would have to be rethought. The fact that Potter with his near god like powers killed the Flying Death, a formidable opponent albeit not a magical one, Voldemort would need some assistance after all.

"Severus, please go retrieve Soaring Spade and my other Death Eaters. We have to formulate a new plan for dealing with Potter," he commanded.

"As you wish, Sire," Snape replied.

Voldemort decided he needed to summon more of his duplicates from different realities to deal with Potter and the threat he posed. That meant he had to make another trip to Top-Floor Apartment

Forum Magazine to go through their post archive in order to find the virgins necessary for the summoning ritual.

The Dark Lord's pulse quickened and what was left of his loins stirred at the notion of having another liaison with Lola, the exotic secretary from Top-Floor Apartment Forum Magazine. Since he was going to take some posts from the pornographic magazine, he would need to write one of his own to leave behind. More importantly, he'd be able to enact the fantasy he would write about with Lola once again. Such a wonderful distraction would help Voldemort's sour mood over the Flying Death's demise. However, before he could retrieve quill and parchment, a sobbing Draco Malfoy rushed into the foyer and threw himself at the Dark Lord's feet.

"Please Master, let me help you," Draco pleaded. "Please, Sire, I beg of you, allow me to help you seek vengeance against the coward who killed my father."

Looking down at the groveling new head of the Malfoy family (and ignoring the apparent padding around Draco's chest), a thought came to Voldemort: adding Draco to the mix might just be enough to excite Lola!

"Do you swear to do anything, Draco?" he asked.

"Yes Sire, I would gladly give up my life so that Potter would die for his crime!" the blond boy cried out.

"Fine then, fetch me an inked quill and some parchment," the Dark Lord commanded. "Once I write a post, you and I will go on an errand that will ensure victory over Potter."

CMCMCM

"Well, that was entertaining," commented Hermione after pulling her soiled hand out of Ginny's mouth. The later was nothing more than a



heap on the floor – forty-one consecutive orgasms have that effect on a person.

"It certainly was," agreed Harry. At one point while Hermione had her right hand shoved deep in Ginny's arse, the brunette announced "Hmm, it feels like I might have knocked something loose," before roughly punching her left fist into the red-head's cunny. It looked to Harry as if Hermione was trying to grab and shake her own hands inside Ginny's body through her rectum and vagina. Once Hermione had tired of double fisting Ginny, she removed the younger witch's gag and jammed her filthy hand down her throat, much to Ginny's pleasure.

"Harry, could you grab your wand and remove these gloves," requested Hermione. "I don't want to touch either one while I have any of Ginny-Pig's filth on the gloves."

Harry strolled over to the dresser, retrieved his wand, and with a wave, banished Hermione's soiled gloves. "We're going to have to get you and Luna a set of replacement wands."

"Later, right now I'm so randy I want to ride you until you're dry!" the brunette said, stalking toward Harry.

"I'm sorry, Hermione, but I must punish you first," he said, somberly.

"Punish me? For what?" she asked.

"You betrayed me and went to Dumbledore for help," he answered. "For that, I'm forced to teach you a lesson."

"I think I've seen the errors of my way, Harry," she protested. "Dumbledore brainwashed me for pity's sake."

"I can't have my witches going behind my back. I have to make an example of you," he said. "Don't worry, it won't hurt."

"You promise?" she asked, nervously.

He waved his wand, conjuring a high back wooden chair. "Sit down," he ordered.

She bit her lip and sat. Harry waved his wand and invisible ropes bound Hermione to the chair in such a way that she couldn't move any part of her body, even a fraction of an inch. Then Harry weaved his wand in an intricate pattern and a dozen leads and wires appeared all over Hermione's body. Several were clustered on her breast over her heart, a number were attached to the sides of her head, and a few were placed around the lower part of her belly. The wires all led to a tiny rubber jackalope whose soft rubber horns were resting directly on Hermione's sensitive clitoris.

"Oh, my," Hermione purred when the jackalope began to vibrate, sending a pleasurable electric shock up her spine. "If this is how you punish your witches, I think I'll be bad more often."

Because of her arousal caused by her total domination of Ginny, Hermione could feel her first orgasm already approaching.

"When I cum, I'm going to call out your name, Harry."

"That would be nice," he said with a lopsided grin. "But you won't be cumming anytime soon."

"This little mythical creature between my legs says otherwise," she purred. Hermione felt the pressure of an oncoming climax growing rapidly in her belly. She was a few seconds away from exploding. Then, just an instant before she reached the pinnacle of ecstasy, the jackalope stopped vibrating.

"Harry, I think your punishment device isn't working," she said as her crescendo of pleasure began to plummet.

"No, it's working perfectly." Harry gathered his clothes and slowly dressed.

Before the pleasure caused by the vibrating toy dispersed completely, it began to move once more. Hermione's heart raced as her body began climbing toward ecstasy. Harry paid Hermione's moans no heed as he dressed.

Just as before, the moment before her orgasm crashed down on her, the jackalope stopped moving. She was so damn close. Hermione attempted to wriggle her nub against the still figure so that she could climax, but Harry's invisible bindings denied her.

Harry slipped on his shoes and made his way out of the room. "I have some errands to run. I'll be back in a few hours. Enjoy your punishment."

After she heard Harry march down the stairs, the jackalope began to vibrate again, bringing her ever so close to ecstasy, only to stop when she was a hair's breath away. Then, realization dawned upon Hermione; the leads connected to various parts of her body were reading and detecting her arousal. The jackalope would vibrate and stimulate her. But the moment before she would orgasm, the leads would turn off the jackalope. Harry had devised a heinous punishment; this damnable chair with the jackalope would bring Hermione to the brink of pleasure, then stop until her arousal dipped, only to bring her to the brink once again. The punishment that Harry had devised was to bring Hermione to the edge of physical pleasure time and time again, but all the while denying her release.

"Harry Potter, you fiend!"

CMCMCM

After Molly had caught them in the act, a depressed Tonks and Arthur

headed back to the pink haired Auror's flat. He sat with his head and shoulders hanging low.

"She's right, you know," Arthur said morosely. "Molly will ruin me."

Molly had insisted the couple sign a prenuptial contract when they got engaged so many years before. And in this contract, she had demanded that if Arthur ever had an affair, she would get ninety-five percent of his income. Being young and in love, Arthur had thought the idea of cheating on his bride-to-be as an alien concept to him. But then, on their wedding night, Molly revealed to Arthur that she believed sex for pleasure was a contemptible thing. Suddenly Arthur found the idea of straying outside his marriage wasn't such an alien notion. He had never acted upon this however out of fear what Molly would do. But now that he had this tryst with Tonks, his life was a disaster.

"I'm sorry, baby," cooed Tonks, wrapping herself around the wizard who was old enough to be her father. Arthur wasn't the best shag she had, but he did have something that her previous lovers didn't: love. When she was with other blokes, all they really cared about was cumming. But Arthur was different; his touch had a desperate edge to it. Not just to climax, but as if he needed her on a spiritual level and she found herself craving more of this feeling.

"I know of a way that Molly won't break you – retire," offered Tonks. "She can't take money away from you if you're not making any. And she can't take your entire pension, even if you two had a prenuptial."

"It's sad to say that even if Molly wouldn't take everything we own, I don't have enough money saved for retirement. And my pension is a pittance; a few sickles a month."

"Don't worry about that, I'll take care of you," she said.

"That's sweet, but I know how much Aurors make and you can't

afford to support me and yourself.," he said regrettably.

"Do you know who my grandfather is?"

"I never met Cygnus Black," he replied.

"No, not my mum's dad," she said with a playful giggle. "My dad's dad: Rodger Tonks. He's a multi-billionaire. You're sitting next to the proud owner of a hundred and fifty million pound trust fund."

"That must be very heavy," he said in awe.

"I only became an Auror because I was bored and wanted adventure," she continued, ignoring Arthur's pun. "But I'm starting to think that shacking up with a bloke who's the same age as my dad might just be enough adventure to satisfy me."

"Shack up with?" he asked. "I don't think it'll be adventurous."

"Sure it will be," Tonks said. She kissed him and added; "First, we'll travel the world, boink in exotic places and sip fruity drinks with little paper umbrellas. And by the time we get bored with that, I'm sure I'll be pregnant, which is an adventure all in itself. Let's say we do a nice dress rehearsal of the boinking right now." Tonks punctuated this comment by slipping down in front of Arthur and began to fellate the rapidly erect wizard.

CMCMCM

"Well, look who's back," Lola said as Voldemort and Draco entered the offices of Top-Floor Apartment Forum Magazine. The gravely texture of her voice sang to Voldemort. Lola adjusted her garishly red wig while eyeing Draco and said "And you've brought a friend."

"Here, I think you'll enjoy this," Voldemort said, handing Lola the post he had written.

Draco was curious as to what the Dark Lord had written. Whatever it was clearly excited the mannish muggle. Her big eyes sparkled as she read it.

Looking up from the post, Lola said "Well then, let's go see if what you've written is physically possible."

The broad shouldered woman stood and led Voldemort and the novice Death Eater to the hall cupboard.

"Remember, Draco, do exactly as I say," Voldemort ordered as he and the blond boy walked into the cupboard. "This act will guarantee Potter's death."

A few minutes later, Voldemort shouted over the sound of his hips slapping into Lola's firm arse; "SUCK LOLA'S COCK, DRACO! SUCK IT LIKE A LOLLY!! SWALLOW HER CREAM LIKE A KITTEN!!"

CMCMCM

In the Headmaster's office, Moody finished telling Dumbledore the revelation that Hermione and Ginny had disappeared.

"This is most distressful," Dumbledore bemoaned. Looking at Moody with sad eyes, he repeated; "Most distressful."

Not only had his experimental technique apparently failed, but Miss Granger had kidnapped Miss Weasley. Right now, more likely than not, poor innocent Ginevra was being tortured by the evil version of Harry.

"Remus is going over the room with a fine comb, looking for any leads," Moody said.

A dark depression descended upon Dumbledore. The evil Harry now had three innocent witches in his clutches, and the venerable Headmaster was impotent to help them. He imagined that he could hear those poor innocent and chaste souls screaming in pain.

"I'm heading back to Grimmauld Place," Moody said, standing. "I don't think we'll find anything to help locate Potter or the girls, but we have to try."

As Moody hobbled to the door, Dumbledore reached into the bottom left drawer of his desk. He pulled out a bottle of Odgin's Finest Single Malt, a present Armando Dippet had given him when he became Headmaster years before. Dumbledore had never seen the need to open the bottle for he wasn't one to imbue. The expensive bottle of liquor sat in the drawer collecting dust for decades. But now, with the failure of his treatment and the dreadful fate of Misses Granger, Lovegood, and Weasley weighing upon his soul, Dumbledore decided it was as good as a time as any to drown his sorrows in drink.

Ignoring the painful burning sensation, Dumbledore gulped down four whooping mouthfuls in rapid succession, took a deep breath, and then swallowed another four.

CMCMCM

It took a while to find a way around the wards protecting the school. Harry wanted his little visit to surprise Dumbledore; therefore he didn't want any detection wards alerting the old wizard to his presence. It took the better part of three hours to bypass or deactivate the wards, but the vengeance Harry was about to deliver would be well worth the effort. The meddling fool would pay for what he did to Harry's witch.

He watched and waited in the shadows opposite the stone gargoyle guarding the entrance to Dumbledore's office. Patience was one of

his strong points; which was beneficial because short of blowing the stone gargoyle to tiny little bits, Harry wouldn't be able to open the door – the wards and deterrents on the statute were too powerful, even for him.

Thankfully, Harry didn't have to wait long. Shortly after he arrived, the gargoyle stepped out of the way and an old wizard limped out. He fit part of the description Hermione had given Harry of Dumbledore: old. Of course this wizard didn't have a long white beard, but it was close enough for Harry. Perhaps patience wasn't one of his strong points after all.

"It's time to pay for what you did to my Hermione, fool!" snapped Harry. He launched several powerful cutting hexes at the wizard.

The old man who Harry thought was Dumbledore was surprisingly agile, dodging the brunt of Harry's hexes. The one Harry aimed at his neck – hoping to cut off his head and be done with it – missed its target, slicing a chunk off of his ear. Another hex graced by his shoulder.

Not missing a beat, the old wizard countered with bludgeoning hexes. One hit Harry squarely in the belly, sending him to the ground.

As he rolled out of the way of another hex, Harry commented that Dumbledore was a worthy opponent; he was a challenge for him. Harry flicked his wrist, animating a suit of armor. The suit charged at Dumbledore with its arms flailing like pinwheels. The old wizard turned and transfigured the suit into a stuffed mouse.

While he was distracted, Harry changed the floor beneath Dumbledore's feet into loose sand. His peg leg sunk a few inches, throwing off his balance.

Despite this disadvantage, the man Harry thought was Dumbledore twirled his wand as he fell to his side, banishing a large stone from



the nearby wall directly at his attacker. The half ton rock rocketed through the air. Harry barely ducked out of the way in time; he felt the stone brushing against his hair as it passed.

Struggling to get out of the sand, the old man launched a bevy of hexes and curses at Harry, forcing him to block, duck and dodge. The scarred wizard got in a blow, throwing Harry like a doll into the wall.

His head and back slammed against the stone wall. Stars erupted behind Harry's eyes and the wind was knocked out of him. Forcing himself through this disorientated state, Harry conjured a large metal wall in front of him to block any hexes his opponent cast at him while he caught his bearings. The metal barricade clanged loudly as curses and hexes bounced off of it. When Harry's vision returned, the barricade was bent and twisted from his opponent's attack.

Deciding to end it, Harry took off the kid gloves. Jumping out from behind the wall, Harry fired off two difficult curses; both of which he created and both equally lethal. One was a modified Transfiguration based curse where the target's heart was turned to stone, while the other was a drought hex of Harry's own design. The old wizard blocked and evaded most of the attack, but one of Harry's curses partially got through, striking the wizard in the side of his chest. Seeing that the wizard Harry thought was Dumbledore didn't drop dead that instant, Harry knew that he had hit him with his dreaded drought hex. The spell was slow acting but still very effective.

Now that revenge was his, Harry made his escape. In order to distract his opponent, Harry summoned the old wizard's magical eye. With a wet sucking sound, the electric blue eye popped out of its socket and flew to Harry. Snatching it out of the air, Harry dashed down the corridor.

"Potter, you bastard!" the old wizard shouted contemptuously. As he hobbled after his retreating foe, he screamed "Give me back my

eye!"

CMCMCM

Dobby was happily toiling away, painting the master bedroom in Gryffindor-red, when a female house-elf appeared next to him with a soft pop.

"Are's yous Dobby?" she asked with a worried squeak.

"Yes, I's be Dobby," he said. He looked at the female house-elf and became lost in her big, bulbous, blue eyes. "Who's you be?"

"I's be Buttons," she answered. "My Mistress and her's friends be needing the help of the great Harry Potter!"

"Really! Dobby knows the great Harry Potter!" Dobby said, hoping to impress the house-elf.

"Yes, I's knows, Buttons has been looking for Dobby for hours and hours, hopping from one house-elf home to the next," she said. "My Mistress and her's friends are in danger and only the great Harry Potter can help them! They's being forced by their parents to become Death Eaters for He Who Must Not Be Named!"

"Oh, that be terrible!" lamented Dobby. A part of him was hoping that if he shared in her worry and pain, perhaps they could share other things. A house-elf has needs after all.

"My Mistress tells Buttons to go find the great Harry Potter's house-elf, Dobby, so's that he can be finding Harry Potter and Harry Potter can be saving them from becoming Death Eaters!"

"Harry Potter loves saving people!" cheered Dobby. "Harry Potter sir will gladly help Button's Mistress and her's friends!"

"That be wonderful!" Buttons threw her arms around Dobby, discreetly placing a felt pad on his back. Buttons didn't know why her Mistress wanted her to put a pad obviously imbued with a tracking charm on Dobby, but it wasn't her place to ask such things. "My Mistress' name be Pansy, of the Parkinson family!"

"I'll's go get the great Harry Potter now!" Dobby heralded and popped away.

CMCMCM

Meanwhile, back in the master bedroom of number four, Hermione was not faring well. It had been three hours since Harry bound her to the damn chair. Three long, grueling hours where she was brought to the very edge of ecstasy, only to be denied the littlest bit of joy time and time again. Hermione stopped counting aborted orgasms after she reached forty-two – that was an hour and a half ago.

She had tried to wake Luna and ask her to help her reach orgasm. But the pretty blonde was still unconscious, thanks to the combination of Hermione's tongue and Harry's expert buggering. In an act of desperation, Hermione had even attempted to rouse Ginny-Pig – she was so desperate to cum she had sunk to considering allowing Ginny-Pig to touch her. But, much like Luna, the red-haired whore was out like a light.

Every fiber of her body screamed out, begging for release. Her loins felt as if they were on fire. Sweat dropped from her skin in fat, heavy drops. Hermione's breath came in short, rapid bursts.

She was so close that the jackalope would only vibrate and buzz for two or three seconds before shutting off. It would remain still for another two seconds before starting its torturous buzzing again. Her need to climax was so great that her arousal would spike almost instantaneously at even the sound of the buzzing. But that damned jackalope mocked her need and ceased in its excruciating vibrating

before ecstasy could claim her.

CMCMCM

Moody grumbled angrily as he limped back toward Dumbledore's office. Not only had he failed in subduing Potter, but the evil little shite stole his magical eye.

Before he could say the password to enter the office, Moody coughed. His throat and mouth felt incredibly dry and he desperately needed a drink. Pulling his flask from his robes, Moody took a long pull, draining it completely. But it didn't quell the overpowering thirst he felt.

"Damn fiend hit me with a drought hex," he said, his voice cracking more than normal. Why would Potter, obviously a master at the Dark Arts, resort to using a child's prank in a duel? Moody waved his wand and muttered the counter-curse. But his thirst still persisted.

"Lemon drops," he attempted to croak at the gargoyle. Since the counter-curse didn't work and his thirst was worsening, he knew he needed Dumbledore's help. Unfortunately, his overly dry throat prevented the words from forming completely and all he was able to say was "Lem' dr'."

Without being able to speak the password, the gargoyle wouldn't move. And for a blasting hex powerful enough to destroy the gargoyle, even Moody would have to shout the incantation in a loud, clear voice, which he couldn't do thanks to Potter's damn hex. Growling in frustration, Moody hobbled as quickly as he could to the hospital ward and to Poppy.

On his way, Moody's thirst became too much. Going against his normal paranoid behavior, Moody rushed into a nearby loo and turned on the faucet for a drink. After using a charm to see if the water that was flowing out of the tap was poisoned, Moody filled his

flask. He drained it in one gulp. The retired Auror hoped that this would sustain his unnatural thirst until he could get to Poppy for help. But alas, this was not the case. Drinking the water only seemed to make it worse. It felt as if his throat was splitting open it was so dry. Frantically, he refilled the flask and drank it down. Again he held his flask under the tap and drank from it. Even though he was moving as fast as he could, he couldn't get enough water. Discarding the flask, Moody bent over and placed his mouth directly under the faucet, madly gulping down mouthfuls of water.

CMCMCM

"Buttons gived Dobby the message and be putting the felt pad on's him," Buttons told her Mistress once she returned to Parkinson Place.

"Good! Now be off with you! I have concentrate and I can't stand it when you look at me with those bulbous eyes of yours!" Pansy snapped at her house-elf.

"Quick, make the portkey and tie it in with the tracking charm so we can follow Potter's house-elf!" Daphne said excitedly.

CMCMCM

Harry walked, dragging his feet slowly, to the edge of the school wards. Once out of the wards and protection, he would find a place to rest for a few minutes. The two spells he had finished the duel with had been overly draining.

Just as he reached the gates, Dobby, the strange elf, popped into existence directly before him.

"Harry Potter sir! Some witches needs yours help, sir!" the house-elf squeaked excitedly. "Pansy's Parkinson's and her's friends do be needing you's help! They's being forced to becomes Death Eaters by

they's parents!"

"And why should that matter to me?" he asked.

"They's be needing the help of the great Harry Potter, sir, and you's help people," Dobby said, still believing this was his Harry not an evil double from another reality.

"Are they attractive?" he asked. He didn't really have any intention of saving them, but if they were pretty, perhaps he'd boink them. Playing the valiant savior was an easy and effective way to get tail.

"All's humans look silly to Dobby, sir."

"Fine, I'll go help them in a bit," Harry said. "How's my hideout coming along?"

"Oh, it do be going along very wells, sir. Harry Potter's hideout will be finished soon and it wills be the grandest hideout of alls times!" Dobby said, gushing over his accomplishments in Harry Potter's name. Recharged over his talk with Harry, the excitable house-elf squeaked "Dobby wills be going back to work on Harry Potter's hideout right now!" and disappeared with a pop.

"Hold it right there, Potter!" a witch's voice said threateningly.

Turning, Harry saw three pretty witches, all pointing wands at him, walking out of the shadows.

"We're taking you to the Dark Lord," the black haired one said menacingly.

As the three young witches circled around Harry, he weighed his options. Even though he was knackered from his duel with the wizard he thought was Dumbledore, he could easily take the witches out. However, he could let them take him captive. Playing the helpless

prisoner was just as effective in getting tail as playing the valiant savior.

"None of you are French, are you?" he asked. He did have standards to maintain.

"What? Of course we're not," one replied.

"All right, you've got me," he said, lifting his hands over his head in a show of defeat.

"Daphne, take hold of Potter," the black haired witch commanded her sandy blonde companion.

As Daphne grabbed Harry's arm, he looked her in the eyes and with a dashing lopsided grin said, "Hi there."

Blushing under Harry's gaze, Daphne returned softly, "Hullo."

"Here, turn this into a portkey," the strawberry blonde of the trio said, holding a long twig in her hands.

"Thanks Tracy," the black haired witch said. After Tracy put the twig on the ground, Pansy tapped it with her wand, incanting "Portus."

Tracy took hold of Daphne's free hand and knelt next to the twig as did the black-haired witch while it glowed and shook, turning into a portkey. A few seconds later the two kneeling witches touched the portkey and all four were whisked away.

Harry found himself standing in a ruined foyer of a palatial house.

"Pansy, you portkeyed us directly into someone's house! That's rude!" Daphne chastised the black haired witch.

"I didn't want to risk anyone seeing us with Potter," Pansy shot back.

"If an actual Death Eater saw us with him, he could easily take Potter away from us and claim that he was the one to capture him, not us."

"Good point," Daphne said.

"Where is everyone?" Tracy asked. "I would've thought the Dark Lord's hideout would be crawling with witches and wizards."

"Go see if you can find anyone," ordered Pansy. "Daphne and I will take Potter to the library and hold him there."

"Right," Tracy said and scurried off.

The two witches led Harry into the nearby library and closed the door.

"I'm not naïve, I know Voldemort's gonna kill me," Harry announced with a convincing show of dread.

"That's what he generally does to his enemies," Pansy said mockingly.

"Pansy, don't be mean," Daphne scolded.

"I don't want to die a... virgin," Harry lied.

"Wait, are you asking one of us to shag you before we hand you over to You Know Who?" asked Pansy. "You must be joking."

"Isn't it against custom to deny a dying wizard's last wish," offered Daphne, eyeing Harry hungrily.

"You're barmy, you know that!" Pansy snapped at her fellow Slytherin.

"Why? He's cute," defended Daphne.



"Well, yes, he is cute," admitted Pansy. "But he also happens to be You Know Who's enemy, and a lowly half blood to boot."

"I found them!" Tracy said, rushing into the library.

"That was quick. Where were they?" asked Daphne.

"Everybody, including Draco and a bunch of naked people I don't recognize, are down in the cellar," she answered.

"Who are the naked people?" asked Harry, joining the conversation.

"I dunno, probably virgin sacrifices," speculated Tracy. "It's clear You Know Who is performing a ritual and there have been rumors that he needed virgins."

"Speaking of virgins, these two are arguing on whether or not to let me die a virgin," explained Harry, indicating Pansy and Daphne.

"I volunteer," offered Tracy.

"What? How could you even think that?" barked Pansy.

"Because he's a cutie," replied Tracy.

"That's what I said," said Daphne.

"Besides, we can use it to taunt Draco even more," added Tracy. "Just think of the look on that git's face when I tell him I bagged Potter before turning over to You-Know-Who."

Before Pansy could protest further, Harry interceded. "Now that it's settled, which one of you lovely ladies will take my virginity?"

"Me," announced Daphne.

"Why you?" demanded Tracy.

"I was here first."

"I still don't think it's wise," protested Pansy while Harry began to strip. "Even if it will irk Draco," she paused, distracted by Harry's lean muscular belly. "And that he's got a tummy I want to eat sushi off of, it's still bad! He's the Dark Lord's enemy and a half-blood."

"We've already decided, I'm the one shagging him," Daphne said.

Tracy uttered "bitch" under her breath.

"You don't have to worry about any repercussions," Daphne told Pansy.

"Fine, just don't expect me to watch you belittle yourself with the half-blo—Oh, my word!" Pansy became even more distracted, for it was at this point that Harry lowered his trousers. Lowly half-blood or not, Pansy had to admit Potter would not be knocked over if a strong gust of wind hit him in the back – his built-in tripod would save him from falling on his face.

"You lucky bitch!" Tracy said jealously to Daphne, eyeing the rising pink basilisk hanging between Potter's legs.

CMCMCM

An ashen faced Draco kept guard over the naked virgin muggles in the cellar. After what he went through – especially after what he had to swallow – he'd be damned if they escaped.

Despite having soothed his nerves with Lola, Voldemort was not happy. The first duplicate he summoned was a circus clown, complete with bright orange hair, white, red, and purple grease makeup, bulbous red rubber nose and comically long shoes. The

Dark Lord wondered how a clown was going to help him deal with a cosmically powered Potter; perhaps this clown had a lapel flower that shot out a stream of acid or used explosive pies. Once he explained the situation and what he wanted to do to the newcomer, Voldemort glared at his double. "So you're a clown."

"Yeah, but I'm a bad clown" Tommy the Clown offered.

"Really? A bad clown like John Wayne Gacy?" asked Voldemort, grasping onto the hope that this choice wasn't a waste of a virgin sacrifice. Perhaps the clown could be of use after all.

"No, no, I'm not bad as in 'I'm a bad clown who likes to kill little boys for a sick, sexual thrill' but more of an 'I'm a bad clown because I can only make snakes for balloon animals and my rubber nose has lost its squeaker' bad."

"That is unfortunate for you," Voldemort said. "If you are of no use to me in dealing with Potter, perhaps I should use you as a virgin sacrifice so that I may find a duplicate that can aid me."

"Whoa now, who ever said I was a virgin?" Tommy the Clown asked with a chuckle. He turned and looked at Narcissa who was standing amongst the crowd of Death Eaters and, with his purple-painted eyebrows wriggling suggestively, added "I may be a lousy clown, but I'm one hell of a lover."

He then gave Narcissa a rather rude gesture where he framed the edges of his mouth with his fore and middle fingers from his right hand and wriggled his tongue.

"While the kiddies are playing 'pin the tail on the donkey' I'm usually railing the birthday boy's mum in the kitchen," Tommy added proudly. "Hell, I've gotten more arse than a bar-stool."

"Someone get this clown out of my sight," snarled Voldemort, girlishly.

Tommy wasn't worth the effort of killing.

"I'll do it, sire," offered Narcissa energetically. The blonde rushed up to the clown and eagerly led him out of the cellar while discreetly snaking her hand down the front of his trousers.

"Draco, bring me another virgin," ordered Voldemort.

Snape cursed the situation he found himself in. Even if he wasn't surrounded by very single Death Eater, he was powerless to save the muggles. Because Voldemort himself had gotten these virgins and was now keeping a watchful eye on them, he couldn't do anything to save their lives.

Draco presented Voldemort with a pudgy, pimply face man. The muggle's cry of fear was stopped when his throat was sliced open with a wave of Voldemort's wand.

Voldemort spun and twirled his wand in an intricate motion, causing the muggle's blood to spray out in a precise pattern, painting a large pentagram on the floor. Once the muggle bled out and the pentagram was complete, Voldemort walked to the table he had set the tome containing the ritual and Summoning Sapphire on. He stepped into the pentagram and placed the Sapphire at a random point.

"Hear me, oh masters of time, space, and anything else that might be listening! Open up the gates between worlds so that I can call forth my brother from that realm unto this world! Come forth from your world, my equal, and join me here in my world so that we may rule together!"

Pillars of smoke shot into the air announcing that the ritual had been performed properly. When the smoke cleared, everyone gathered in the cellar, especially the virgins standing off to the side, stared in wide-eye lust at the figure that stood next to Voldemort. The figure was a lean, bald woman, dressed in a set of sheer, shimmering robes.

She had an exotic, reptilian look to her.

"What am I doing here?" she asked calmly.

"I am Lord Voldemort," he announced. "I have brought you here to aid me in dealing with a formidable foe."

"I am Lady Voldemort," she said. "If I help you, what do I receive in return?"

"Once my foe is defeated and this world is mine, I shall return with you to your world and we shall conquer it together," he replied.

"If I wasn't a duplicate of you, your lie might've won me over," she said with a playful chuckle. "I was in the process of summoning duplicates from alternate realities myself, just as you were. Therefore I know that sending anyone back is not an option. But I will help you seeing that it is pointless to fret over not being able to return to my home reality."

She sauntered away from Voldemort, swaying her hips seductively. "When we take over this world, I'll take Australia."

"Damn," Voldemort cursed internally. Snape was right; his duplicates would challenge his absolute rule. This complicated issues. Vowing to deal with his female counterpart at a later time, Voldemort turned to Draco. "Bring another virgin!"

CMCMCM

While she lay panting in a pool of her own sweat, Daphne came to realize that Harry could not have been telling the truth when he claimed he was a virgin. If he had been a virgin, he wouldn't have been able to perform cunnilingus on her so expertly. She had climaxed three times before he stuffed that monstrous cock in her wet center. Then there was his stamina that contradicted his claim of

virginity. She had learned through discussion with witches who bedded virgins that the bloke never lasted very long; the excitement of the moment had them ejaculating within seconds. Harry, who obviously wasn't a virgin, slammed away at her for well over twenty minutes before moving on to Tracy, leaving Daphne a very satisfied and exhausted witch. More proof to his mistruth was his technique, Harry knew exactly how much pressure to put in his thrusts, what angles to use, and how fast or slow to go. Daphne had screamed out in pleasure as orgasm after orgasm hit her. Harry further proved he wasn't a virgin when he repeated this same process on Tracy who was now lying next to Daphne in her own pool of sweat and drool. Presently, Harry was shagging the hell out of Pansy. He was standing up, holding her by the waist, and railing her. Pansy, who was obviously overcome with passion, was flaying about bonelessly as Harry rammed into her.

With a loud grunt, Harry came.

"Lucky bitch," mumbled Tracy, jealous that Pansy was the one to receive Harry's load.

Once he was done, Harry carelessly let go of Pansy and she dropped to the floor with a crash. He stepped over her shivering body and slipped on his pants. "You three stay here. I'm going out for a stroll."

"I say we keep him," offered Tracy after Harry left the library.

"I second that," said Daphne.

"Agreed," echoed Pansy. "When we hand him over to the Dark Lord, we'll ask him if we can keep Potter for ourselves."

"You're out of you fucking mind, Parkinson!" snapped Tracy. "We are not handing the perfect lover over to You Know Who!"

"Yeah, he'll kill Harry, and that would be a crime against nature!" Daphne said.

"No, no, you see, instead of asking the Dark Lord to punish Draco for our reward, we can ask for Potter. We can keep him like a pet as payment for capturing him," explained Pansy, believing that such an outcome was a possibility.

"We are not going to let You Know Who even near Harry!" Daphne said loudly. "We're going to escape with him and we're going to shag him every single moment we can!"

"We can still shag him! I'm certain the Dark Lord will let us keep Potter for our own uses!"

"I have a feeling that you're not going to listen to reason," Daphne said threateningly as she and Tracy crawled over to Pansy.

CMCMCM

While the three witches' disagreement turned physical, Harry snuck into the cellar, clinging to the shadows like a ghost. There, just as one of the witches he just shagged described, was Voldemort, surrounded by his cronies, performing a ritual. Harry arrived just in time to see another of Voldemort's duplicates arrive.

"Who the hell are you?" Voldemort demanded of the man in an expensive muggle suit.

"Hi, I'm Tom Riddle, motivational speaker. How are you on this fantastic day?" the newcomer said in a happy, booming voice. He smiled, showing off his brilliantly white, perfectly straight, and overly large teeth.

"Why me?" Voldemort asked the heavens. With his head hanging low, Voldemort replaced the tome and Summoning Sapphire on the

nearby table. "What did I do to deserve this?"

"Why so glum, chum?" Tom the motivational speaker asked in a hyper perky fashion. "Everyday can be perfect but only if YOU make it perfect!" Tom punctuated this statement by clicking his fingers and theatrically pointing at Voldemort with both hands.

"I've tried to make the perfect day! But out of the four duplicates I've summoned, only two can perform magic. And even then one of them is a magical accountant; he can crunch numbers and count beans with a wave of his wand! How the hell will that help me?" snapped Voldemort.

While Voldemort and his followers were distracted, Harry stealthily slinked to the table Voldemort kept the tome and Sapphire. Clearly, these two items were important in some way and therefore were of interest to Harry. Deftly, Harry snatched the book and jewel and crept away.

"Hey, when life gives you lemons, you make lemonade!" Tom said with far too much cheer for the situation. "All you need to do is seize the bull of opportunity by the horns and guide that bull to crash into your destiny!"

"Stand to the side so I can summon another duplicate!" Voldemort commanded. "Perhaps this next one will be useful—. Where's the Summoning Stone and book?"

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When Harry reentered the room, he found the three witches wrestling on the floor. Daphne had Pansy in a headlock while Tracy was clawing at the black-haired witch's tits.

"Okay, girls, playtime's over," he said. "We're leaving."



"No we're not. We're going to hand you over to the Dark Lord!" Pansy said defiantly.

To show her disagreement, Daphne squeezed her arms around Pansy's neck even tighter.

"I said playtime is over," Harry repeated, pulling Daphne's arms off of the now blue-faced Pansy. He turned Daphne around and held the Summoning Sapphire to her rectum. "Here, hold onto this," he said before forcing the jewel into her cavity.

Daphne squeaked in surprise.

Handing Tracy the tome, he told her "Hold onto this while I make a portkey for us."

"Wait a tic! Why is she holding a book when I have a great big stone up my bum?" asked Daphne.

"Because when we get back to my temporary hideout, I'm going to bugger you. The stone will help stretch you out."

"Oh, I see," she said with anticipation.

"You lucky bitch," Tracy said to Daphne, wishing she had been the one to carry the sapphire instead of the book. That way she would've been the one to have Harry stuff his trouser basilisk up her bottom, not Daphne.

"Portus," Harry said, tapping his wand on a chair.

Pansy, who still wanted to hand Harry over, tried to sneak out. She made it one step before Harry hooked his arm around her waist and hoisted her up, draping her over his shoulder. "I think Hermione will be cross if I let one get away. She has a quota to fill."

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The portkey dropped Harry and his three new witches directly on the bed in the master bedroom. Their sudden arrival woke Luna – that or the fact that Daphne landed right on top of her.

"Sorry, sorry," apologized Daphne as she crawled off of Luna.

"Hmmm? Oh, look Hermione, Harry's added to our harem!" cheered Luna. "Oh my, Hermione, you look dreadful."

"N-ne-need t-t-to c-cu-cum," she cried out. The jackalope was in a seemingly perpetual cycle where it would buzz for a half second and stop for even less time. Hermione was so lost in her own suffering that she did not even take notice of the three witches Harry brought. "P-please, Ha-Harry, I-I've I-learned m-my les-lesson!"

"My goodness," uttered Daphne as her eyes locked onto the muggle-born's bare, sweat covered breasts. "Her tits are absolutely fantastic."

Tracy nodded her head in wholehearted agreement. Even Pansy, who considered Granger nothing more than a dirty mudblood, had to admit that Granger's titties were as close to perfection as a human could get.

"My poor baby," cooed Harry, leaning over the brunette bound to the chair. "Let me take care of you."

He reached down and brushed his fingertip across Hermione's engorged clit. This light touch was all that was needed to finally send to the heights of pleasure. The power of dozens and dozens of orgasms hit Hermione with that simple touch. The sheer magnitude of her climax was too much for her body to handle. Muttering a soft "oh" Hermione lapsed into unconsciousness.

"Can I test out one of the new harem girls, Harry?" asked Luna unfazed by the new additions or of an unconscious Hermione bound to a chair.

"Of course."

"Brilliant! You," she said pointing to Daphne. "Lick my pussy!"

"No, I have plans for that one," Harry said. He pushed Daphne over the bed and jabbed his finger up her bum, fishing for the Sapphire.

"Fine then, you" Luna said, indicating Tracy. "Start munching!" and spread her legs wide.

"Um, I've never ate out a girl before," Tracy said nervously.

"I'm sure Luna will give you some pointers," offered Harry after pulling the jewel out of Daphne. He grabbed the tube of "Harry's Mint Foaming Gel" and put the tip in Daphne's bum.

"Oh, that tickles!" she said in surprise.

Trying to seize the opportunity, Pansy made for the door. She was naively planning on telling Voldemort where Potter was hiding and still asking the Dark Lord to keep Potter like a sex toy.

"Where do you think you're going?" Harry asked the retreating Slytherin.

"Oh, you lot are busy," she replied weakly. "I was just going to go to the kitchen for a spot of tea."

"No, I need some of your spit," he said. He spat a large amount of saliva in his palm, and then held it in front of Pansy's face, clearly wanting her to add to it. When she spat a tiny amount into his palm, he scolded "Oh, come on, you can do better than that."

Pansy spat again, this time added a respectable amount of saliva. Harry rubbed the warm spit on his erect rod and jabbed the tip of his organ into Daphne's bum.

"OH MY!" Daphne cried out in pleasure and pain as Harry stretched her out. Slowly, he pushed another two inches into her bottom. "OH MY!"

The commotion stirred Ginny from her slumber. She looked around briefly, taking in the new girls in the room. Ginny then spied the tied up Hermione. Intuitively knowing that she was forbidden from looking upon the glory that was her Mistress' Master's cock, Ginny slinked off the dresser keeping her eyes averted; the acknowledgment of being not worthy only added to the burning of her loins. Ginny took her place next to the one witch in the world who knew how to truly love her. Looking lovingly at her Mistress and the glistening sheen that covered her beautiful form, Ginny came to the conclusion that her Mistress would not want to wake up covered in a sticky sweat. So the red-head took it upon herself to clean her Mistress like the good slave she was. She hesitated in removing the ball gag, as she realized that her Mistress would likely punish her. With her fanny pulsing at the thought of being punished by her one true love, Ginny unbuckled the ball gag (yet kept the nose hooks in place). Ginny bent over and began licking her Mistress' toes and feet. The delicious taste of her salty sweat and the lowly act itself sent shivers of delight up Ginny's spine. Slowly, Ginny worked her way up Hermione's calf, licked and lapping up her sweat. Again, knowing that she was unworthy of touching more than the extremities of her Mistress' body, Ginny proceeded to lick and suck Hermione arms and lower legs clean.

"For not having done this before, you're not too bad," Luna commented to Tracy, as the Slytherin was doing her best in the hopes of getting Harry's notice of being willing to do whatever it took to be next. "Don't be afraid to stick a finger up my bottom; I'm an

arse-girl."

"Alright then, I'll be back in a mo'," Pansy said, eager to return to Malfoy Manor and claim her prize.

"No, don't leave," Harry said, pulling Pansy back to his side. He forced her down on her knees with a less than gentle nudge so that now her face was less than a foot away from Daphne's bottom. "You see that?" he asked, looking at his shaft.

"Yes," Pansy replied and licked her lips.

"Well, I'm planning on cuming in... excuse me, what's your name again?"

"IT'S DAPHNE!" she cried out in passion.

"Thank you." Harry turned his attention back to Pansy. "As I was saying, I'm going to cum in Daphne's arse and that'll be messy. And I need someone to clean her up."

He paused and pushed another two inches into Daphne. "OH MY!"

"I was hoping that you'd suck my still hot cum out of Daphne's bum because that would make me randy," Harry said conversationally to Pansy. "And if you get me hot enough, I'll get hard real quick. And I'll use it on somebody. And since you would've sucked cum out of another witch's arse, I might be inclined to show my appreciation by shoving my cock in your arse."

A debate raged in Pansy's mind: should she do the proper thing of telling the Dark Lord of Potter's whereabouts and ask for the endowed wizard to be her plaything for a reward, or should she stay here, watch Potter bugger Daphne, suck his warm, salty spunk out of her fellow Slytherin's bum and then get buggered herself? This internal struggle Pansy faced was very short lived. Pansy came to

the quick conclusion that the idea of slurping Potter's cum out of someone's rectum and getting bugged herself was far more pleasing in the short run than informing the Dark Lord. Besides, she could always sneak off in the morning to tell her Lord and Master where Potter was hiding.

"That's a good idea," Pansy said. With wanton desire burning in her veins, the Slytherin Princess settled for the show and her turn.

## Chapter Eleven

Standard Disclaimer: Harry Potter and all characters are property of J. K. Rowling, Warner Brothers, Bloomsbury Books, Arthur A. Levine Books, Raincoast Books, Scholastic publishing, et al, and are used without permission. This work was written purely for noncommercial entertainment; no money is being made or asked for.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad parody with over the top humor (most of this humor is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (Out Of Character actions). To reiterate; this is a parody with a great amount of sex jokes and sex scenes.

Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (femmeslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

Major Ron and general Weasley bashing ahead.

Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

Just as the morning sun peaked over the horizon, Pansy Parkinson gently untangled herself from the mass of limbs and naked bodies that covered and surrounded her. Now that her physical desires had been quenched (Potter's epic willy saw to that for the time being), Pansy set off to do the proper thing: sneak away, return to Malfoy Manor and inform the Dark Lord of Potter's whereabouts. There was no doubt in the Slytherin's mind that You Know Who would reward her loyalty and devoted service with Potter to use as her personal sex-toy. She couldn't conceive why the Dark Lord wouldn't reward her with the heroically endowed half blood. In a few hours, she would have Potter all to herself! Oh, the things she would let him do to her made her womanhood quiver with desire.

Perhaps, if Pansy had not been so focused on her task of stealthily sneaking out of the room, she might have noticed that one body was missing from the pile of naked forms she had just freed herself from.

The stairs proved a challenge for Pansy — after the rogering she had received the night before, she was still gloriously sore. Each step tested her. But the Slytherin Princess prevailed. As she slinked down the stairs, suppressing whimpers and whines with each blasted step, she silently conjured a simple, yet elegant, set of robes. She couldn't present herself to the Dark Lord in the nude, now could she?

Like a cat, Pansy silently slipped through the kitchen, along the way, picking up a wooden spoon to enchant into a portkey. However, just before she was within reach of the backdoor, a voice from behind caused her to stop in her tracks.

"Just where the hell do you think you're going, you inbred skank?" Hermione stood, in all her naked glory, just behind Pansy, with her fists on her shapely hips.

Now Pansy wasn't into girls (it's true that she had sucked warm seminal fluid out of Daphne's arse a few hours before, but that was only to slurp up Potter's tasty cum, so that didn't count as being into girls, per se), but the Slytherin was forced to admit that Granger had one hell of a body — even despite her filthy mudblood heritage. A low and simple part of Pansy wanted to nuzzle her face between the mudblood's titties and bask in their warm, soft beauty.

"I'm leaving, mudblood, and there's nothing you can do about it," Pansy said, smirking and pointing her wand at the naked, buxom brunette. The black-haired witch had the upper hand, or so she believed.

It should be noted that up until this moment Pansy had led a very pampered life. Instead of getting up and walking down the stairs to fetch an item left in another room, she would simply have her family's



house-elf retrieve it for her. The same went if she needed to lug something heavy, such as a book or a quill and ink jar. Never before did she have to physically exert herself, even in the slightest. So when Hermione pounced on her and knocked the wand out of her hand, the black-haired witch didn't stand a chance. Having never truly toiled physically, Pansy was worthless in a physical fight. Therefore, her struggles were for naught as Hermione dragged her by the hair to the downstairs' loo.

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Harry woke to sounds of a commotion in the kitchen. Unashamed and rightfully proud of his naked and swaying bits, the wizard did not bother to get dressed before marching downstairs to investigate the peculiar noises. He found Hermione and Pansy in the guest loo with the naked brunette forcibly shoving the black-haired girl's head into the open toilet.

"Good morning, Hermione," Harry said, leaning against the doorframe.

"Good morning, Harry," returned Hermione jovially over the sounds of Pansy gurgling under the water's surface. "How are you today?"

"Quite well," he said, enjoying the scene before him; Pansy's vain struggles made Hermione breasts and bottom jiggle nicely.

"This bint was trying to leave," Hermione informed, indicating the girl she was in the process of drowning.

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure she wants to tell Voldemort where I am."

Hermione pulled Pansy's head out of the toilet. She tugged Pansy's hair, yanking the Slytherin's head up to her lips. Hermione screamed directly into Pansy's ear; "WERE YOU GOING TO SNITCH ON HARRY, YOU INBRED CUNT?"

Sputtering and gasping for air, Pansy returned defiantly, "Go to hell, mudblood!" Or at least she tried to. Halfway through the word "hell" Hermione dunked the Slytherin's head back into the water.

"I'll take that as a 'yes'," Hermione said, while holding Pansy down.

"You're pretty strong, Hermione," Harry noted. His manhood began to rise, displaying his enjoyment of watching Hermione's jiggling.

"Must be all those books I've lugged around Hogwarts for the past few years," she replied playfully. "That and I have leverage."

A moment or two later, Hermione tugged Pansy up, allowed one quick gulp of air before roughly shoving her back down into the water. The toilet wasn't dirty (which upset Hermione because this moment would have been so much better if it had – she so wanted to force the inbred slut to play a nasty game of "Bobbing for Floaters") but it was still very degrading for Pansy. Not only was her head shoved into a toilet, but this travesty had been performed by a mudblood.

"She also tried to hex me," Hermione said with a snarl. "I knocked her wand out of her hand and showed her how much of a bad idea it was to threaten me by introducing her to the Tidy Bowl Man.":

"We can't have that," Harry said. "You're the prime of my harem after all."

"I am? I'm your prime?" Hermione asked, looking back and over her shoulder with a happy twinkle in her eyes.

"Of course you are," he reaffirmed. "You're my prime and Luna's my second. I haven't figure out the pecking order after that."

Hermione pulled Pansy out of the water for a breath of air again and quickly shoved her head back into the porcelain bowl – her brown

eyes twinkling with pride over her new status the entire time. As Prime, she just couldn't drown Pansy for this first offense. Not that Hermione was opposed to the notion of killing Pansy for her transgression (which surprised the brunette witch) but she had already made the decision to expand Harry's harem. It didn't make sense to kill an existing member (or even a potential member) when at the same time attempting to recruit more witches to trump dickless-Ron's harem. It would simply be a waste of a pussy and even the witch attached to said pussy.

"We can't have one of the lesser harem girls trying to assault the prime," continued Harry. He strolled into the kitchen, looking for Pansy's discarded wand. His organ, now hard from watching Hermione dominate Pansy, bobbed and swayed, like a large, meaty divining rod with each step. "I'll have to figure out a way to deter her from escaping. But in the meantime, she loses any and all wand privileges."

After finding and picking up Pansy's wand, Harry called out; "Ginny-Pig! Get your flabby cunt down here!"

Like someone had lit her arse on fire, Ginny-Pig awoke with a start, leapt off of the ground and bolted out of the room. The red-haired girl ran as quickly as she could. Her feet thundered on the stairs as she ran, full bore toward her Mistress' Master. When she turned the corner into the kitchen, Ginny-Pig squeezed her eyes shut, knowing that her Mistress had forbidden her from ever looking upon the glory that was her Master's naked form. The moment her feet touched the tiled kitchen floor, Ginny-Pig threw herself to her knees, sliding the last few feet to Harry. A high-pitch squeaked sounded as the flesh on her kneecaps skidded across the floor.

"That was almost acceptable, Ginny-Pig... if you were a hobbled flobberworm," Harry said with contempt. His erection threatened to falter – Ginny-Pig had that effect on him – but Harry had plans for his hard organ that involved Hermione. So he focused on the image of

the buxom brunette jiggling to reinforce his erection as he continued to berate the ginger cowering before him. "Next time I call for you, you'd better move, you inbred cretin."

"Yes, Master," she said.

"Now, I know you enjoyed Hermione's fist up your cunt," he said. Ginny-Pig felt her womanhood moisten just at the thought of the glorious pain her beautiful Mistress had shown her.

Meanwhile, in the guest loo, Hermione tugged Pansy out of the toilet and screamed in her ear "WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I SHOVED BOTH MY FISTS IN YOUR CUNT, YOU FUCKING WHORE?" and promptly shoved her head back under the water.

"Even though it was fun to watch Hermione at work, I can't abide your flabby cunt" Harry said to the naked red-haired sub groveling on the floor before him. "It's nasty. I could hear your twat slapping together as you ran down the stairs."

"I'm sorry the sound of my loose cunny offends you, Master," Ginny-Pig said as tears of shame rolled down her cheeks. The sense of shame just added to the warm fluid building in her loins.

"And what about your poor Mistress, Ginny-Pig? Can you imagine how your sagging cunt hurts her feelings?" he reprimanded harshly. "The next time she wants to fist you, her hand will just slip into your flabby cunt without any effort on her part. It will roll around in your cavernous twat easily. It won't be fun for her!"

"I'm sorry!" wailed Ginny-Pig. The thought of displeasing her cruel Mistress tore at her. In her mind, she was the lowest of the low — a cretin unworthy of being spat on.

"I know of a way to tighten your cunt so that your Mistress can enjoy fisting you again," Harry spoke. "But it will be difficult."

"Please, tell me what to do!" cried Ginny-Pig. "I'll do anything to please my Mistress!" She finished with a frantic, tearful plea. "ANYTHING!"

"Stand up, turn around, and bend over to show me that nasty, drooping cunt of yours," he ordered. In the blink of an eye, Ginny-Pig was up and around, presenting her bits to Harry.

Slowly, Harry pushed Pansy's wand, tip first, into Ginny-Pig's sex until only two inches of the handle was jutting out. "Now hold onto this," he ordered. "I want you to run up and down the stairs without letting the wand slip an inch for the rest of the day. Do you hear me?"

Ginny-Pig nodded obediently.

"If you let the wand slip, even a fraction of an inch, Hermione will beat your arse bloody," he warned.

Ginny-Pig considered relaxing her muscles and letting the wand fall to the ground right then and there just to receive the magnificent punishment her Master promised. However, as if sensing Ginny-Pig's excitement, Harry added "But if you succeed and the wand doesn't budge, not only will Hermione beat your arse, but she'll let you clean the toilet with your tongue after she uses it later today."

The thought of such a demeaning and degrading task was all the motivation Ginny-Pig needed. Her vaginal muscles clamped down on the wand and held it firmly in place like a vise. Ginny-Pig charged out of the kitchen. With her eyes still shut in order not to see her naked Master, the red-head blindly tripped on one of the chairs and stumbled momentarily before righting herself and ran up the stairs. Once she reached the top, the red-head turned and sprinted back down and repeated the action of running back up. All the while her inner-muscles were squeezed as tight as she could.

As Ginny-Pig continued to rush up and down the stairs, Harry turned back to Hermione who was pulling Pansy's head out for another breath of air.

"You know, this is turning me on," he said as the brunette plunged the Slytherin back into the toilet yet again.

"What, sticking a wand up Ginny-Pig's cunt?" Hermione asked, conversationally.

"Good God, no," Harry replied, offended at such an implication. "That girl couldn't get me hard if she was wedged between you and Luna while one of the other girls sucked me off. No, watching you wriggle and jiggle as you dominate Pansy has turned me on."

Hermione smiled. While looking at his hard manhood, she asked "How do you want to take care of that?"

"This is what we'll do, I'll tie up Pansy, throw her on the kitchen table, then place you on top of her so that your cunt's right over her face and then I'll fuck you silly. We'll finish with you dribbling my cum and your cunny juice all over her face."

Hermione shivered. "I think I just had a little orgasm!"

"Oh, before we start, I have a present for you," Harry said.

"Harry, you don't have to give me a present," she returned. Before continuing, she pulled Pansy out of the water, allowed her to gulp down a breath of air, and shoved the Slytherin's head back into the toilet. "Well, if your present is stuffing that wonderful cock of yours deep into my cunny, I'll gladly accept it."

"You're going to get that anyway," Harry turned and called out. "Tracy! Bring down the present!"

"What present?" Tracy shouted from the master bedroom.

"The one I stuck up your bottom while you were asleep," Harry said, loudly.

"Oh, that's why my bum feels funny," she replied. "I'd hoped it was because you had bugged me while I was asleep."

"No, you'll know when I bum shag you."

"Yeah, it's a whole lot better than just 'funny'," Daphne added to the conversation, loud enough for the three people on the ground floor to overhear.

"Yes, think of the most pleasant soreness you've ever experienced, multiply it by twenty or so, and then imagine that sensation concentrated entirely on your bottom," Luna clarified further.

"Enough chitchat, get down here so I can give Hermione her present," Harry ordered.

A moment later, Tracy gingerly walked into the kitchen as if not to displace the mystery object hidden in her bum. Harry walked behind Tracy and, without warning or preamble, shoved his thumb and forefinger up her bottom. As Harry fished about for the hidden mystery present, Hermione tried to ease the awkward situation. "Good day, Tracy, how are you this morning?"

"Oh, just—err—grand," she replied. As Harry continued to seek out the present, Tracy pointed to Pansy and asked, "I take it she tried to escape—oh—and warn You Know Who—wow—about Harry?"

"Yes, I rather think she's deserving of this," the brunette replied casually as if it was perfectly normal to have one naked person ramming two fingers up another nude person's bum, looking for an

object the former had placed in the latter's rectum, while she, the third person, held the only clothed person's head in the toilet. "Although I do wish someone had relieved themselves before hand. Dunking her head in shite-filled water would've been far more fitting."

"Got it!" exclaimed Harry. With a wet popping sound (and a breathy "o-oh" from Tracy), he withdrew a large ball from the strawberry-blond witch's bottom. He presented it to Hermione and declared; "I killed Dumbledore for you!"

"Um, that's Mad-Eye Moody's eye," Hermione said.

"You mean Dumbledore doesn't have a magical eye like this?"

"No," Hermione said. "That belongs to Mad-Eye Moody."

"Well, belonged to," corrected Harry. "He's all shades of dead."

"Really? You killed Moody?" she asked in disbelief.

"Yeah, since he was walking out of Dumbledore's office and he was old, I just assumed he was Dumbledore. I wanted to kill him for what he did to you," stated Harry without remorse or guilt.

"I suppose that's romantic... in a way," Hermione said. She was surprised that she was not shocked or horrified by what Harry did. Perhaps it was because Moody had allowed, even by inaction, Dumbledore to manipulate and alter her mind. Or perhaps she was growing more and more like this darker version of Harry. "You killed someone you thought had wronged me. And that's as romantic as you are going to get, I suppose."

"And it's the thought that counts really." He carelessly tossed the magic eye over his shoulder where it smashed to a thousand pieces on the kitchen floor behind him. "All right then, let's get to shagging over Pansy's face, shall we?"



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Hidden in the branches of a mulberry tree in the front garden of Number Five Privet Drive, someone watched the Dursely house. Brilliant green, almond shaped eyes narrowed on the window leading to the kitchen as peculiar, but muffled, sounds came from the house.

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Meanwhile, in a small, dilapidated cottage, Remus Lupin was rudely wakened from a pleasant slumber filled with dreams of the memory of Hermione Granger's bared tit by Minerva shouting through the fireplace.

"Remus! He's dead!"

Remus shot out of bed and looked to his fireplace to see McGonagall's face floating in the green flames. "Who's dead?"

"Alastor! Someone killed Alastor Moody right here in Hogwarts!" she wailed. "He was hit by some spell that forced him to drink so much water that his bladder burst and he died of toxic shock!"

"I'll be right there!" the werewolf jumped out of bed, threw on a ratty set of robes, and rushed to the fireplace with every intention of flooing directly to the castle. Unfortunately, Remus had not fully woken yet, and stumbled as he approached the fireplace, slamming his head against the mantle. The former Marauder fell to the floor unconscious.

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A very upset Draco Malfoy stomped out of his room. His sleep was plagued with the memory of what he had done with that freakish muggle – it looked like a woman but had a man's privates. Was Lola

some sort of aberration common among muggles, he wondered – half-man, half-woman? A shiver raced through his body as he recalled, much to his horror, what Lola's balls felt like slapping against his chin.

The novice Death Eater suppressed the painful memory of the perverted actions he had been forced to perform (and swallow) the day before. Instead, he focused on his revenge against the coward who had murdered his father. Soon, Potter would pay for killing Draco's noble father. The coward would be overrun by the sheer power of The Dark Lord, his minions, and his duplicate. Even though the Dark Lord was only able to call one worthwhile duplicate from another dimension before the Summoning Stone and book went missing, Draco held high hopes for Lady Voldemort. The blond boy reasoned that with two Voldemorts, Potter wouldn't stand a chance.

As he trudged down the hall, Draco passed his mother and father's room. He paused, wondering if he should go into the room and console his mother as she undoubtedly grieved over her recently deceased husband.

Before Draco could make up his mind, a rapid series of loud squeaks came from behind the closed door. It sounded as if someone had stomped on a long row of mice, one right after the other.

He opened the door and rushed in. A surprised yelp escaped Draco's lips. There, tangled together beneath the sheets, were his mother and the buffoonish counterpart of the Dark Lord, Tommy the Clown. The clown's make-up was smeared all over his face just as it was over Narcissa's face. Much to Draco's horror, he could see some of the clown's makeup on the swell of his mother's right breast, further evidence of a foul act.

"Mother! What are you doing?" the blond Slytherin demanded.

"She's doing me," Tommy the Clown replied. "Several times in a

row."

Draco stood next to the bed, aghast. "Mother, how could you? Father's corpse is barely cold! Well, I'm certain what's left of Father's corpse – wherever it may be – is barely cold! And yet here you are, defiling his memory and yourself with this... this clown!" he scolded, trying to ignore the almost overpowering smell of multiple lovemaking sessions. A young man should never know the aroma his mother gives off. Draco turned and scowled at the man who had clearly seduced his mother. "And you! You told the Dark Lord that your squeaker didn't work! But I heard it squeaking perfectly when I came in here, you liar!"

"Oh, that," the clown said with a saucy smile. Tommy slid his hand under the sheets, between Narcissa's legs, and moved his hand. Suddenly, Narcissa let out a loud, high pitched squeak, much like a mouse being stepped on. While Narcissa bushed wildly and grinned from ear to ear, Tommy bragged; "I know what buttons to push on your mum, boy-o."

The blond boy's blood boiled. His face burned and his fist shook. This lowly clown had just done something inappropriate to his mother, right in front of him! "I—will—kill—you!"

"Oh, just stop it, Draco," his mother snapped.

"But Mother—"

"But nothing young man!" she cut him off harshly. "I'm a woman, and as such, I have needs. Your Father, the perverted adulterer he was, never satisfied those needs. But Tommy has! He has satisfied me more than I thought possible!"

Just then, Tommy decided to confirm Narcissa's claim by giving the blonde woman another pinch – which elicited another high pitched stomped-mouse-like squeak of pleasure.

"MOTHER!"

"Just leave, Draco. Get out of my sight!" commanded Narcissa. "Tommy makes me glad I'm a woman. I'm going to show my appreciation by sucking the sweat off his scrotum. I don't think you'd like to see that, young man."

Before Draco could protest his mother's infidelity, Narcissa ducked under the covers and wriggled down the clown and came to rest between his legs. Tommy leaned back against the headrest with his hands comfortably behind his head and announced "It's good to be Tommy the Clown, boy-o. It's so very good."

The first wet sucking sound chased Draco out of the room.

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Ever since her disastrous stint as Headmistress of Hogwarts, Dolores Umbridge's career had plummeted like a heavy rock. She was demoted from Senior Undersecretary for the Minister for Magic to Junior Undersecretary, to Tour Guide of the Ministry Building, to Assistant to the Chief of House-Elf Affairs in less than two months. The next stop on her downward spiral would surely be janitor. But she was an ambitious witch and saw the proverbial light at the end of the tunnel: Molly and Arthur Weasley.

Dolores devised a plan to get on the good side of the new Minister for Magic by befriending his parents. Certainly, Minister Weasley would treat his parents' friend properly and provide a good position for her. Perhaps he would even reinstate her as Senior Undersecretary.

With a box of chocolates and a bottle of the finest elf-wine from her private collection, Dolores apparated to the Burrow, intent on winning Molly and Arthur over with her charm. The former Grand Inquisitor was surprised to find the front door ajar. In this day and age with You

Know Who and his minions running about, most sensible people kept their homes locked up tight as a drum. For a split second, Dolores was worried that the Weasley home had been attacked. She wasn't worried over the potential loss of life, but if either Molly or Arthur had died, Dolores' chances of getting on Minister Weasley's good side would diminish greatly. But the lack of a Dark Mark, the Death Eater calling card, hovering over the Burrow calmed Dolores' nerves. If the door had been ajar due to an attack, surely the villains would've left their ominous mark floating over the home.

A thought occurred to Dolores as she stood outside the musty, old, claptrap house with its mismatched floors; she could use her fleeting fear of an attack to befriend the Weasleys to her. She would barge in, overwrought with concern for the family's well being. And, with a little smooth chitchat, she could start to befriend the lowly Weasleys.

However, Dolores had to change her plan again once she entered the Burrow. There, slumped over the kitchen table, was the Weasley matriarch, drunk as a lord. Three empty bottles of firewhiskey lay discarded at the red-haired witch's feet while another half empty bottle was clutched in her hand.

Clearly Molly had imbued the excessive amount of alcohol over some form of emotional stress and not over the jubilant news of her son's new position, thought Dolores. She reached this assumption on the fact that no one else was in the house. If Molly had gotten drunk in some celebration for her son's achievement, there would be other people in the kitchen in similar states of inebriation. Since Molly was alone, Dolores deduced the witch had suffered some sort of trauma and had tried to drown her sorrows in firewhiskey. Dolores smiled. She could use this to her advantage. She could be a shoulder for the distraught Molly to cry upon.

Shuffling past the unconscious Weasley, Dolores began gathering various potion ingredients. She quickly brewed a mild Sobering Draught. After letting it cool, Dolores gently lifted Molly's head and

carefully poured a dose in her mouth.

Molly's eye's fluttered open. The plump witch (well, the red-headed plump witch) let out a pitiful moan, rubbing her temples. The Sobering Draught Dolores made wasn't very powerful and Molly still had one hell of a hangover.

"Dolores, what in Heaven's name are you doing here?" she asked.

"I was in the neighborhood and I saw your door open a touch. I was frightened that something terrible had happened to you, such as a Death Eater attack, and rushed in here to see if I could help." Dolores was so good at manipulating the truth that this little half-lie was second nature to her.

"I wish I had been attacked by Death Eaters. A merciful death would've been better than this anguish I'm suffering!" wailed Molly. She brought the bottle of firewhiskey to her lips and drank a mouthful in one gulp.

"Oh, dear what's wrong?" asked Dolores with her best 'I'm earnestly compassionate and here to help you' voice. She generally used this voice whenever Minister Fudge complained about his work or social life (and seeing how much Fudge mucked things up both professionally and personally, Dolores used this particular voice quite often).

"Wrong? I'll tell you what's wrong!" she half-slurred, half-whimpered. "My husband, to whom I was loyal, supporting, and loving to for thirty-one years, just destroyed my entire life!"

"What did he do?" This time, Dolores switched to her 'I'm appalled and offended that such a thing could ever happen' voice. Again, this voice saw a lot of use under Fudge's term in office.

"I caught him with his John Thomas in some scarlet woman's cunny!"

Molly threw herself into the other witch's arms and sobbed.

"Oh, you poor, poor dear." Rubbing the crying witch's back, Dolores said soothingly, "That ungrateful fool should be tied up by his thumbs for what he did to you."

Molly nodded her head in agreement.

"I hope you tossed the adulterer out on the streets," Dolores asked. This was a calculated risk on the toad-woman's part – if Molly was the forgiving type, she would've been offended by Umbridge's comment and her work to befriend the Minister's mother would be dashed to pieces. But Dolores had Molly pegged for a mean, bitter and vengeful woman.

"Of course I did! And if I ever see him again, I'll hex off his wizard's bits!" Apparently, Dolores' assessment as to Molly's character was spot on.

"If I still had a position of power, I'd gladly make that two-timing swine's life miserable," Dolores said. She began laying the groundwork for her plan, planting a seed in Molly's mind. If everything went according to plan, that simple suggestion would reach Minister Weasley's ear and Dolores would be promoted in no time at all.

"That's very sweet of you," Molly said looking up into Dolores' eyes.

"We witches have to stick together."

Molly's lip began to quiver as another sobbing fit threatened to seize her again.

"Don't worry, my dear, Arthur will pay for his transgressions," Dolores said.

"It's not that," sniffled Molly. "It's just that I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what, dear?"

"Of being alone. I've never been alone before. I've always had Arthur and now he's gone."

"I'm sure a witch like you can snap up another wizard in no time. Why, I say you go out there right now, find yourself a strapping man and bed him just to show that cheating husband of yours what for."

"Men, bah!" barked Molly. "All they think about is their penises and when they can use them next. They don't know what love is."

"No they don't," Dolores said, picking up on Molly's argument as if it were her own. "All they care about is whom or what they can cum in."

"Or on," added Molly. "The penis is a foul thing, don't you think?"

"Hideous."

"It lays there and then it gets stiff and then it vomits out its juices and then it goes soft."

"Soft and useless, just like men themselves."

"All they care about is cumming. Wizards know nothing of love – they say they love you just so they can get off."

"Not like us witches, eh? We know all about love," Dolores said.

"Yeah! I'm sure witches know how to really love one another. It's too bad I'm not into witches, then perhaps I wouldn't be such a frigid prude." With this comment, Molly's sobbing renewed.

As she looked into Molly's crying eyes, Dolores came to the



conclusion that if the new Minister would treat his mother's friend well, perhaps, he'd treat his mother's special friend even better.

Leaning forward, Dolores placed her lips to Molly's, and pushed her probing tongue into her firewhiskey flavored mouth.

CMCMCM

Edgar Melvin, a senior member of the Wizengamot and long time supporter of the Dark Lord, marched into Malfoy Manor. He was shocked to see the damage in the foyer – it looked as if a great battle had been fought in this room. Stepping over the broken floorboards and remnants of walls, Edgar made his way to the library.

"Ah, Edgar, welcome," the Dark Lord greeted.

Kneeling before his Master, Edgar spoke "I live to serve, my Lord."

"I'm a very busy man, Edgar, so I must cut the pleasantries," Voldemort said. "A new proposal is about to be passed that will increase the penalties against my loyal followers. It must not be allowed to pass into law. Luckily, we have an ace in the hole – Weasley, the new Minister."

"Really, Sire? That's wonderful news!" cheered Edgar. With the Minister on their side, wizarding Britain would finally head down the proper path.

"Weasley is nothing more than our unwitting dupe. Unfortunately, Lucius was his contact."

"Why is that unfortunate, Master?" asked Edgar. As far as he knew, Malfoy was a cunning wizard who was very skilled when it came to manipulating people.

"Lucius is dead," Voldemort said.

"Oh."

"I need you, Edgar, to sway Weasley and have him veto the new proposal without him realizing that you are following my demands," commanded Voldemort.

Edgar gulped and bowed. "I live to serve."

CMCMCM

"Remus, Remus wake up, lad."

Groggily, Remus Lupin sat up. He was no longer in his shabby cottage but in a pristine grassy field. To his left, he saw a young man.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"It's me, Alastor Moody," the man gave Remus a bright smile.

"Alastor? But I thought you were dead?" He looked at the man who looked like a much younger, unscarred and two eyed Moody.

"That I am, lad," he said as if he couldn't be happier over the notion.

"Am I dead?" asked Remus, remembering the very hard knock to his head.

"No, but She brought you here." The manner in which Moody said 'She,' Remus knew he was referring to something divine.

"Who's 'She'?"

"The Creator of all things, our Lady and Goddess," Moody replied joyously, nearly singing. "She has chosen you to spread Her Word amongst Her children."

"Me?"

"Yes, you're to be Her Prophet."

"Erm, I don't think that's such a good idea," Remus said. "I'm a werewolf. People won't listen to a werewolf."

"That's exactly why She chose you, Remus, because She can show Her children Her true Power by healing you."

"What? I'm cured?"

"Yes, My son, you are cured," a voice from the Heavens sang.

Remus looked up and began to weep. There, floating in the clouds was the Divine Beauty. The Creator of All Life. Remus' heart soared – all of his grief and doubt vanished and he was overcome with a happiness that he did not know existed.

"Give unto me Your Word so that I, Your humble servant, may teach Your Children," pleaded Remus.

CMCMCM

Meanwhile, in the master bedroom of Number Four, Harry and his witches were having a meeting.

"Okay, ladies, listen up, Hermione is my Prime Harem Witch," Harry announced to the witches collected on and around the bed as he finished dressing. "That means she's the head witch, and all of you have to listen to her."

"What?" Pansy screeched. Harry and Hermione's combined discharges had dried on her face and was now flaking off as her features twisted in rage. "I will not allow a mudblood to tell me what to

do!"

"Mistress Hermione?" Daphne raised her hand.

Hermione's nipples suddenly hardened, seemingly threatening to poke holes in the fabric of her blouse. "I think I like being call that."

"Pardon Mistress, may I have the honor of punishing Pansy for her outburst?" asked Daphne.

"Be my guest," Hermione said, gesturing to the master bathroom.

"Don't you dare—" Pansy began to protest. However, her words were cut short when her fellow Slytherin grabbed a fistful of hair and dragged her into the bathroom.

As Daphne began to dunk Pansy's head in the toilet much like Hermione had done earlier in the day, Harry continued, "Luna's my second. After Hermione, what my little arse-girl says is law."

"Yeah!" Luna, the arse-girl in question, cheered.

"What about the rest of us, Master? What order are we in?" Tracy asked.

"We'll see. Maybe I'll have a contest or something to decide your pecking order. But for right now, Hermione has an announcement to make."

"We currently have five witches in our harem. We must add more witches," the brunette said firmly.

"Five? What about the Weasley girl?" asked Daphne from the bathroom.

"That slut? Bah!" Hermione turned and called out to the hall,

"Ginny-Pig, get your fat arse in here!"

Ginny-Pig, who had been running up and down the stairs with Pansy's wand held in her sex just as Harry had ordered for well over an hour, dashed into the master bedroom and threw herself on her knees before her lovingly cruel Mistress. Hermione hawked up a great amount of saliva in her mouth and Ginny-Pig opened her jaw wide. Hermione spat a massive load of spit directly into Ginny-Pig's open mouth. The red-head's ensuing orgasm threatened to loosen her grip on the wand, but she defiantly held onto the foreign object in hopes of the beating and toilet cleaning she was promised.

"This little whore isn't worthy to be alive much less counted in Harry's harem," Hermione said with unadulterated disdain. Another orgasm rocked Ginny-Pig's body. "Get back to running, you skank!" she screamed at her submissive pet. Fulfilling her Mistress' order, Ginny-Pig bolted out of the room to continue running up and down the stairs.

"You see, Ginny-Pig doesn't count," Luna said to Tracy and Daphne as if Hermione's words and actions needed further clarification.

"We have Luna, Tracy, Pansy, Daphne, and myself," clarified Hermione. "We need more witches to better that dickless ponce Ron!"

Tracy, who didn't want to tell Hermione that the witches in Ron's harem were foul and ugly beasts because she rather liked the idea of adding more witches to Harry's harem, asked, "Pardon, Mistress Hermione, but should we really count Pansy as a full witch?"

"I agree, Mistress, because of her escape attempts and refusal to listen to your command, I feel that Pansy should only count as a half a witch in the harem," added Daphne.

Pansy voiced her disapproval of this statement by making loud

gurgling noises in the toilet.

Hermione thought for a moment before saying, "Let's say she's a third of a member. So that makes Harry's harem four and one-third strong."

"We need to recruit two more witches," Luna said.

"At the very least," the brunette said.

"I think I have a way," said Harry. He retrieved the Summoning Stone and book he had stolen from Voldemort the night before and handed them to Hermione and Luna. "Voldemort's been using these to summon his duplicates from other dimensions. That's probably how I got here, but I figured you can use it to bring duplicates of yourselves to fill out my harem."

The Gryffindor and Ravenclaw began reading through the book rapidly. "Is there a section that mentions how we can bring this dimension's Harry back?" asked Hermione.

Harry gestured to his clad, yet noticeable bulge and asked "Do you really think you can handle another one of me?"

A shiver passed over each of the witches' bodies. Two Harrys. Two epic willys. And then they gulped realizing they had more than enough of a challenge satisfying just one Harry, much less two.

"You lot wouldn't be able to walk ever again," Harry chuckled.

"Two Harrys would probably kill us," commented Tracy as the image of her being sandwiched between the two overly endowed wizards played out in her mind.

"Yeah, but it'd be one hell of a way to go," Hermione said, wiping the drool from her lips.

"Let's focus on summoning more of you to add to my harem," Harry ordered, snapping his fingers to draw their attention. "Two birds that have Hermione's titties would be a good thing don't you think?"

All the witches looked at Hermione's bosom. Daphne, who had paused in her dunking of Pansy, took the time to gaze at the mounds. Even Pansy, who was still being held by her Housemate and was dripping wet, had to admire the mudblood's awe-inspiring breasts.

"Okay then, let's get cracking!" Luna said. She imagined what it would be like to be wedged between two sets of Hermione's magnificent breasts.

Over the next few minutes, Luna and Hermione read over the chapters concerning summoning.

"It says we need to sacrifice a virgin in order to summon a duplicate," announced Luna. "I really would like to play with four of Hermione's breasts, but I don't want to kill someone."

"Well, maybe we can use a Blood Magnifying Charm. That way we'd only take a little blood but magically increase it to make enough to complete the ritual," suggested Hermione, who was curious to play with her breasts but from a new angle.

"That may work, but we'd still need to find a virgin," Luna said.

"Good luck with that," Tracy commented.

"Yeah, virgins are a precious commodity," added Daphne. After a loud splash announced Daphne dunking Pansy's head back into the toilet, she added, "Especially after You Know Who was looking for them. Every father who was even remotely connected to Death Eaters scrambled to have his daughter deflowered in order to save them from being sacrifices, as our own fathers did."

"Actually, I think I can help with that," Harry said. He stood and walked out of the room.

Ginny-Pig, who was about to turn around and sprint down the stairs, squeezed her eyes shut in order not to see her Master's beautiful form in case he was naked.

Ignoring the sweating red-head, Harry opened the door to the smallest bedroom. The foul order of human waste billowed out into the hallway. The three people bound and gagged in the room whimpered pathetically.

"Have you lot learned manners?" asked Harry. The Dursleys barely nodded their heads, too weak from lack of food to do anything more. "Good then, I'll bring up some food after Donald here does a favor for me."

Harry grabbed Dudley around the shoulders and, with a grunt, lifted the mammoth boy to his feet. Carefully holding the obese boy so that his excrement encrusted pants did not touch him, Harry dragged his duplicate's cousin out of the room. He paused and directed Dudley's attention to Ginny-Pig, who had already reached the bottom of the stairs and was making her way up again.

"Ginny-Pig, open your eyes," he commanded. "Don't worry, this whale is blocking your view of me."

Ginny-Pig obeyed and gazed up at the corpulent boy dangling in her Master's arms.

"Show him the lumpy muffins you call tits," stated Harry.

Ginny-Pig paused and held out her arms wide, away from her bosom.



"Is the fat boy getting a hard-on?"

"Yes, Master, I believe he is," Ginny-Pig replied. "It's hard to tell, but I do see a bulge in his trousers."

"Just as I suspected," Harry said. He dragged Dudley into the master bedroom and dropped him on the floor.

"Merlin! What's that smell?" cried Hermione, her nose scrunching in disgust.

"I forgot I had the Durselys locked up in the spare bedroom," Harry explained. "Doug here shit himself."

"It's Dudley," corrected Hermione. "And why the hell did you bring him here?"

"I brought you a virgin," Harry said, pointing to Dudley.

"How can you be sure he's a virgin?"

"Simple, he got an erection looking at Ginny-Pig: only desperate virgins could get a woodie by looking at such a flat chested, hipless, bumless ginger like her."

"I always thought Dudley was into boys," Hermione mused.

"Well, Ginny-Pig is rather boyish, isn't she? With her broad shoulders, small yet already sagging titties, narrow hips and thick thighs," retorted Harry. "Maybe Dudley thought she was a boy and got a hard-on. Regardless, even if they mistake Ginny-Pig for a boy – which is easy to do – only desperate virgins are into that whore."

Ginny, overhearing the cruel and dismissive comments, had another orgasm, and continued to desperately hold on the wand with her cunny as she continued her running.

"Brilliant!" Luna said. "Now all we need to do is take some of his blood, magically amplify it and we can summon some of our duplicates here."

"There may be a problem," began Hermione. "The ritual may not work properly if we use magically amplified blood. It can have unforeseen results. To perform this ritual with magically magnified blood could have dire consequences," Hermione theorized. "If I were to perform the ritual, something bad might happen to me. I could be switched like you were, I could merge with my duplicate, or I could even die!"

"Fine then, we'll use a guinea pig to see if the modified ritual is dangerous." Harry smiled. He looked out the door to see Ginny-Pig reach the top of the stairs and spin around. "Or rather a Ginny-Pig."

CMCMCM

The dreadful ghoul and hideous witches were asleep again. They had sated themselves and their foul desires upon his poor, tortured body, and the sheer excitement had drained them beyond weariness. Ron crawled across the floor to the attic opening. Slowly, he pulled himself down the stairs. The wands in his organ scraped against the ground, twisting and pulling his stunted manhood painfully. But Ron ignored the pain. He had to escape. He no longer cared about the shame of being naked, covered in filth with two wands jammed in his willy. He had to get away before the ghoul and witches woke up and violated him again. His legs were still numb from the ghoul's most recent attack, forcing him to crawl like an invalid. Using all of his Gryffindor courage, Ron crawled into the Burrow's kitchen.

He was just in time to see a very naked, sweat covered Dolores Umbridge do something inappropriate to his equally nude and glistening mother with an eggplant and potato masher.

"OH, MERLIN, DOLORES! YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A WOMAN!" Molly screamed in rapture. The red-haired witch had so many short and curly hairs stuck between her teeth and on her glazed chin that she looked like she had just eaten a rather furry beaver (which, incidentally, she had). "DO IT AGAIN! AGAIN!"

Slowly, Ron turned around and crawled back up the stairs. Having a ghoul rape him while witches peed and shit on him while yet another witch beat his manhood was infinitely better than what he had just seen. With luck, he just may be able to convince his tormentors to be inspired to do something so vile and evil as to help erase the images and sounds currently burned into his memory. He could only pray that his next session could be just that depraved.

CMCMCM

"Minister Weasley, Edgar Melvin is here to see you," Mandy announced.

"Mr. Melvin, how are you this fine day?" Percy asked, shaking the wizard's hand as the latter walked into the Minister's office.

"Fine, just fine, Sir. Congratulations on becoming Minister," Edgar returned.

"Thank you. Would you care for some tea?"

"Yes, thank you; that would be grand."

"Mandy, would you mind bringing some tea for us?"

"Of course, Minister," Mandy said and walked out of the office. Percy eyed Mandy's shapely bottom swaying back and forth with each step.

"Minister, I've come to discuss the pending Anderson Proposal,"

Edgar said, sitting on one of the office's many comfy chairs.

"Ah, yes, the one that will tack on five years in Azkaban to anyone bearing the Dark Mark," Percy said, sitting opposite the Wizengamot member.

"Don't you think that is too harsh a punishment, sir?"

"Not at all. Voldemort and his cronies must be stopped, Mr. Melvin, and this is a good start to that," Percy returned.

"People make mistakes, Minister. Should they pay such a heavy price for their mistakes?"

"I don't consider joining Voldemort's Death Eaters a mistake. A mistake is turning left when you meant right, having tea instead of coffee, and the like. Joining in league with Voldemort is much more than a mistake, Mr. Melvin."

Mandy returned carrying two cups of tea. As she handed the drinks to Edgar and Percy, Voldemort's minion argued, "What if someone joined his ranks when they were young and foolish? What about them, hmm? They would suffer if this proposal passes."

"That might be so," Percy said. He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. He recalled how Lucius Malfoy, a marked Death Eater, had proved beneficial by being a spy for the Ministry (or so he had been told). "Perhaps we can add an amendment to the proposal. If the person with the Dark Mark turns in fellow Death Eaters or their supporters, the five year punishment for bearing the Dark Mark will be lessened or waived, depending upon whom they turn in or what evidence they can provide."

"Bu-b-b-but that's outrageous sir!" stammered Edgar. This was not going the way he had hoped. Instead of getting Weasley to veto the proposal, the new Minister was going to add to it a rider that would

entice Death Eaters to turn their compatriots in for a reduced sentence. If Weasley got his way, the weaker willed and dimmer Death Eaters would sacrifice their comrades. It could possibly have a disastrous domino effect.

"I think that's a grand idea," Percy said, giving words to Edgar's fears. "Thank you for suggesting it. With this new law, we'll be able to pick apart Voldemort and his Death Eaters bit by bit, We'll even rename the proposal to the Melvin-Anderson Act in honor of your fantastic idea."

"You can't do that!" Edgar said desperately. His desperation sprang from the utter fear the wizard felt. He knew that the Dark Lord would be upset. to say the least, if he failed to convince Weasley to veto the act. But Edgar had not just failed to persuade the new Minister to axe said act, but had actually planted the seeds in the Minister's mind to increase the penalties. And, adding more fear of what the Dark Lord would do to him, the idiot had even gone so far as to have the blasted thing named in Edgar's honor.

"Why can't I?" the Minister asked.

"Because you're not supposed to do it!" What little composure Edgar had left was slipping away rapidly.

"I'm the Minister for Magic. It's my duty to ensure the safety of my people."

Mandy, who was standing by Percy, felt her knickers dampen. Seeing her wizard in action aroused her. The power he held made her dizzy.

"Don't you see? If you do this, you Know Who will be very cross," Edgar said, hoping to reason with him.

"And how is that a bad thing?"

"Because someone will try and kill you."

"Ever since Minister Fudge's assassination, the Auror guard has been doubled. Surely you saw the four Aurors just outside my office as you entered. I'm very safe, Mr. Melvin."

"No, you're not. I was able to walk in here. What if I were to kill you? Huh?" Melvin was losing the last remnants of his self-control. The thought of failing, and more importantly the Dark Lord's punishment, was causing the Death Eater to show his hand.

"Are you threatening me, Mr. Melvin?"

"You damn fool! You don't know who you're messing with." Edgar stood.

"According to the Macintyre Law of 1801; a member of the Wizengamot cannot threaten the Minister for Magic, even through implication, sir!" barked Percy. With that, he shouted, "Guards!"

As the door to the office flew open and two Aurors charged in, Edgar knew he was done for. He whipped out his wand, intent on killing the new Minister as a last, desperate act.

But, before he could cast the Killing Curse, Percy shot up. His hand flew and struck Edgar in the jaw. The blow wasn't powerful enough to knock the Death Eater down, but it was enough to stun him until the Aurors tackled Edgar to the ground.

"Look, sir, he's a Death Eater," one of the Aurors announced, lifting up Edgar's left sleeve to reveal the Dark Mark.

"I suppose we'll just have to add another change to the Melvin-Anderson Proposal, won't we, Mr. Melvin?" Percy said in a haughty condescending tone. "One where members of the Wizengamot must expose their forearms in order to prove they aren't

Death Eaters.

"In fact, I'll do more than that," Percy continued. He looked to one of the guards and said "Auror Clancy, assemble a team a.s.a.p. and examine every single member of the Wizengamot whether they're here, at their homes, or even abroad. If they have a Dark Mark, take them into custody."

Auror Clancy's eyes widened, struck with the simplicity of the Minister's orders. "Why didn't we think of doing that before?"

"And move as quickly as you can," Percy added to Clancy. "I don't want to give any hidden Death Eaters in the Wizengamot time to warn each other."

After the Aurors and their prisoner left, Mandy threw her arms around her lover.

"Wow, Percy, I didn't know there was even a Macintyre Law," Mandy said, impressed with her lover's power.

"Well, there was a famine in 1801 and Minister Macintyre had to instill some tough laws because the Wizengamot was too slow to act. A number of Wizengamot members threatened him for these laws so the Macintyre Law was created. It helps to be anal about the law and history," Percy said. The thrill of the confrontation had gotten his blood flowing. He slipped his hand under Mandy's skirt and cupped her firm bottom. "Speaking of anal."

"Oh, Mister Minister!"

CMCMCM

After drawing a pint of blood from Dudley and using some simple charms to magnify the volume to create enough to complete three Summoning rituals, Luna and Hermione painted the necessary runes

and symbols on the floor of the Dursely living room. Meanwhile, Pansy was being further punished for her escape attempts and defiance of Hermione by being forced, under Daphne's wand-point, to clean the Dursleys by hand. Petunia was not overly difficult because she had the shape and general build of a broomstick, but the excessive amounts of flesh and folds on Dudley and Vernon were very toilsome for the black-haired witch. Pansy discovered, much to her revulsion, that fecal waste and urine was difficult to clean out of folds of fat.

"Do you remember the incantation to the ritual, Ginny-Pig?" Luna asked the naked red-head.

Ginny-Pig nodded her head.

"That's good, because if you didn't I'd be force to literally shove my foot up your arse," the blonde said sweetly. Ginny-Pig was surprised to find that she wasn't responding to Luna's contempt. To her, it just proved the love of her Mistress and Master; only they truly loved her and could move her.

"Get in the center of the pentagram, whore," Hermione barked at her pet.

The ginger scampered into the diagram just as her Mistress commanded.

"Normally, we wouldn't want another copy of you," Hermione told Ginny-Pig. "Just one of you with that ugly face of yours hanging about is enough to make my stomach turn. I feel I'm about to vomit just at the thought of you having a double."

Ginny-Pig's sex flooded and nipples hardened.

"There is a risk," warned Hermione. "Well, a risk besides having another hideous inbred whore like you hanging about. We're trying to



do an end run around the ritual by using a magically amplified volume blood. This means that the ritual might get severely mucked up. The person performing the ritual might get killed in the process. That's why we chose you – if you die, nobody would care."

These words brought Ginny-Pig to her knees as an earth shattering orgasm rocked her body. Her sticky moistness dribbled out of her nether-lips and around the wand still held firmly in her sex and onto the floor.

"Don't muck up the pentagram with your nasty cunny juice, you useless whore!" Hermione slapped Ginny-Pig with the back of her hand which just cause more said juice to leak out.

"Let's get this over with," Harry said. He looked at the trembling red-head and ordered "Start the ritual."

Placing the Summoning Sapphire on a random spot in the pentagram made out of Dudley's blood, Ginny-Pig began to chant the incantation.

"Hear me, oh masters of time, space, and anything else that might be listening! Open up the gates between worlds so that I can call forth my sister from that realm unto this world! Come forth from your world, my equal, and join me here in my world so that we may be subservient together!"

The pentagram erupted in thick pillars of smoke, obscuring everyone's view of Ginny-Pig. After a few moments, the strange smoke cleared revealing the red-head standing alone in the middle the room.

"Oh, drat, there isn't another Ginny from an alternate universe. The ritual didn't work," Luna pouted – not over the thought of the ritual failing to summon another Ginny, but rather over the lost opportunity to call forth Hermione's duplicate.

"Wait..." Hermione began hesitantly with uncertainty. "Look behind Ginny-Pig – there's someone hiding."

"No there isn't," said Tracy, scrutinizing the space directly behind the red-head.

"Oh my, there is someone," Luna said, her eyes growing wide...err...wider than normal that is.

"Yes there is, isn't there," added Harry.

"Where? I don't see anybody!" Tracy exclaimed, thinking the rest were taking the mickey out on her. To her, there was nothing to be seen behind Ginny-Pig, especially not a duplicate of the red-haired witch.

Harry walked up to the ginger witch and stood behind her. He bent down low so that his face was level with Ginny-Pig's shoulder and asked of the red-head hiding behind her, "Who might you be?"

"my name is ginny weasley," she said. This copy of Ginny's voice was barely even a whisper. "where am i?"

Ginny-Pig turned and looked down to see a trembling, cowering version of herself. A thought entered the masochistic girl's mind: "She looks exactly like I did before I started my fourth year! Now I can have someone to share with! Like a sister! I've always wanted a sister!" That happy thought of comradely love mutated in the span of a synapse sparking. Suddenly, the idea of sharing changed into jealousy and fear. The red-head wondered: "Will my cruel Mistress perform her glorious love on both me and my new sister equally? Or will my Mistress be swayed by this copy of me? Will she give more of her vicious affection to this new Ginny instead of me? Will I be tossed to the side like some piece of scrap rubbish and be forgotten?" Fearful of this competition and losing Hermione's less-than-tender

love, Ginny-Pig lunged toward Hermione, throwing herself at the brunette's feet and cried out passionately; "Please Mistress, beat me! Whip me! Put out cigarettes on my bare breasts! Shove a rolling pin up my arse! Do anything you want to me! Just show me that you love me!"

Now that the witch she had been hiding behind was sobbing at Hermione's feet, the newcomer Ginny darted toward one of the chairs and hid behind it. Clearly, this Ginny was overly meek and shied away from any type of exposure.

"I guess this one's easily frightened," Hermione said, completely ignoring her universe's Ginny who was blubbering at her feet.

"To answer your question, you're in a different universe," Luna said to the meek Ginny.

"i am? why am i here?"

"Does anyone else hear a mouse?" asked Tracy who hadn't seen the parallel universe Ginny hiding behind the chair.

"You're here as a test. We performed a ritual that summons one's counterpart from another dimension. However, we cut a few corners and were fearful that because of these cuts, the ritual might have been dangerous," Hermione explained. She pointed at the witch cowering at her feet and added, "Hence the reason why we used this whore."

A wave of passion crashed down upon Ginny-Pig. Her Mistress still loved her enough to call her a foul name.

"Who are you talking to?" Tracy asked Hermione as she looked around the room in vain.

"The other version of this cunt," Hermione said. She punctuated this

statement by kicking Ginny-Pig swiftly in the stomach. Ginny-Pig crashed to her side, moaning in total ecstasy.

"Where is she?" Tracy asked, this time looking in the direction of the new Ginny. For some unknown reason, Tracy could not see the overly meek version of Ginny.

More eager to see and play with another copy of Hermione than even remotely concerned or mildly interested in mousy-Ginny, Harry nudged Hermione toward the center of the living room. "Well then, now that we've proven the ritual works, how about you hop up there and summon your duplicate.,"

"Don't you want to 'initiate' the new Ginny first?" asked Luna knowingly.

Harry made a noise somewhere between a scoff of indignation and a dry heave of disgust.

"I take that as a 'no, I won't be shagging the new girl' then?" the blonde asked.

"I said it before; only desperate virgins are attracted to Ginny. That applies to all versions of that nasty ginger," he said with all the care and tenderness of a herd of stampeding hippogriffs. "Maybe I should offer her to Darrel—"

"Dudley," corrected Luna.

"—for donating the blood necessary for these rituals," Harry continued, not caring what his duplicate's cousin's correct name was. He turned to the demure red-head hiding behind the squashy chair and asked "How would you like to play a game of 'Try to find the willy under the flap of eighty pounds of pure fat'? Merlin knows Derek—"

"Dudley," Hermione supplied.

"—has never even seen his own John Thomas. So the game should be a hoot for him."

If she hadn't been obscured by the shadow of the chair, Harry might've noticed the mousy-Ginny turning pale at the mere suggestion. Of course, being a somewhat evil version of Harry, it's highly doubtful that he would've cared if he had seen the girl blanch. "I don't think I'd like to play that game with Dudley."

"Okay, you two," he said to Luna and Hermione and ignoring – but more likely forgetting – mousy-Ginny in the process. "Get cracking on the pentagram. I want to play with two sets of Hermione's wonderful titties."

Even though it was crass, Hermione blushed at Harry's compliment. The blonde and brunette witch quickly painted a fresh diagram in Dudley's blood. Hermione picked up the Summoning Sapphire and took her place in the middle of the pentagram. After setting the Stone down on the tip of the upper-left point, she chanted; "Hear me, oh masters of time, space, and anything else that might be listening! Open up the gates between worlds so that I can call forth my sister from that realm unto this world! Come forth from your world, my equal, and join me here in my world so that we may rule together!"

Just as when Ginny-Pig had performed the ritual, thick plumes of smoke billowed out of the ground. Hermione held her breath, anxious to see her counterpart from a different reality. Would she be like her: an intelligent, compassionate, book loving witch? Or would she be as different as the new Harry was to this universe's Harry?

When the smoke cleared, everyone saw a second Hermione standing next to this universe's Hermione. The new one was dressed in heavy sweaters and appeared to be slightly older than her counterpart by about a year and a half or so. The new Hermione looked about in surprise and shock.

"Where am I? What's going on?"

"Don't worry; we're friends," Luna said while eyeing the new girl's sweater-fwoopers. Judging by their shape and size, this Hermione was just as endowed as her Hermione. If the blonde got her way, her face would soon be wedged between four perfect breasts.

"We've brought you from your dimension to ours," added Hermione who was just as transfixed by her duplicate's bosom. "This is an alternate reality to yours. You and I are the same person, but with some differences."

"Thank Merlin no noticeable differences in the chest area," commented Harry.

"I'm Hermione Jane Granger," she introduced herself to the newcomer.

"I'm Hermione Jean Granger," her double returned.

"As I said, a few slight differences," Hermione said.

"Well, originally, my middle name was 'Jane'," her double stated. "But I forgot how to spell it, so I changed it to 'Jean'. It's so much easier to remember this way."

"But... it's just the same four letters only shuffled," Hermione countered, feeling quite baffled. "That's no different than an author making a typographic error, and swearing that it's not a mistake and that's what he or she intended all along."

"This is all terribly fascinating and normally I'd be thrilled to discuss various theories about alternate universes and their histories, but I must go back to my world. Send me back right now," Hermione Jean demanded.

"Erm, we can't," admitted Hermione.

"You have to. I must... uh... help Harry!" she said.

"I'm sure your Harry can help himself," Harry said. "How about you make yourself comfortable and take off some of those heavy sweaters... and any restrictive underwear."

"But Harry needs help tracking down Voldemort's Horcruxes!"

"What's a Horcrux?" asked Luna.

"A Horcrux, huh? Well, that would explain why this world's Voldemort survived a Killing Curse," Harry said, deep in thought.

"What is it, Harry?" Hermione asked.

"Oh, I'll tell you later, it's a long, dull, drawn out and fairly silly story," he said dismissively. "What we need to do is make sure our new guest is comfortable. And I say we start by removing those pesky sweaters... and bra."

"No!" Hermione Jean said on the verge of tears. "I have to return to my universe! He may come back!"

"Who may come back?" asked Hermione.

The newcomer chewed her lip before answering in a small voice, "Ronald."

"RON?!" screeched Hermione.

"Yes, you see the Horcrux was twisting our emotions and Ron got mad and stormed off."

"Good riddance," Hermione said with a snort. "You're better off without him."

"No! He'll see the light and he'll return and then we can be together finally," Hermione Jean said with hope evident in her voice. "Well, together after an appropriate amount of time where I punish him for his childish action by being cold toward him and even pretending he doesn't exist, that is."

Hermione looked deep into her duplicate's eyes. "There's something off about her," she announced.

"You mean more than just being into Ronald?" asked Luna.

"Yes, like there's something wrong in her head," speculated Hermione.

"There's nothing wrong with me," Hermione Jean defended.

"Maybe it's some sort of spell damage. We should take her to St Mungo's and check her out," offered Luna.

"Wait, I know some Diagnostic Charms," Tracy said.

"Well, that's awfully convenient," commented Harry.

Tracy dashed up to Hermione Jean and waved her wand over the witch. "She was hit with an underpowered Organ Crusher Hex."

"That's the same curse Dolohov hit me with in the Department of Mysteries," Hermione said, recalling the purple, zigzagging hex that had rendered her unconscious.

"Yeah, but apparently this Hermione here had some of her oxygen supply to the brain cut off because of that hex. According to my Diagnostic Charm, she's slightly brain damaged."



"That would explain her attraction to Ronald," Luna said.

"And inability to spell," Tracy added.

"Excuse me, but Ronald is not as bad as you say he is," Hermione Jean snapped. "Yes, he's lazy, slow-witted, stubborn, impatient, childish, disloyal, and hurtful. But under all of that, he's a sweet, lovable boy! I just need the time to change his nature into something more appealing." Her voice grew softer as she waxed on about the wizard she was infatuated with. "But I have hope it can be done. Of course he's so old-fashioned and stubborn, he'll probably demand that I become a stay-at-home mother like Molly, but I shall persevere. I'll undoubtedly suffer years of disrespect and degradation, but I will shape him and mold him into a perfect wizard. Well, maybe a good wizard. And if not, I can always change myself and simply be happy with Ron and all of his short-comings."

"Oh, I've had enough of this!" Hermione said. "Harry, get up here and stuff that monster cock of yours down her throat."

In a flash, Harry was standing in front of Hermione Jean, pushing her onto her knees.

"HEY!" she protested.

Harry pulled out his meat.

"HEY!" repeated Hermione Jean. This time however, it wasn't a 'hey' of protest, but rather a 'hey' along the line of 'hey, that's a very large and impressive hunk of manhood dangling in front of my face.' She stared at the organ with her eyes and mouth wide open. The brunette seemed transfixed by the fleshy pink thing, with its many bumps, wrinkles and veins.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Hermione Jean, dazed

by the beauty of the uber-penis.

While she was distracted, Hermione cast the special charm to allow Hermione Jean to unhinge her jaw. Hermione knew that Harry would love it. And it was a feat that this Hermione Jean just had to experience.

"Well, I'm going to see how similar you are to this dimension's Hermione and try to shove the whole thing down your throat," he replied in a matter of fact tone.

Despite the hungry look in her brown eyes, Hermione Jean resisted. "That's too degrading of an act. Not only to me, but women in general. Fellatio subjugates women – making them kneel before the man as if in prayer. The act forces her to be subservient and dependent upon the man. And I won't do it."

"Wait, you won't suck his cock because it's degrading to women and yet you want to be with Ron – who you admit will treat you like an object or possession," this dimension's Hermione argued.

"If you were in love with Ron like I am, or even could understand the depths of our true and lasting love, you'd know he's worth the effort and time to correct his many less than desirable traits," Hermione Jean said in a dreamy tone. "In fact, our love is so important, I'm willing to change and become whatever my Ron needs. He is that special."

Before the other Hermione could point out that oral sex was a hoot (especially with Harry and his wonderful wedding tackle) and that being attracted to Ron must have been a side-effect of the damage caused by lack of oxygen to her brain, Harry decided to use Hermione Jean's mild mental disability to his advantage.

"You couldn't be further from the truth. You see, the man is the one who is dependent on the woman, not the other way around," he

began. The words flowed effortlessly and naturally from his mouth. "It's not spoken of in public because of prudish outdated wizarding values, but when a man reaches a certain age, he must receive regular blow-jobs. If fellatio isn't performed frequently, the man's testicles will start to sag and droop. The act of oral sex strengthens the scrotum. In some cases, it gets so bad that the man's scrotum will actually drag on the ground. And I don't have to tell you the medical problems a sagging scrotum can cause."

Harry had lied so convincingly that even Tracy almost believed his tale of a medical necessity for oral sex.

Hermione Jean looked pensive. She gazed at Harry's gorgeous manhood and contemplated whether or not to submit. She had not known that men could face such dreadful difficulties. Perhaps she would perform oral sex on Harry; he needed it so that his testicles wouldn't droop after all. As she debated this decision, Harry's manhood began to grow and harden, silently asking Hermione Jean to help delay the condition of sagging testicles. But then her affection for Ron returned to the forefront of her mind. He was there, in the other dimension, waiting for her. Well, not actually waiting because he had gone off and abandoned her and Harry yet again. But eventually he would be waiting for her once he realized that he was being a stupid pillock (again). Even if this realization wouldn't dawn upon Ron for another year or two (which was a distinct possibility seeing how stubborn and stupid he was) Hermione Jean knew she had to wait for him.

"No, this is wrong. I should go back to my reality and wait for my beloved Ro— WGGHH—uh—RUFF!"

The new Hermione's statement was abruptly ended by Harry shoving his erect manhood into her mouth and down her throat until his testicles pressed against her chin and his pubic hairs tickled her nose.

Luna pointed to the bulge in Hermione Jean's throat caused by Harry's summer sausage, saying; "Hermione, your duplicate is a lot like you. She doesn't have a gag reflex."

"Maybe that's why she's attracted to Ron," Hermione said drolly. Her mood brighten as she asked, "Luna, did you want to summon your duplicate?"

"No, I don't want to tempt fate," the blonde said sagely. "There's a chance that I could accidentally summon an evil version of myself and wreak untold havoc upon this land. Conceivably, an evil Luna could be an infinitely powerful seer and could use her gift for wrong. Countless hundreds of people could be murdered by my duplicate. Entire cities could be leveled, for all I know. Even worse, I might summon a Luna that doesn't believe in the existence of the Crumple-Horned Snorkack." Luna shivered in fear over the dreadful thought.

It was at this point that Harry pulled out and allowed Hermione Jean to catch her breath. The eighteen year old brunette stared at the spit coated organ bobbing before her eyes and announced "That is one big – BEAUTIFUL – cock!"

"Now what do you think about Ron?" Hermione asked.

"Who the fuck cares about that insensitive, stupid asshole?" replied Hermione Jean before passionately licking up a dollop of her own spit that was threatening to fall from Harry's fat shaft. Next, she opened her mouth wide and flung her face onto his rod, forcibly shoving it down her throat.

Groaning in pleasure, Harry said "Brain damaged or not, I say we keep this one."

Hermione pulled out her wand and tapped it to Hermione Jean's clothes, banishing them with a pop. The one witch looked upon the

other with a twinkle in her eye. "My, I do have beautiful titties, don't I? Now I know why everyone is so transfixed by them!"

For the next two minutes, Harry continued to throat-shag Hermione Jean while Hermione sucked on her counterpart's breasts. Then Harry shoved Hermione Jean onto her back, lifted her legs up into the air, and placed his bulbous crown at her sex and pushed.

"HO—LEE FUCK!" she hollered.

"That's what I said," Hermione said. "Besides the whole slightly brain damaged bit, we two are still very similar."

While still holding her legs up by her ankles, Harry asked Hermione Jean, "Are you okay?" He may have been evil, but a gentleman does ask how a woman is doing while he deflowers her.

"Yeah," she breathed out. "Just give me a second to get used to it. You're really huge! I feel like you're splitting me up the middle!"

Hermione looked to where the witch and wizard were joined, smiled, and then looked into her duplicate's eyes. "Honey, that's just the tip."

"Just the tip? Just? Tip?" she exclaimed. "HO—LEE FUCK!"

"Hermione, Luna, why don't you help me ease our new friend into this," Harry said.

"That'll be brilliant," Luna announced, eager and willing to join in on the fun.

"I'll do one better," Hermione said. She shouted up the stairs "Daphne, tie up Pansy and the others so they can't escape and get down here!"

When Daphne entered the room, Hermione commanded "You and

Tracy suck on Hermione Jean's titties while Luna and I take care of her toes."

Hermione Jean's toes and breasts were lovingly suckled, nipped and licked while Harry slowly pushed his length into her virgin sex. Over the next fifteen minutes, and while tongues rolled between toes, nipples were sucked and a monster willy was pumped in and out, Hermione Jean sputtered out twelve words between numerous shouts, yelps, moans, groans, and barks of passion. If anyone had strung these seemingly random words together, they would have formed a statement: "This is more fun than one person should be allowed to have!" Then, as the four witches and one wizard did wondrous things to her, Hermione Jean's eyes rolled up into her head and she began foaming at the mouth. Despite her near comatose state, Harry and his other witches continued to pleasure their new harem member beyond the heights of ecstasy.

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If everyone's attention had not been so focused on the new Hermione and showing her the joys of the flesh, they might have noticed a strange figure pacing in front of Number Four, watching the house with a pair of familiar green eyes, framed by spectacles, under a mop of mussed up, black hair.

To Be Continued

## Chapter Twelve

Standard Disclaimer: Harry Potter and all characters are property of J. K. Rowling, Warner Brothers, Bloomsbury Books, Arthur A. Levine Books, Raincoast Books, Scholastic publishing, et al, and are used without permission. This work was written purely for noncommercial entertainment; no money is being made or asked for.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

Author's Notes: This story is a broad parody with over the top humor (most of this humor is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (Out Of Character actions). To reiterate; this is a parody with a great amount of sex jokes and sex scenes.

Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (femmeslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

Major Ron and general Weasley bashing ahead.

Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

Just as the sun peeked over the horizon, in Remus Lupin's shoddy cottage, a Quick-Quotes Quill continued to scribble furiously. The charmed quill had already written hundreds of pages in a massive, leather-bound tome Remus had conjured. And there were hundreds more yet to be written.

"And lo, the Divine said upon me, 'Go forth, My son, and spread the Word of My Love.'" Remus quoted as if someone had told him exactly what to say. "'And My Children shall know of Me so that they may suckle at the Mammilla of My Love.'

"Staring up at Her divine, round gloriousness, this humble servant listened and joyously obeyed..."

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In the still of the morning, Pansy crept out of the smallest bedroom, leaving the slumbering Dursleys behind. Daphne was rubbish at conjuring proper ropes; Pansy had slipped out of the bounds just moments before. Of course despite the shoddily cast restraints, the Slytherin Princess had been struggling against the ropes for hours and had the bright red welts on her wrists to prove it. Ignoring the stinging pain caused by the rope burns, Pansy silently walked through the hall and down the stairs. She needed to find her wand to create a Portkey and return to the Dark Lord, tell him where Potter was, and most importantly receive her prize for her loyal service of Potter as her personal sex-slave.

She crept into the living room. Thankfully everyone was asleep (no doubt exhausted from a sex-romp that Pansy avidly wished she had been a part of). Pansy snuck by her traitorous house-mates who did not want to do their proper duty and deliver Potter to the Dark Lord. If they had helped in her mission, Pansy would've shared Potter with them; perhaps she would've generous enough to allow them to touch his magnificent member every other day or so. But Greengrass and Davis were fools! Once she turned Potter over to the Dark Lord, Pansy would mock the two witches with her very hung sex-toy. She would waggle his giant, meaty cock at them, taunting them with what they could never again touch. Dismissing her former compatriots, both naked and draped over the couch, Pansy paused by three bodies lying on top of each other like a stack. The witch on the bottom was Granger, the odd Lovegood girl was in the middle, and perplexingly, another Granger was on the top! Pansy was curious as to why there were two versions of the mudblood (and more than slightly envious of Lovegood whose face was pillowed between the two mudbloods and their truly wondrous titties), but pushed it out of her mind. She had more important things to do. The Slytherin was determined to find her wand, make a Portkey, and escape. She did however become distracted when she saw Potter naked and lying on



his back. His lovely organ was limp. Pansy felt that such a beautiful thing needed to be erect. It was an affront to TPTB who created such a glorious organ to have it soft. As Pansy looked at the beautiful flaccid length of meat, she thought it was silently begging for her attention. After licking her lips, Pansy pushed this urge to the back of her mind as well. Once she received her just reward from the Dark Lord, she would have plenty of opportunities to lavish Potter's cock with wet kisses (from both sets of her currently needy lips).

She saw it! A few inches of the handle of her wand was jutting out of the blood-traitor Weasley's quim. The little bint was still holding Pansy's wand in her sex, just as Potter had commanded her to the day before. Slowly and gently, Pansy bent down over the sleeping Weasley and took hold of her wand.

Just as the Slytherin began to pull it out of Weasley, Ginny-Pig's head snapped up, woken by the motion of the wand. The red-head glared at Pansy with hatred burning in her eyes. As far as Ginny-Pig was concerned, only two people were allowed to remove the wand from her cunny: her Master and Mistress. Therefore Ginny-Pig saw Pansy as a threat – the black-haired witch was attempting to pull the wand out of her without her Master's or Mistress' permission. If Pansy succeeded, then Ginny-Pig would be punished with a severe beating and, more importantly, not rewarded with a severe beating and allowed to clean the toilet with her tongue once her Mistress had relieved herself. In order to receive her glorious, filthy reward, Ginny-Pig could not allow Pansy to pull the wand free. So, with the hope of licking the toilet clean swelling in her heart, the red-head clamped down on the foreign object.

And clamp down she did.

The exercise Ginny-Pig had performed the day before had done wonders for her vaginal muscles. Her sex was now like the proverbial steel vise. It held onto the smooth wand firmly as if it had a strong Sticking Charm on it.

Pansy stared wide eyed at Ginny-Pig as she tugged futilely at her wand. "Let go, you stupid little twat!" she hissed under her breath. She tried to get a better grip on the wand's handle with her other hand, but the small amount sticking out of the ginger's vagina denied her grasp.

A low grumbling escaped Ginny-Pig's throat.

"Did you just growl at me?" the black-haired witch asked in shock. In desperation, Pansy yanked at her wand. The wand did not budge. Ginny-Pig let out another growl. "What are you; an attack dog?"

SNAP!

"Oh, shite!" Pansy moaned. She held up the tiny nub of her wand to her face. Tears welled up in her eyes. Her wand had broken clean in two. Blinking the tears from her eyes, Pansy grasped onto the hope that there was still a chance she could salvage her wand. All she needed to do was reach into the blood-traitor's cunt, pull it out and attach the two pieces with spell-o-tape. It wouldn't work perfectly, but it should be enough for her to create a Portkey.

As if she knew what Pansy had in plan, Ginny-Pig gritted her teeth and squeezed harder.

SNAP!

"No, no, no," Pansy sputtered. Somehow, Ginny-Pig had managed to snap the wand inside her vagina. Even if she could get the pieces out of the red-head, it was doubtful if Pansy could get the wand to work properly. Ginny-Pig bared her teeth and growled again.

SNAP!

"You fucking whore!"

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

"STOP IT!" shouted Pansy. With each snap, Pansy's chances of salvaging her wand diminished. All the spell-o-tape in the world couldn't get a wand broken in seven pieces to work properly.

Then, just to prove to Pansy that she couldn't take her prize of a beating and toilet cleaning from her, Ginny-Pig squeezed her eyes shut and strained harder than she ever did in her entire life.

SNAP! SNAP! SNAP! SNAP!

"What do we have here?" asked Harry.

Pansy spun around to find Potter standing in his naked glory behind her. The black-haired witch froze, stunned by the beauty of Harry's meat dangling between his legs. Following her Mistress' standing command, Ginny squeezed her eyes closed in order not to see her Master and his glory.

"You were trying to escape again, weren't you?" he asked rhetorically.

"Sorry," Pansy squeaked.

He sighed in disappointment. Waving his wand, Pansy's hair coiled and slithered as if each strand was a snake. Her hair moved and slithered, forming itself into a tight ponytail. Harry took hold of the newly formed ponytail with his free hand and tapped his wand to the Slytherin's head. With a soft pop, Pansy's hair was magically released from her scalp.

"MY HAIR!" she screeched. Her hands flew to her head. Her fingers and palms ran over her smooth, bald scalp. There wasn't one single strand left. Great globs rained from her eyes. Not only had her

precious wand been destroyed, but now she was bald. It was all too much for Pansy. She sobbed; "MY HAIR! MY BEAUTIFUL HAIR!"

Leaving the crying bald witch, Harry stood in front of Ginny-Pig. He dangled Pansy's hair, still formed into a tight ponytail, in front of the ginger's face and said; "You did a good job stopping Pansy. As your reward, you are to eat her hair."

Ginny-Pig's heart leapt as she blindly reached for her prize. When she grasped the silky hair in her hands, she instantly brought it to her mouth and began munching on it. She jerked and pulled a thick bunch of long strands free from the ponytail. Working the muscles in her mouth and throat, Ginny-Pig began to swallow the strand. This act blocked her windpipe and denied her air. But this was a trivial matter for Ginny-Pig – her Master had rewarded her and, by Merlin, she was going to relish it! Once the long strand of hair had cleared her throat and rested in her belly, Ginny-Pig took two deep breaths before pulling out another clump of hair from the ponytail and repeated the arduous process of swallowing it down.

"NO!" screamed Pansy as she watched Ginny-Pig eat her hair.

"Oh goodness, looking at your bald head has gotten me rather hot," Harry commented. He turned to Pansy, showing her his growing organ. "Then again, a stiff breeze can get me randy so that isn't saying much."

She looked between the ginger eating her hair enthusiastically and the great pink python rising. She felt so low that she latched onto the hope and promise that hardening manhood offered. Sniffing, the Slytherin scampered on all fours over to Potter and swallowed his plump crown. While still crying over her lost hair, Pansy began to pleasure Potter.

As she sucked, licked and bobbed on his cock, Harry tapped his wand to Pansy's neck. A black silk choker with a mother-of-pearl

broach materialized around her neck. "This will insure you won't escape. It's keyed into both this house and Hermione – my Prime witch, not the brain damaged one. If you leave the house without my explicit permission or if you wander more than five feet away from my Prime witch when outside the walls of this house, this aptly named choker will choke you until you die."

Pansy gulped, not only swallowing her fear but a bit of Harry's pre-cum.

"That's enough," he said, pulling himself out of Pansy's mouth. He spun her around so that she was facing Ginny-Pig who was still passionately eating the Slytherin's hair and slammed his cock into her sex.

For the next twenty-nine minutes, Pansy forgot about her ruined wand and her shaved head. Even though she was watching the red-head enjoying her follicle meal, Pansy's mind was filled with the joys of Harry's large and skilled organ driving her to the heights of ecstasy time and time again. However, she was reminded of her new-shorn state when Harry pulled out and ejaculated on her bald scalp. He used the head of his organ to smear the sticky discharge over her smooth hairless head as she cried pitifully.

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"Oh, Dolores, that was amazing!" breathed Molly. The two Rubenesque witches lay on the kitchen floor, naked and glistening in their shared afterglow.

"What was amazing, my love? What I did to you with my fingers, tongue, and ear? Or what I did to you with the ladle, floo powder, and my toes?"

"Everything! Although I never knew floo powder could be used in such a way," giggled Molly as her flush renewed, causing her

voluminous flesh to brighten and burn. "After I make you a hearty breakfast, I'll return the favor and make you scream my name over and over until your voice goes hoarse!"

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Luna was one very happy witch. Currently, she was lying on top of Hermione Jean while Hermione lay on top of the blonde meaning; Luna's face was encapsulated by the two brunette's spectacular breasts. They were like four big, soft, warm pillows. Luna felt as if she were home. As far as Luna was concerned, she could stay in this highly comfortable position all day long. Alas, as all good things, this too had to end.

"Hermione, Luna, wake up," Harry commanded. "We've got an errand to run."

"Can't we do it later?" Luna's request was muffled for her mouth was obscured by Hermione's left tit. The vibrations from Luna's voice as well as her lips brushing and teeth gently scraping her flesh sent a shiver up Hermione's spine.

"No, no, we've things to do," Harry said firmly.

"But I'm rather comfortable," Luna said, making no effort to remove her mouth from Hermione's left breast. As before, another pleasant shiver raced through Hermione. The blonde wanted to suckle on Hermione's glorious breast like a babe at her mother's teat.

"How about this; once we get back, I'll bum shag you, then Hermione will lick your anus clean while your face is pressed between Hermione Jean's boobs the entire time," offered Harry.

As the blonde wriggled out from between the two brunettes, she commented; "You really know how to sweeten a deal, Harry."

Even though Hermione enjoyed Luna talking through her tit, she had to admit that the blonde was correct. The thought of licking Harry's warm, sticky mess out of Luna's "no-no" hole was exciting.

"Do I have to go, too?" asked Hermione Jean. "I'm still very, very sore and I don't think I can walk properly just yet."

"No, you can stay," he replied. "We just have to go to Olivander's and get Hermione and Luna some wands since the Order has theirs."

"Won't that be a problem Harry? The Order is obviously looking for us and Ollivander is sure to alert them to our arrival," Hermione pointed out.

"That's exactly why we're taking Ginny-Pig as distraction," he said. "Now get dressed."

Hermione and Luna headed up to the master bedroom while Harry approached Tracy and Daphne. "Our new friend is sore. See what you can do to ease any discomfort she might be feeling."

"How would we do that, Master?" asked Tracy.

"I'm certain a nice tongue massage will do the trick," he said.

The two Slytherins smiled before leaping on Hermione Jean, both shouting "Tongue massage!"

As two of his harem witches slurped loudly and one began to moan behind him, Harry looked at Ginny-Pig, who was taking a kip after her unconventional meal. She was curled up in a ball across the room next to Pansy who still cried over her lost hair. He marched to Ginny-Pig, intent on hoisting her up by a fistful of hair because that's what he felt like doing, when he suddenly tripped over something.

"What the hell?" he exclaimed after crashing to the floor. He turned

his head back and saw mousy-Ginny cowering in the corner.

"i'm sorry. i didn't mean to trip you, harry," she said in a barely audible whisper.

"That's odd, I didn't see you there," he said, getting back up.

"that happens a lot to me," she spoke. The meek witch spoke so softly, Harry had to strain his ears just to hear her. "people tend to forget i'm around. i don't mind it though; i've gotten used to it, harry."

"That's good for you," he said, not really caring about any social issues mousy-Ginny might have. "But from now on, you don't get to call me Harry. Only my harem girls that I really like can call me by name. For you, it's Master."

"yes, master, i understand," she said and seemed to slip further into the shadows despite there being no shadows to slip into.

"Can I call you by name, Master?" Daphne looked up from her morning snack with her face wet from Hermione Jean's juices.

"Hmm," he rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "No, you and the other one licking Hermione Jean have to call me Master. I like you, but if I let you call me 'Harry' then any new members that will join my harem will ask and it'll get bothersome. It's better to just nip it in the bud before it gets to be a nuisance. Besides, I like being called Master."

"Yes, Master," Daphne said, perfectly happy with using the title.

"Thank you. Master," Tracy said before merrily returning with Daphne to lick and suck on various, sensitive parts of Hermione Jean.

Now that they had been dealt with, Harry returned to the task at hand. He marched over to Ginny-Pig, grabbed a fistful of her coppery hair, and roughly picked her off the ground. His muscular arm held the



witch up, letting her feet dangle a few inches off the floor. The pain caused Ginny-Pig's sex to flow freely and rapidly.

"Thank you, Master!" she cried out as tears of pain and joy streamed down her face as other warm fluids poured down the insides of her thighs. For her, there was no better way to wake up. Except perhaps if her Master roughly picked her up by her hair like he was doing now while her lovingly cruel Mistress punched her fists deep into both of Ginny-Pig's holes (or, if she was truly lucky – both fists into one hole!).

"Whore, I have a job for you," he said. "You're to be a distraction while I take your Mistress and Luna shopping."

"Yes, Master. Thank you, Master."

Harry released his grip and Ginny-Pig fell to the floor with a painful crash and a scream of ecstasy. Brushing his hands, Harry shouted up the stairs. "Are you two done dressing yet?"

"Merlin, you're impatient," Hermione commented as she and Luna came down the stairs. The blonde was dressed in a set of gossamer blue robes that did little to conceal her slender frame and naked flesh while Hermione wore an outfit that openly scoffed at the traditional definition of "clothes." Three patches of yellow leather that left the edges of her wide areolas exposed and barely covered her well-trimmed bush were held in precarious place by two lengths of crimson ribbons in a "V" shape over both shoulders and meeting at her crotch. She wore thigh-high stiletto boots that matched the small patches covering her nipples and sex. Hermione spun to show off the ribbons wedged between her round buttocks. Acres of beautiful taut flesh were proudly shown off.

"Fantastic, let's get going," he said, giving Hermione's naked bum a strong slap of approval. Harry waved a wand over Ginny-Pig, conjuring a simple black robe to hide her nakedness while Luna and

Hermione donned traveling robes.

CMCMCM

As Harry, Hermione, Luna and Ginny-Pig left via Portkey, the mysterious figure continued to watch Number Four from across the street. If anybody had been passing by, they would have heard a soft whisper; "I need to be there. It's my right by birth. My destiny!"

CMCMCM

Looking in the mirror, Draco eyed the heavy black bags under his eyes. He had not slept a wink in two days. He was still plagued by the actions he had performed with Lola and the Dark Lord. Then to compound the insult to his fragile psyche, the night previously, he saw his mother duck under the covers to orally stimulate Tommy, the lowly clown. The blond wizard shuttered in disgust as images flooded his mind.

A gentle rapping on his door drew the young wizard out of his musings. He opened the door and the scowl vanished from his face.

"My Lady, what brings you here?" he said, bowing to show Lady Voldemort the respect she deserved.

"I have two requests of you, my young friend," she replied and strolled into Draco's room. Each step was light and elegant. Each step also caused her to sway her hips from side to side which caught Draco's attention and made his heart skip a beat. While his eyes were fixed on her (seemingly) firm bottom, he said; "Your wish is my command, Milady."

"That is good," she said, smiling. "I need to know as much about Harry Potter as possible."

"Yes, Milady," he gulped, mesmerized by her alabaster skin.

"Can you find out where the Muggles he lives with reside?"

"I think I can, but why, Ma'am? Surely the Order of the Phoenix would've captured him if he had returned there."

"One can never be too thorough, Draco. Besides, if I were hiding from two groups, I'd go to the one place they'd never look." There was a twinkle in her red eyes that enchanted Draco.

"I'll ask Professor Snape where Potter lives."

"Thank you, my friend."

"What is the other thing you need of me, Milady?" he asked.

In response, Lady Voldemort let her robes drop to the floor, revealing her supple, white flesh which glowed radiantly in the morning light to the young wizard. "I need your cock."

The object in question stood up in Draco's pants, ready and willing to fulfill Lady Voldemort's desires.

CMCMCM

Albus Dumbledore was the lowest he felt since he lost James and Lily Potter. Not only had the evil version of Harry kidnapped poor Hermione Granger, Luna, Lovegood, and Ginny Weasley, but the fiend was able to sneak into Hogwarts and murder Alastor Moody right under his nose!

He needed something, anything to chase away the heaviness in his soul. Reaching into his desk drawer, Dumbledore pulled out his virility potion and took a sip directly from the bottle. As his manhood rose, Dumbledore shuffled out of his office and made his way to the greenhouse. He needed to drown his sorrows in Pomona's bountiful,

spongy flesh.

CMCMCM

The bell attached to the door of Ollivander's Wand Shop jingled, announcing a new customer. The odd little man with strange, moon-like eyes trotted from his workshop up to the front of the store to greet his customer. However, before he could round the corner, he heard a young woman's voice command; "Go distract the nice man like I told you to, Ginny-Pig."

Much to Ollivander's surprise, he saw Ginevra Weasley (oak, eight and a half inches, good for domestic charms) scurry around the corner on all fours like a wild animal.

Before Ollivander could even utter a word of greeting or surprise, the young witch jumped on him, tackling him to the floor. Like a coppery-hair whirlwind, the Weasley girl began to tug and tear at Ollivander's trousers.

"My girl; what in Merlin's name are you doing?" he demanded while Ginny-Pig pulled down his trousers and under-things. Without saying a word, Ginny-Pig popped the old wizard's wrinkly, flaccid organ into her mouth. Ollivander had not had the pleasure of a witch's company in some time, and it had been even longer since he had a witch do to him what Ginny-Pig was doing right now. So it was completely understandable that once Ginny-Pig began sucking, Ollivander's eyes rolled back into his head. "Oh, I see. Very good, carry on."

While Ginny-Pig sucked off the old wizard, Hermione and Luna began searching through the thousands of wands to find proper replacements.

"Harry, what's that thing Hermione Jean said she and her version of Harry were looking for?" asked Luna as she tested and discarded several wands.

"She called them Horcruxes," Hermione offered as she, too, tried out one wand after the other.

"Back in my universe, the King studied Horcruxes as a way of obtaining immortality, but never created one: the price was too high. Basically it's a way of cheating death and attaining a form of immortality by anchoring your soul to the mortal plane," he replied, watching his harem witches move about. "Basically, through a ritual involving a murder, the person is able to place a fragment of his soul into an object thereby anchoring his spirit to this mortal plane."

"Do you have a Horcrux, Harry?" asked Luna. The wand she held shot out a stream of brilliant sparkles. "Oo-oh, I found one!"

"Good God, no! I don't have a Horcrux," he replied with a scoff. "In order to properly create a Horcrux, the person has to first remove themselves from the natural life-cycle – that being birth, life, procreation, and death."

"How does one remove themselves from the life cycle?" asked Hermione.

"Easy, for a witch they magically remove their ovaries so that they can't procreate and make new life," he informed. "For a bloke, they have to castrate themselves. Immortality or not, I'm not cutting off my own testicles."

"Ow," Luna muttered and cringed at the thought.

"Is that why Voldemort's voice is so high?" pondered Hermione.

"I like – and use – my boys too much to lop them off," Harry said.

Just then, Ginny-Pig scurried out from the stacks of wand-boxes and genuflected before Hermione. "It is done, Mistress. Ollivander came

and is now sleeping like a baby. He'll never know that you were here."

"Oh, I just saw a flaw in our plan. Won't he know that Ginny-Pig was here?" asked Luna. "And then won't Ollivander tell the Order that she was here and then, conceivably, won't they come to the conclusion that Ginny-Pig sucked him off so that we could replace Hermione's and my missing wands?"

"No, there's no flaw. I'll just go back there and Oblivate him," the black-haired wizard said casually.

"Then why'd we have Ginny-Pig distract him at all?" the blonde asked, curious as to Harry's thought-process. "Why didn't we just Oblivate Ollivander from the start?"

"What else are we going to do with the ginger whore?" he returned. Ginny-Pig shivered with desire at her Master's words: not only had he loved her enough to call her a foul name, but the depths of his affection allowed him to use her in such a delightfully cruel fashion.

"Ah, I see your point," Luna said to the black-hair wizard in understanding.

As Harry went off to deal with Ollivander, Hermione turned her attention to her little red-haired toy. "Did you swallow Ollivander's cum?"

"No, Mistress, I spat it out onto the floor."

Like a shot, Hermione's hand flew, slamming into Ginny-Pig's face. The red-haired witch's orgasm struck before she hit the ground.

"You worthless whore!" shouted Hermione. "How dare you pleasure someone then not swallow?"

"I-I-mmm- so-sorry, M-Mistress," sputtered Ginny-Pig as she rode her ecstasy.

Hermione pulled another wand from a box, this one finally shooting out sparks. With a wicked twinkle in her eyes, Hermione whipped her new wand down. A bright, orange rope of magic extended from the tip of the wand and lashed Ginny-Pig's arse with a loud crack, tearing her robe open to reveal the whip mark on her naked flesh. The submissive witch yelped in pain and pleasure. Hermione flogged her pet with the magic whip again and again until Ginny-Pig's robes were in tatters and dozens of angry red welts covered her backside. The red-head's labia was just as red as her bottom, but that was due entirely to the multiple orgasms she had just experienced.

"Get back there and lick Ollivander's cold spunk off the ground!" spat Hermione. As Ginny-Pig crawled toward the back of the shop, the brunette gave her naked rump a hard, swift kick. Ginny-Pig fell to the ground and thrashed as her juices flowed from her cunny.

"Are you that upset that she didn't swallow?" asked Luna as Ginny-Pig continued to writhe.

"No, I just wanted to hit her. If she had swallowed, I probably would've said something along the lines of 'how dare you swallow an old man's discharge, you foul, disgusting cunt' and then beat her arse like I just did," the brunette replied as her large nipples hardened, creating peaks in the leather that barely covered her areolas. "In fact, I'll probably do just that when she's finished licking up Ollivander's cum."

A moment later, Harry returned to the front of the shop. "You ladies ready to head back to our temporary headquarters?"

"Can we stop by a potion supply store first?" Hermione requested. "There are some potions I'd like to brew."

"How about we just nick what you need from Hogwarts," offered Harry. "And while we're there, perhaps we can stop by and kill Dumbledore."

"O-oh, let's head back to the Dursleys' first. There's something there that will help you find Dumbledore!" announced Hermione.

CMCMCM

His physical desires momentarily satisfied and quenched, the ghoul plopped onto his back and began snoring.

As virtually gallons of hot ghoul-cum poured out of his gaping arse, Ron wondered what he had done to deserve this. It seemed as if the universe had a personal vendetta against him. He had done nothing wrong. He was a good, kind person. Yet he suffered as no one had suffered before. He still couldn't get the sight of his mother and the toad woman in the throes of sexual ecstasy out of his mind.

"Oi, girls, the ghoul's done wif 'im," announced Marigold.

"Yeah, it's our turn again!" cheered Bergamot as the five hideous witches charged at the assaulted red-head.

CMCMCM

Lady Voldemort took another drag on her long, thin cigarette. Thin wisps of smoke snaked around her lips, teeth, and tip of her tongue as the smoke trails rose to the ceiling. Her pale body glowed with sweat, making her skin look like polished porcelain.

"I do like young men. They have such vitality," she commented throatily and took another drag.

Draco beamed with pride. He had cummed twice in a row and, unlike the time he had deflowered his fellow Slytherins, he had done so



without the aid of potions. He had performed two consecutive times with his natural, teenage virility. Once more, the experience with the exotically beautiful Lady Voldemort had chased away the horrid memories of his mother with Tommy the Clown and Lola. The evil witch's heavy, pink tipped breasts bouncing and her hot sex gripping his organ had acted like a healing elixir for his troubled soul.

"Pardon, Milady, but can I ask why you want to know where Potter's Muggle relatives live? Even if he is there, the Blood Protection will save him from any harm," he asked, resisting the urge to snuggle against her sweaty bosom because that would seem desperate, clingy, and unbecoming of a Slytherin Prince.

"The best spot to hide is a place where no one will look for you. I have a strong feeling that Potter has returned to his relatives' home simply because no one would bother looking for him there. I plan to take out this world's version of Potter just as I did to my own. My version of Potter, Harriet was her name, had the exact same protections. I observed her house and the wards around it for days. I discovered that the Blood Protection only protects against magical attacks, not mundane."

With the burning cigarette held loosely in her off hand, Lady Voldemort slinked out of the bed and sashayed to her discarded robes. She bent over, showing off her recently twice-shagged cunny to Draco and pulled a long, curved dagger from the pocket. Presenting the dagger, she continued. "Knowing that the Blood Protection wouldn't work on this lovely tool here, I snuck into the Muggle home in the middle of the night, crept up to little Harriet's room, and pushed the blade between her ribs as she slept. Sometimes, the simple, direct approach is so much better than the overly elaborate plans."

The sight of Lady Voldemort's luscious body and the thought of righteous revenge against the fiend who murdered his father caused Draco's loins to stir once more. With her rich red eyes locked on

Draco's growing manhood, Lady Voldemort purred; "That's why I like young men," before straddling the boy's ankles, "you can make up any shortcomings in experience or technique with a quick recovery." She leaned forward and snaked her tongue around his engorged head, quickly coating it with her hot saliva. She took another drag from her cigarette and blew the smoke on his spit covered crown. A smile stretched her ruby lips as Draco's cock twitched in impatience. "This time, Draco, I want you to cum on my titties. I love the feeling of hot spunk splashing on my skin. It's the one experience I can't get enough of."

CMCMCM

After returning to the Dursley home and retrieving the Marauders' Map from this universe's Harry's discarded school trunk, evil-Harry, Hermione, Luna, and Ginny-Pig used a Portkey to travel to the Shrieking Shack. They snuck through the hidden tunnel under the Whomping Willow and crept across the field toward the castle.

At the main doors, Harry spoke; "Okay, Luna, head to the potion's lab and strip the place bare. Use the whore here," he said, thumbing Ginny-Pig, "as your pack mule."

"You don't have to bother with featherweight charms either," added Hermione. "The pig's legs are so thick from carrying around her fat arse that she could hold up the Astronomy Tower."

Ginny-Pig felt her own hot moisture flow down the insides of her thighs.

"And while you and the useless pack mule are robbing the lab, Hermione and I will track down the old man," concluded Harry.

As Luna and Hermione's personal toy left for the dungeons, Hermione pulled out the Marauders' Map. Tapping her new wand to the parchment, she stated, "I solemnly swear that I am up to no

good."

After scanning the magical map for a moment, the brunette announced, "He's in the Greenhouse with Professor Sprout."

"I wonder what he's doing in the Greenhouse?" he asked.

"I've noticed that Professor Dumbledore spent a good amount of time there," she answered innocently.

"Let's go kill us a manipulative, old bastard," he said cheerily.

"If we're lucky, I can hear him beg for forgiveness before he dies!" An eager smile brightened Hermione's face.

However, "lucky" did not describe the situation that greeted Harry and his brunette witch when they arrived at the greenhouse. Hermione pressed her hand to her mouth as she struggled not to vomit while Harry turned a nasty shade of green.

"Good Lord," he muttered in fear. His mind had difficulty comprehending the act he saw before him. At first, it looked like a twig attempting to merge with a giant pink watermelon. Then he noticed the abundant amounts of wrinkles on the twig and realized that it was, in fact, a very naked and sweaty Dumbledore, thrusting and gyrating into an overly fat and equally naked, sweaty woman laying on one of the greenhouse's workbenches.

"It's like a pencil trying to burrow into a large, fleshy bowling ball," commented Hermione, gulping down some bile.

Harry tried not to notice the waves of flesh and cellulite that rippled through the fat woman's body with each of Dumbledore's eager, almost animalistic, thrusts.

"That's Dumbledore, you know," informed Hermione who, tragically,

couldn't tear her eyes away from the sight undulating and thrusting before her.

"I figured that," he replied, ignoring his lurching stomach.

"You can kill him now, please. Don't hesitate on my behalf; I don't need to hear him beg for forgiveness anymore," she said, hoping that Harry would quickly kill the old wizard so that she wouldn't have to bear witness to this any longer. Sprout's body looked like a pink ocean in a storm, cresting and crashing wildly and Dumbledore was bodysurfing the waves.

"No," he said. Not only did Harry not want to get closer to the fornicating couple, but he wanted Dumbledore to suffer before he died. And killing the old man who had tampered with one of his witches while said wizard was in the heights of ecstasy would not be satisfactory to Harry. He wanted the manipulative bastard to suffer before he died. More so for having forced Harry to experience the current scene in front of him.

However, Harry did get an idea. He realized that due to Dumbledore's extremely advanced age that the elderly man had to be using a potion to achieve an erection. Harry smiled. He had just found a way to make Dumbledore's life utterly miserable before he killed him.

"C'mon, let's go to the potion's lab and help Luna," he said, leading the brunette away from the greenhouse and the naked, sweaty horror that it held within.

When they arrived in the lab, they found Luna stacking scores of jars, bottles, and pots on Ginny-Pig's back. The stack was so high that Luna was levitating items up to reach the top. The red-head's legs trembled under the weight.

"I don't know why I've been lugging a bag full of books around this

castle all these years when I could've have this cunt do the work for me," the blonde commented happily. "Did you know that Snape had a batch of Polyjuice in the cupboard? Of course I'm nicking it; who knows when that might come in handy."

"That's nice," Harry said in a detached manner.

"Did you kill him?"

"No, we found him shagging Sprout," Hermione said, frowning deeply – both over the missed opportunity of murdering the old man who had brainwashed her and the memory of the sight of his skinny, wrinkly bottom trying its very best to bury itself in Sprout's voluminous folds.

"Oh, that's why Dumbledore spent all that time in the greenhouse," muttered Luna as her face paled. "It must've looked like a Tallemark attempting to hump a Snarfling."

"I have an idea on how to make Dumbledore's life wretched," announced Harry.

"You do?" asked Hermione.

"Yeah, it deals with his potion that makes him hard so he can fuck that whale."

As Luna and Hermione spent the next ten minutes stealing almost every ingredient in the lab, Harry busied himself by throwing the contents of various vials and jars into a bubbling cauldron.

CMCMCM

"This is a very nice place," Arthur said, examining their cabaña on a small private island in Abaco in the Bahamas.

"Let's change into our swimming suits and jump in the ocean," Tonks said brandishing her wand. "We really need to take a break from the sex. It's been incredible, and all, but I'm getting real sore down there." As she waved the wand over her clothes, she commented; "The water's so blue it looks like someone cast an Ink Charm on it."

With a pop, Tonks transfigured her robes into a tiny little two piece with red poke-a-dots. Arthur eyed her supple, young body hungrily.

Upon seeing the dark look in his eyes, Tonks decided to give her lover a treat. She had to admit, the idea of another romp with Arthur was very pleasing; ocean and sore bits be damned. She squeezed her eyes shut in concentration. Suddenly, her breasts began to swell and grow. The thin straps of her top strained and threatened to snap under the weight of her now massive titties."

"Oh my," gulped Arthur.

"Tell you what; if you can make me cum four times before you do, I'll go down on you on the beach while you drink a mai tai," offered Tonks.

"I'm always up for a challenge." Arthur didn't know what a mai tai was exactly, but he was sure that he'd love it whatever it was if Tonks was giving him head at the time. He didn't know how he ever survived before. Tonks' talented mouth could get a dead man to cum. Arthur wanted to make up for all those years he lived without regular sex romps and Tonks was more than able to help him achieve this goal.

CMCMCM

"It's done," Harry said, holding up the potion he had just brewed. "Now all I have to do is sneak into Dumbledore's office."

"What does the potion do? Will it make him die a slow painful death?" Hermione asked eagerly.

"In a manner, yes," he replied cryptically.

"Oh please, Harry, don't tease." The brunette pouted. "You must tell me what the potion will do to Dumbledore."

Without taking his eyes off the vial to see where the witch stood, Harry's hand shot out and tweaked Hermione's nipple through the small piece of leather that covered it. He continued to pinch and as Hermione moaned in pleasure, he boldly stated; "I'm Harry. I'm your Master. I can tease you as much as I like.

"You stay here, I'll be back in a few minutes," he said, walking to the door after giving one final tweak to her sensitive nipple.

The wizard quickly moved through the castle, silent as a ghost. Before approaching the stone gargoyle protecting the Headmaster's office, Harry checked the Marauders' Map to find the password. He stood before the statue and said "Lemon drops."

The gargoyle stepped out of the way and allowed him to pass. After walking up the winding staircase, Harry entered the office.

"Hello everyone," he said to the magical portraits of the former Headmasters and Headmistresses that lined the walls. "It's me, this universe's Harry. I just escaped the evil universe."

Harry spoke with a convincing show of innocence and naiveté, much like how he thought this universe's Harry spoke.

"Welcome back, lad," one Headmaster with round, red cheeks greeted.

"It's good to be back," Harry said, forcing himself to blush in mock embarrassment over the portrait's concern.

"I hope your experience in that evil place hasn't corrupted you," a witch with a wart the size of a chicken's egg on her nose said.

"No, I'm still the virginal, goody-two-shoes you all know and love," he said, his lips curled in a forced goofy smile.

"I for one was growing fond of the evil-Harry," Phineas Nigellus said, looking down his nose at Harry.

Holding up the vial of the recently brewed potion, Harry said; "Anyway, I just spoke with Professor Dumbledore and he asked me to drop this off."

"Carry on, Lad," the red, round face Headmaster said jovially.

Harry walked to Dumbledore's desk and began riffling through the drawers. As he searched, the portraits continued to talk amongst themselves.

"It's good that he's returned."

"Albus was so worried."

"Yes, the old fellow will be so elated over young Harry's return that I'm sure Albus will have another dosage of his special potion."

Harry looked up and asked innocently; "What do you mean by 'special potion'?"

"The one he keeps in the secret compartment at the back of the lower left drawer," Armando Dippet said, tapping his forefinger to the side of his nose knowingly.

"Ah, thank you," the young wizard said, opening the drawer in question. He found the secret compartment and opened it easily, pulling out Dumbledore's virility potion. After pouring three drops of



his own mystery potion into Dumbledore's stash, Harry tapped his wand to the bottle, placing a simple but powerful Compulsion Charm on it. He then returned the tainted virility potion, sealed the compartment, and shut the drawer.

"Thanks everyone for your concern," Harry said to the portraits. "I'll be running along now."

With that, Harry walked out of the office with a bounce in his step, much like how he imagined the "good Harry" would walk.

CMCMCM

In Remus' cottage, the wizard was still dictating. His voice was cracked and croaky, but he forged ahead, like a man possessed.

"And Sebastian said; 'When I first laid eyes upon Her Glorious Mound, I climbed and climbed for what seemed like hours. I crossed Her Blue Rivers and rested in Her Soft Warmness. And then I finally reached Her Peak. I wept at Her Nub and She doth nourished me.' Thus be The Word according to Sebastian."

He paused and the page in the book turned. "The Word according to Marcel. 'The Light shone upon me...'"

CMCMCM

"So, brother of mine, are you excited to come back to the place of our childhood?" asked Fred as he and his twin wandered through the garden toward the kitchen door of the Burrow.

"Excited, dear brother? No. Hungry and hoping that mum will whip up some food for us? Yes," retorted George.

"That's right," chuckled Fred. "We can't cook to save our lives."

"That's the sad truth."

The twins walked into the kitchen without bothering to knock. They were prepared to shout; "Hullo, Mother dear, it is us; Forge and Gred, ready to sample some of your delicious home cooking!" to announce their arrival. However the words froze in their throats.

There, lying on the floor in a tangle heap of limbs and breasts were their mother and Delores Umbridge. The witches had obviously exhausted themselves in some perverse sexual act and were now sleeping in each others' arms (and sagging breasts, which were draped over the other's shoulders). Each witch's face was completely covered with a liquid sheen; a sheen that was echoed on their hands, forearms, and toes as well.

The brothers didn't say a word. They simply walked through the kitchen with a smile etched on their faces and up the stairs to their old room. There, they pulled out the chairs from under the desks and positioned them in the middle of the room. They silently conjured two long, hemp nooses and attached them to the ceiling above the chairs with Sticking Charms. After the twins climbed up and stood on the chairs, they slipped the nooses over their heads and around their necks, still smiling. The brothers shook hands.

"It's been a good life, hasn't it, Gred?"

"It certainly was, Forge."

With that, Fred and George cast a Banishing Hex at the chair under the other. The chairs crashed against the walls and their bodies jerked at the end of the nooses. They happily chose death over having to live with the horrific sight they had just witnessed.

However, just as the blackness of oblivion began to claim them, they heard an ominous and very jarring voice.

"Wha's all the commotion," Millicent asked as she entered the room.

The dying twins began to convulse in additional horror at the sight of the naked ape-like Millicent Bulstrode. The last thing they believed that they'd ever heard scarred them deep into their souls. The jarring voice of Millicent calmly saying, "Oh look, more gingers fer us ta' play with."

CMCMCM

"Please, Harry, tell me what you brewed?" begged Hermione. She had nagged and pled him constantly; all the way out of the castle, through the hidden passageway past the school's Anti-Portkey Wards. And now that they were back in their temporary hideout and surrounded by the rest of his harem, she showed no signs of letting up. "I really must know what you did to him."

"Before I even contemplate whether I should tell you what I did to Dumbledore or not, we have to reward my little arse girl as I promised this morning," Harry said.

Like a bolt of lightning, Luna shot up the stairs. Sounds of her footsteps, thundering around in the master-bedroom echoed through the living room.

"Pardon me, Master, but I have a complaint," Daphne began nervously.

Harry glared at her. He didn't like complaints, especially from his lower harem members. She gulped and bravely forged ahead. "Tracy and I love Pansy's shorn head – it's so soft and smooth that we both rubbed our cunnys on it 'til we came. But now that there's no hair to grab her by, it's rather difficult to dunk her head in the toilet."

"Ah, I hadn't thought of that," he said, softening his gaze – it was a valid complaint after all. He waved his wand at the bald Slytherin. A

small, leather handled materialized in the back of the collar wrapped around her neck.

"Thank you Master!" cheered Daphne. She placed a quick peck on Harry's cheek before dashing to Pansy, seizing the handle on her collar. Pansy yelped as Daphne dragged her to the downstairs loo. The bald Slytherin let out a terrified and disgusted scream a moment before her head was dunked in the toilet.

Daphne shouted from the loo; "Oh bother, Tracy. It looks like you forgot to flush after you relieved yourself. It's full of urine and shite... along with Pansy's head of course."

"Damn my forgetful mind," Tracy said with a devilish smile.

Just then, Luna came bolting down the stairs, naked as the day she was born. She had a bright, glowing smile that split her face wide open. She handed Harry the well used tube of "Harry's Bum Mint Foaming Gel!" which she had retrieved from the master bedroom. Once she gave the rectum cleaning potion to the wizard, Luna tackled Hermione Jean to the floor and tore off the brunette's blouse. The moment Hermione Jean's impressive jugs were exposed, Luna's threw her face between her mounds, humming gaily.

After applying the magical cleanser to Luna's "no-no hole" he turned to Hermione and Tracy. Unfastening and dropping his trousers to the floor, he gestured to his hardening manhood and Luna's anus, saying; "Ladies, I need some lube."

Tracy spat great globs of spittle onto the fleshy, purple crown of Harry's love while Hermione spat on Luna's hole before working the saliva into the blonde's cavity with her forefinger. After the witches both spat on their respective targets three more times, Harry was satisfied that he had enough lubrication. Harry slammed into Luna who cried out passionately into Hermione Jean's breasts.

"Oh-ho that tickles!" said Hermione Jean as the vibration from Luna's cry reverberated through her titties. The brunette repeated this phrase each time Luna cried out in ecstasy – which meant Hermione Jean said "Oh-ho that tickles!" fourteen times.

Half an hour later, Harry grunted and removed himself. Fulfilling her part of Luna's reward, Hermione crawled behind the blonde and stuck her long, strong tongue into her gaping, messy hole. Hermione's tongue brought Luna to climax three more times (which, coincidentally, caused Hermione Jean to say "Oh-ho that tickles!" three more times). Hermione continued to "clean" Luna even after the blonde began snoring into Hermione Jean's breast.

Licking the white, sticky residue from the corners of her lips, Hermione stood and brought up her request once again. "Please, Harry, you simply must tell me what you did to Dumbledore."

"All right, but I'll want a prize," Harry said with a smile.

"What kind of prize?" she asked, knowing that it would involve one form of sexual act or another. And whatever the act may be, the brunette was more than willing to perform – any opportunity to sample Harry's manhood was welcome.

"Hmm, what type of prize should I ask for," he said thoughtfully rubbing his chin. Less than a second after entering this deep thought, he clicked his fingers. "I know; I want you and your brain damaged counterpart on your knees before me while I take turns getting deep throats from both of you."

Hermione Jean wriggled out from under Luna, waking the blonde, and rushed over to the wizard. She threw herself to her knees before him and opened her mouth wide, eager for the throat shagging to begin.

Harry leaned toward Hermione's ear and whispered, telling her what

the potion would do to the old wizard who had brainwashed and manipulated her. The brunette's eyes grew wide. "Oh my! That's deliciously evil!"

"What can I say; I'm good at what I do," he said with no hint of humility.

"He'll be begging for a merciful death in no time!" she said, lowering herself to her knees next to Hermione Jean.

"No later than tomorrow night," he said, taking hold of his organ.

Tracy knelt down next to the brunettes as Daphne brought the filthy faced Pansy to watch. Even Luna, who was still exhausted from her many orgasms, watched the marvel. The two versions of Ginny did not join the group however. Mousey-Ginny was too shy to even come out of her hiding place behind the chair and Ginny Pig was not permitted to look upon Harry's glory.

The four witches watched as Harry shoved his awesome beef down Hermione's throat, pumped twice, and pulled out. The witch's spit dripped in great globs from his rod as he turned toward Hermione Jean and repeated the action of forcing himself all the way down her throat in one quick push.

Luna, Daphne, Tracy, and Pansy watched fixated as Hermione and her counterpart's throats bulged and contracted around Harry's rod. Spit, drool, and foam dribbled down Hermione and Hermione Jean's chins, coating Harry's manhood, testicles and raining down onto their magnificent breasts. The two witches' eyes, dark with lust and desire, fascinated their fellow harem members.

Each of the witches watching wished they could know what it felt like to have Harry's cock stuffed down their throats just once so they could see what the two brunettes found so appealing. However, they had one thing the versions of Hermione lacked that prevented such

an intriguing action – a gag reflex. They knew that the moment the bulbous crown touched the back of their mouths, they would involuntarily pull away or worse; vomit.

Not only was Tracy fascinated by the pleasure the two Hermiones obviously experienced, but the sheer look of rapture on Harry's face piqued the strawberry blonde's attention. She wanted to know what it felt like for him; to have the witches' hot, tight, wet throats contracting and massaging his manhood. Based on his expression and his complete captivation to the act, Tracy speculated that there was probably no better feeling possible for him. His expression of single-minded happiness seemingly eclipsed even the pleasure she herself felt each time Harry used her. Perhaps, she would ask her Master to describe the sensations he felt once he was finished.

However, Tracy was distracted some time later when Harry blasted both versions of Hermione with string after string of hot cum and ordered the Slytherin to clean the two identical witches. As Tracy licked up the warm spunk and bountiful amounts of spittle from the brunettes' faces her curiosity of Harry's pleasure slipped from her mind.

CMCMCM

Early the next morning, Draco found Snape in the kitchen, preparing himself breakfast.

"Professor Snape, sir, I have to ask you a question."

"What is it Draco?" the greasy wizard asked, happy to help his favorite student.

"Sir, I need to know where Potter's muggle relatives live."

"Whatever for?" he said. "Potter ran away from there. And even if he was with the Muggle, the Blood Protections guard him from any

harm."

"I know, sir, I was just hoping to see if I could trace his steps," Draco said. "I could pretend to be a friend from school and ask his neighbors if they might have seen or heard where he went."

"You may try, although I doubt you'll discover any useful information," Snape said. "The Dursleys live at Number Four Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey."

"Thank you, sir!" Draco scurried back to his bedroom, hoping that this information would please Lady Voldemort. And please her it did, for less than five minutes later, the Dark Lady was on her knees before Draco, pleasuring him with her mouth. Looking down into her red eyes, Draco's heart fluttered. Despite being sixty-two years his senior (although one could not tell by her gorgeous, firm body), Draco believed he was falling in love with the perfect, pure-blood witch.

Lady Voldemort pulled back. Stroking his manhood, she said huskily; "I love young cock. Almost as much as I love cum." She sucked his crown. "Once I kill Potter, I'll return and celebrate by having you cum on me!" The Dark Lady shivered before returning to sucking the teen.

CMCMCM

Dumbledore walked into his office and sat down, ready to read the morning's Prophet. However, he became distracted. He looked at the lower left drawer. A smile crept across his lips. The night of lovemaking Dumbledore had spent with Pomona had eased the grief of Alastor's death only slightly. Perhaps he still needed to spend some time with Pomona to ease his pain even further.

The moment after he drank a dosage, the ancient Headmaster doubled over and cried out in pain. Struggling, Dumbledore lifted the front of his robes and looked in horror at his manhood.



The skin was stretched out and an angry purple due to the excessive amount of blood raging through it. It pulsed and throbbed with tempo with his increasing pulse. Added to the pain of an overly engorged erection, Dumbledore had an agonizing need to ejaculate. His loins felt like they were about to rupture and screamed out for release. Much to his horror and pain, his testicles swelled up right before his eyes.

"What's the matter, Albus?" the portrait of Armando Dippet asked. "Did you have an adverse reaction to the potion? I do hope it had nothing to do with whatever young Harry Potter was doing in your desk drawers."

"Harry Potter was here?" Dumbledore asked as beads of sweat blossomed on his brow and his body trembled in agony.

"Why yes."

"Why didn't you tell me," groaned Dumbledore as the pain in his testicles doubled.

"It didn't seem out of the ordinary," Armando said. "He came in here, said that he had just returned from the evil-universe and, after playing with your potion, left."

Dumbledore eyed the potion bottle in his hand. Staggering out of the office, he mumbled; "I must get to the Laboratory and find out what he poisoned me with."

However, before he could reach the dungeons, his loins demanded attention. The excruciating pressure in his manhood caused the old man to fall to his knees. He had to take care of his need before he could examine the poison.

Standing, Dumbledore stumbled toward the greenhouse. Soon, the luscious body of Pomona would grant the release that he so needed.

Unfortunately for the ancient wizard, Harry's poison was far more dubious and wicked than Dumbledore could ever imagine.

CMCMCM

A loud knocking on the front door woke Harry and his witches from their slumber. "Daphne, you're the closest, get the door."

Untangling herself from the myriad of limbs and naked, sticky bodies, Daphne stood and threw on her robes before marching to the door and opened it. Looking into brilliant green, almond shaped eyes framed by round glasses, Daphne asked of the person standing outside the open door; "Who are you supposed to be?"

To Be Continued

Author's Note: be sure to check out Clell65619 and Tubazrcool's responses to my challenge "what happened to good-Harry in the evil-universe?"

"Mirror Crack'd" by Clell65619 [www . ficwad . com / story / 109067](http://www.ficwad.com/story/109067)  
(remove the spaces)

"What Ever Happened To..." by Tubazrcool [www . fanfiction . net / s / 4807917 / 1](http://www.fanfiction.net/s/4807917/1) / (remove the spaces)

## Chapter Thirteen

Standard Disclaimer: Harry Potter and all characters are property of J. K. Rowling, Warner Brothers, Bloomsbury Books, Arthur A. Levine Books, Raincoast Books, Scholastic publishing, et al, and are used without permission. This work was written purely for noncommercial entertainment; no money is being made or asked for.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

EXTRA WARNING: an act lovingly referred to as "twin-cest" occurs in this chapter! If the thought of siblings engaging in sexual intercourse offends you – STOP NOW!

Author's Notes: This story is a broad parody with over the top humor (most of this humor is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (Out Of Character actions). To reiterate; this is a parody with a great amount of sex jokes and sex scenes.

Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (femmeslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

Major Ron and general Weasley bashing ahead.

Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

Hermione heard Daphne ask "Who are you supposed to be?" rudely. Hoping to quell the embarrassing moment, Hermione quickly donned her robes, covering her naked body. The brunette rushed to the door and apologized; "Pardon my friend, she's a foreigner."

"Isn't that the way Muggles greet people?" asked Daphne in a whisper, ignorant of Muggle behavior.

"No," Hermione replied to Daphne. Then, indicating Daphne with a tilt

of her head, said to the young woman outside the door; "She's German and you know how they are. Can I help you?"

"Yeah, you can get the hell outta my way," she said with a heavy American accent.

"Wonderful; a Yank," muttered Daphne scathingly. "They're worse than the Germans."

"Excuse me?" the brunette asked, offended by the young woman's words and tone. Even if Daphne's greeting had angered the girl, there was no call for her to be rude to Hermione.

"Let me say it slower this time: Get — the — hell — outta — my — way!"

"I never—"

"Harry! Are you in there?" the girl shouted over Hermione's shoulder.

"Wait, you know Harry?" asked Hermione.

The girl pointed to her familiar green eyes and harshly uttered; "Duh!"

"What's going on?" Harry appeared in the foyer, shirtless and zipping up his trousers.

"Oh, thank goodness you're alright," the mystery girl exclaimed, pushing herself past Daphne and Hermione. Throwing her arms around Harry's bare, muscular shoulders, she said, "I heard so many strange sounds from in here the past few days. I was worried about you."

Returning the hug (which he did to coyly place his hand on the girl's jean encased bottom), Harry mouthed the words "I was thinking I needed a bit of chocolate" to Hermione while appraising the girl's

dark skin.

Hermione grabbed the girl's arm and pulled her away from the half naked wizard. "Just who are you, and how do you know Harry?"

The girl pulled free and returned to hugging Harry. Smiling at Hermione over her shoulder, the girl introduced herself. "I am Charlus Symoné Mary-Sue Rose Katie Raven Potter-Black."

"What? Potter?" both versions of Hermione and Luna asked in unison.

Daphne asked, "Isn't Charlus a masculine name?"

To which Tracey replied, "Well, it's like Blaise: it can be used both ways."

Daphne looked at her housemate and said in no uncertain terms, "No it can't. That's like saying William is a girl's name."

"Yes Potter, I'm the Twin Who Lived!" announced Charlus proudly over Daphne and Tracey's debate. With one arm still draped over Harry's shoulders, the girl named Charlus turned and smiled smugly at the other girls as if daring them to contradict her.

While Harry's harem witches were floored by this revelation the wizard himself couldn't care less. He was busy eyeing the two delectable mounds under Charlus' pullover. The three letters, "MCR" printed on the rock concert pullover accentuated her shapely breasts.

"Twin?" asked Hermione incredulously.

"Yes, the fact that Harry had a twin sister was a closely guarded secret that only Mom, Dad, and Sirius knew," began Charlus. "Even back then, Sirius and our parents were cautious of Dumbledore and his manipulations. When Hagrid left to deliver Harry to the Dursleys',

Sirius searched the rubble further and found me. He sent me to live with his distant cousins in the States before he hunted down Wormtail.

"I graduated from the Salem Academy two years early – tops in all classes mind you. My Defense teacher also told me I'm the best duelist he's ever seen and I've got the awards to prove it. I bested my Potion Master in numerous incredibly difficult potions. I've out transfigured my Transfiguration teacher in several competitions. And don't get me started on my Charms work; my instructor gushed over my prowess so much that she offered me to teach the class in her place.

"I can also sing like nobody's business. I play guitar, piano, and the harp so well that I've been approached by no less than three major record labels begging me to sign with them. But I'll only do it if Gerard Way – who's simply the best damned singer alive (1) – does a duet with me. And I've won the Quadpot Bowl four years running.

"I'm here to save my twin from the horrible conditions he's been forced to live in since we were separated. And to help him fight Voldemort," concluded Charlus.

Daphne made a loud squeaking sound and flinched at the sound of the Dark Lord's name. Harry's eyes temporarily left Charlus' top and he quickly examined the fearful expression on Daphne's face as if he was formulating a plan.

Noticing Daphne's fearful reaction, Charlus added; "Saying 'Voldemort' in the States is a no-no as well. Everyone is terrified of his name back home. I'm the only one I know who doesn't fear that fiend's name. See; Voldemort!"

Again, Daphne made a fearful squeaking sound. Then, Harry smiled as if confident in his new plan. His gaze returned to Charlus' breasts.

"You can't be Harry's twin!" Hermione returned to the previous topic.

"Why; because no one else knew about me?" returned Charlus. "I told you only Sirius knew."

"No, that's not the reason – even though such a scenario is too farfetched to believe – the main reason why you cannot be Harry's twin is because you're black!"

"So? Love doesn't see color," Charlus said, as if it clearly explained the situation.

"Seeing that she and Harry have Lily's eyes, perhaps James Potter wasn't her father?" offered Luna. "Maybe her father was a black man."

"No, my Dad was James Potter," Charlus said, "same as my twin brother here."

"Then why are you a different ethnicity?" demanded Hermione.

"Fine, I'll explain," Charlus huffed. "Before he sent me to his distant cousins, Sirius performed a Family bonding Ritual, thereby making me a..." She paused for dramatic effect, "...Black."

"That makes perfect sense," Hermione Jean said in understanding.

"No, no it doesn't," Hermione barked. Her face burned. "A Family Bonding Ritual does not change one's ethnicity!"

"Here, let me perform a Family Tree Charm on her," Tracey said. "It's a pure-blood charm that will show a person's father and mother's name as well as any siblings. The names end up listing in lights over the subject's head."

"That's convenient," commented Harry, who was still eyeing Charlus'

breasts much like a wolf eyes a young, tender rabbit.

Tracey waved her wand and the names "James Tiberius Potter," "Lily Rose Potter (nee Evans)," "Sirius Orion Black (adoptive father)" and "Harry James Potter (twin brother)" appeared in glowing letters over the black girl's head.

"But that doesn't explain how someone with two white parents can have a black child!" exclaimed Hermione in frustration.

Hermione Jean offered another lame explanation. "Well sometimes two parents with black hair can have a child with red hair."

"No they can't!" snapped Hermione.

"Regardless of how or why Charlus is black, I've got chocolate in my harem now," Harry said brushing Hermione's concerns aside. "So I'm a happy wizard."

"You've got 'what' in your 'what' now?" asked Charlus, stepping away from Harry.

"Harry, you can't," Hermione said. "Even though I can't explain it, she's your twin sister! She cannot join your harem."

"Did she just say 'harem'?" asked Charlus, still stunned by the topic.

Ignoring Charlus, Harry said smugly to Hermione; "No, she isn't; she's my counterpart's twin sister. I have no siblings."

A tiny whisper wafted through the room like a light summer breeze. "mum says that if the boy doesn't cum in the girl's cunny, then it really doesn't count as incest."

All eyes (save for Tracey who could still not hear or see mousey-Ginny for some inconceivable reason) turned to the overly



shy red-head, hiding behind the couch.

"Wow, that's just downright disturbing," commented Luna.

"What's disturbing?" asked Tracey.

"What mousey-Ginny just said."

"Who's mousey-Ginny?" Tracey looked around vainly.

"Never mind that, let's indoctrinate Charlus here," Harry said.

"Wait now, hold on," the black girl said, taking a step away. "I don't know what you mean by 'counterpart's twin' but it's a moot point, brother. I don't date white boys."

"Wait, you just said 'love doesn't see color'," countered Hermione hotly.

"Yeah, but love does see size," Charlus said with a lopsided smile that was surprisingly similar to Harry's.

Hermione's mouth hung open in shock while Harry simply crossed his arms over his chest, smiling as if he knew what was about to happen.

Recovering from her shock, Hermione said; "I'll show you size, bitch!" and shoved her hand into Harry's pants. Harry, unfazed by Hermione's hand fishing around in his trousers, continued to smile. After seizing the meaty prize, Hermione pulled out his manhood. And pulled some more. Once the crown was freed from its denim confines, Hermione let it flop down where it made a dull thudding sound against his trousers.

"Oh Em Gee!" exclaimed Charlus, staring with wide eyes at her brother's duplicate's organ. "That's one huge cock."

Taking pride in Harry's manhood, Hermione boasted, "Yes, it is an impressive... Wait, did you just say Oh Em Gee?"

Charlus nodded her head and licked her lips.

"What the hell does Oh Em Gee mean?" the brunette asked.

"I suppose it could be short for 'Oh my God'," speculated Luna.

At this point, Charlus was absentmindedly unfastening her jeans. Harry's organ was growing hard in anticipation.

"Whatever," Hermione huffed. She said to Harry; "Just remember what mousey-Ginny said and don't cum in her. Sister of your double or not, it's still pseudo-incest. If you want retarded, inbred babies, you could get a jump start by knocking up Ginny-Pig."

As Charlus lifted her pullover over her head revealing a taught belly and a pink cotton bra, she said throatily; "I don't care about incest right now. All that matters is that I want you to use your beef stick to whack open my labia piñata." The black girl tossed her shirt to the side and unclasped her bra, freeing her large, soft breasts. "I can tell you, candy won't come out, but it'll be just as sweet."

Over the next half hour, Charlus screamed out "OH EM GEE! I'M CUMMING!" every thirty-four seconds like clockwork. Of course each and every time the black witch exclaimed this, Hermione would shout; "'OH—MY—GOD'! It's 'Oh-my-God'! I cannot comprehend why you REFUSE TO say 'Oh-my-God' PROPERLY! THE PHRASE IS only three syllables long. See; 'OH—MY—GOD'! Just three simple, short syllables! It's no more difficult or easier than saying 'OH EM GEE' so why try and shorten it, you twat! EvEN IF YOU SPELT IT OUT, 'OH MY GOD' IS ONLY FOUR LETTERS LONGER THAN 'OMG'! OH MY GOD; IT'S RIDICULOUS!"

Seeing that it took Hermione twenty-eight to thirty seconds to shout out this rant meant that Charlus would repeat her cry of "OH EM GEE! I'M CUMMING!" in four to six seconds which led to Hermione repeating her tirade. By the time the half hour was up, both witches had screamed themselves hoarse – albeit for different reasons.

After a series of grunts, Harry stated; "Whoops, I came in her cunny. I guess that makes it pseudo-incest." It was painfully clear by the tone of his voice and the manner in which he spoke that such an action did not concern the wizard, neither was it accidental. He pulled out of Charlus, lowered her to the floor and stepped over her prone body. "I'm off to have a shower."

Rubbing her throat, Hermione's voice creaked and cracked as she complained; "I think I screamed myself raw."

"I think I just had an aneurism," croaked Charlus as she lay limp and limbless on the floor. "I can't feel a thing besides my throbbing pussy."

"No, that's just the aftereffect of Harry's wondrous willy and having fifty-two point nine-four orgasms," informed Luna. She added proudly; "I kept count."

The wizard grabbed both Hermione Jean and Tracey, dragging them with him toward the stairs. "You two are lucky; you get to lather me down." As he marched up the stairs, Harry pointed to Luna and Hermione and ordered "You continue to initiate the new harem girl."

Luna giggled and clapped her hands excitedly. She trotted over to the still limp Charlus and rolled the girl onto her back. Continuing to giggle as if she was opening a present on Christmas morning, Luna spread Charlus' legs open, showing the black witch's cum soaked sex to Hermione. Smiling, Luna said to the brunette; "I think I have just the thing to help ease your sore throat, Hermione."

Licking her lips, Hermione made her way to the salty and tasty ointment oozing from Charlus' womanhood. A few moments' later, Charlus cried out passionately over Hermione's eager slurping; "OH EM GEE! I'M CUMMING!"

"That's fifty-three!" cheered Luna.

CMCMCM

"Minister! Minister, I have wonderful news!" Auror Clancy burst into Percy's office.

"What is it?" Percy asked looking up from some mundane paperwork he was reviewing.

"Sir, following your orders, we've apprehended twenty-four Wizengamot members baring the Dark Mark!" he said excitedly.

"That is wonderful news," chirped Mandy, standing at her lover's side.

"That's not all, sir! A number of the prisoners are talking! They're hemorrhaging information about You Know Who and his other followers!" the Auror said breathlessly. "So far, we've arrested fourteen other Death Eaters from various Ministry departments and ten more among the Aurors! We've rooted out all of You Know Who's minions in the Ministry in just one day!"

"Oh wow!" Mandy breathed.

"Also, at least twenty Death Eaters have stated that Severus Snape is in league with You Know Who," added Clancy.

"Hmm, I know he was reported to have been a double agent during the first war," Percy said rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "Perhaps we should bring him in for questioning just to be sure whose side he's

on."

"Yes sir!"

"This is splendid news. We've dealt Voldemort a massive blow today!" Percy said with well-earned pride. "Auror Clancy, do me a favor and contact the Head of the Press Department. I think we should have a news conference right away so we can share this wonderful news with the good people of Britain."

"Of course, Minister!" Clancy said and rushed out of the office.

Brimming with pride, Percy let himself smile. Thanks to his simple yet effective plan, he'd taken dozens of Death Eaters out of the Ministry. Voldemort's influence in the government had been completely removed.

Mandy was proud of Percy as well. She showed this pride by kneeling between his legs and unzipping his trousers.

Leaning back in his chair, Percy said over Mandy's slurping; "It's good to be me."

CMCMCM

Staggering, Dumbledore stumbled into the Greenhouse. "Pamona, I need you," he whimpered pathetically.

"Merlin, Albus, what's wrong?" the morbidly-Rubenesque witch asked.

Temporarily robbed of his ability to speak by the agony he was suffering, Dumbledore lifted the front of his robes with trembling hands.

"Oh dear," Pamona muttered. Her lover's organ was engorged so

much that it was nearly fifty percent larger than normal. The extra blood pulsing through his rod had turned it a bright, angry purple. Due to the excessive amounts of semen being produced by the poison, the elderly wizard's testicles had also grown overly large. So much so that his scrotum was now smooth and wrinkle free.

"We'll skip foreplay," the witch said, disrobing as quickly as she could.

As Pamoan lay on her back and spread her legs, Dumbledore shook like a leaf in a storm. His heart pounded so hard and so fast that he could feel his pulse rush through every vein in his body. His manhood visibly throbbed and bobbed with each heartbeat.

He looked at Pamona's beautiful sex framed by her glorious folds of flesh from her thighs and belly. Soon, he'd get relief. Flopping down on his lover, the old man positioned himself to enter her holiest of holies.

However, Harry's poison was far more nefarious and cruel than Dumbledore could ever imagine. The moment his assaulted crown touched her wet petals, Dumbledore's organ deflated – much like a popped balloon.

"No, no, no," the elderly wizard whimpered as the pain in his genitals continued to grow.

"What's the matter?" Pamona asked.

More pain rocked through Dumbledore as his limp organ jumped as too much blood rushed into it; causing it to grow and stretch in an instant.

"This isn't good," Sprout said as she rolled off the table. She knelt before her lover, took his overly swollen manhood in her hand and licked the crown. It was her intention to give Dumbledore release

through her superior (although not as superior as Hermione or her duplicate) skills in oral sex (apparently, rock stars may be right about big girls). However, the instant her tongue touched his hypersensitive skin, his organ went limp once again.

"Oh, dear," Pamona said while Dumbledore groan miserably.

The skin on the elderly wizard's scrotum began to stretch beyond its capacity; turning the skin bright red and purple stretch marks appeared.

Frantically, Sprout began to pump her hand up and down her lover's shaft. Normally, she would've used her spit to lubricate her hand, but it was clear that her various liquids, both from her womanhood and mouth, robbed him of his erection for some reason.

Dumbledore bit his lip. Pamona's motions were rubbing his delicate skin raw, but it was a pain he'd have to endure in order to get the release his body so desperately needed.

A bit of pre-cum dribbled out of his urethra and, much like the other liquids, the presence of his own fluid touching his skin caused Dumbledore's erection to vanish in the blink of an eye. Dumbledore crumpled to the floor in agony as his testicle continued to produce even more semen.

"Wait here, daddy," Pamona said worriedly as she rushed off to the greenhouse's storage cupboard. After a few moments of rummaging, Pamona returned to Dumbledore's side with a long, thin rubber tube. "I have this to drain the snuglegrump plant of its pus and I'm hoping I can do the same with you. This will hurt, Albus. I'm so sorry."

As gently as she could, Sprout held the elderly wizard's organ and pushed the tube into his urethra. Dumbledore howled. She pushed until the tube was a good two inches in his shaft. Once the tube was

firmly in place, Sprout began to pump his member once again. A few seconds later, release finally came to Dumbledore. With another howl, he came. And he came like a fire hose. The tube whipped this way and that wildly as a gallon of ejaculate flowed rapidly from his loins. The discharge sprayed Sprout, Dumbledore and every plant around them. The wizards engorged testicles slowly deflated as his semen continued to rocket out of the tube.

A shuttering breath escaped Dumbledore's lips. "Thank you, my dear," he said, trying to catch his breath. "That seems to have done the trick."

"What happened, Albus?" she asked, wiping a large amount of cum off of her face.

"I was poisoned." So weakened from his ordeal, Dumbledore could not even lift his arm from his side.

"Poisoned? By who?"

"That's not important," he said, not really wishing to explain how a Harry from an evil alternate universe came to this universe and was causing untold havoc. "I need you to fetch Severus—Oh no!"

The old wizard cried pathetically for his organ grew agonizingly hard once again. His testicles ballooned up to their previous overly engorged sized. His body screamed in pain and demanded release.

Pamona waved her wand about, conjuring a padded ring around her lover's shaft. She tapped her wand to this ring and it began to move up and down Dumbledore's penis, rubbing him harshly.

"I'm sorry it's so uncomfortable, daddy," she said sadly. "But this should get you off while I find Professor Snape."

Suffering through such agony, all Dumbledore could do was nod his



head. With that, Sprout donned her robes and rushed out of the greenhouse.

CMCMCM

The searing pain woke Ron. He looked down to see Carnation lodging two more wands into his battered urethra. Blinking, Ron looked around the attic and saw his brother's Fred and George "entertaining" the other three ghastly witches. Fred was being urinated on while George's head was presently being swallowed up by Millicent's cavernous cunt. Both of the twins had deep, bright red rope burns on their necks and were, mercifully, unconscious.

As he watched his brother's suffer the same tortures he had lived through, something snapped in the young wizard's mind. For the first time in days, Ron stood erect. His chest puffed up and held his head in a regal manner. Placing his fists on his hips, he looked about the room once more. Instead of seeing the dusty old attic occupied by four hideous witches, one slumbering ghoul, and two unconscious twins, Ron saw a grand throne room, four gorgeous witches, one muscle bound guard, and two jesters. He smiled; it was good to be Ron the Magnificent (2).

"Wha' are you doin' up?" Carnation asked thickly. "Yer supposed ta' just writhe around and whimper like you always do, gigner."

"Hello, my lovely," Ron said, smiling down at the pretty thing kneeling before him. He gestured to his massive, erect organ and asked; "Does Ron the Magnificent's towering manhood frighten you, child?"

Carnation squinted her eyes and said; "What towerin' manhood? All's I see's is yer tiny pecker wit' four wands juttin' ou' of it."

"Don't worry, pet, Ron the Magnificent will be gentle as the breeze," he said smiling. "Just lay back and I'll take care of everything."

"You've got ta' do wha' he says, Carnation," Bergamot told her sister. "Minister Parkinson said we're in 'is 'arem and we had ta' do wha' he says."

"Yeah, just lay back an' take it," offered Marigold. "Knowin' 'im, 'e'll be done ina jiffy."

"All right then." Carnation rolled on her back, her rolls of flesh acting as a natural pillow. Ron fell forward, shoving the wands into her womanhood.

"How does it feel?" asked Violet.

"The wands kinda' tickle," she replied as Ron pumped frantically like a rabbit on speed. "Other than tha', I don' feel a thing."

But in Ron's shattered, deluded mind, the beautiful nubile young thing he was plowing was screaming; "YES! YES! YES! MAKE ME CUM AGAIN, RON THE MAGNIFICENT! MAKE ME CUM AGAIN!"

"Oi, wha' are ya' doing?" Carnation asked as Ron fell asleep on top of her.

"I think he's asleep," Millicent speculated.

"I told ya 'e'd be don right quick," said Marigold.

"What should I do wit' 'im now?" asked Carnation.

"I suppose you can take a shite on 'im," offered one of her sisters.

"That does sound like fun."

CMCMCM

His home had been forcibly taken from him and turned into a zoo.

Judging from the loud animal noises emanating from the parlor and master bathroom, Vernon's beautifully normal house was now inhabited by uncivilized beasts. There were hoots, hollers, wailing, shouting, and cries reverberating through his house right at that moment. His thug of a nephew and his harlots were fornicating at all hours of the day and night. It was Vernon's opinion that civilized people only engaged in special relations two to three times a week (four if they were lucky enough to get a prescription for that little blue pill). But his freak nephew and those sluts were fornicating like a pack of animals.

As he had done many times in the past few days, Vernon fumed. Ever since his brute of a nephew returned, he and his lovely family had been bound and locked in the smallest bedroom. Once every twelve hours or so, one of the freak sluts would saunter in (sometimes naked as the day they were hatched or however those freaks come into this world – Vernon had to admit he rather liked it when they showed up this way: freaks or not, everyone likes to look at bare bottoms and boobs, and Dear God did that brunette's boobs make him happy to be breathing), remove his, Petunia, and Dudley's gags and force feed them. But, added to the crimes the Durselys suffered, the sluts would never feed Vernon and his family the proper amount of food. Vernon and Dudley were literally wasting away. They had each lost nearly five pounds!

While Vernon futilely fumed, Petunia discreetly moved her bound hands to her honey-pot. She couldn't help but imagine what her freakish nephew and that glorious hunk of man-meat were doing to those sluts. Their cries of passion wove a tale of dripping sexes, clenching muscles, and earth-shattering orgasms. Fingering away, Petunia entertained her incestuous thoughts. In no time at all, her box flowed. It took all of her will not to call out the freak's name through her gag and remain silent so Vernon and her sweet Dudders would not realize what she was doing.

Like his mother, Dudley had to take care of his needs. He imagined

being sandwiched between that pretty red-head with a flat chest and big bottom and his freak cousin. Rubbing himself through his pajama bottoms and thinking of the red-head's womanhood wrapped around his sex while his freak cousin's epic twanger plowed into him, Dudley bit down on his gag to stifle his moans even more. It only took a few scant seconds for the rotund boy to launch a massive load down his leg.

'Christ!' thought Vernon bitterly, not realizing what his wife and son were doing behind his back. 'I can smell their foul deeds in here!'

CMCMCM

The shouts and cries of ecstasy coming from the master bath's shower reverberated through the house. Even after Charlus, Luna, Hermione and Daphne (who had joined in after Charlus had an even sixty orgasms) had brought each other to the heights of pleasure time and time again, Harry was still shagging the hell out of Hermione Jean and Tracey.

"Damn, he's virile," Daphne said in awe as her fellow Slytherin cried out "I'M CUMMING AGAIN!" from upstairs.

While Hermione Jean shouted "SO AM I! I'M CUMMING, TOO!" Luna commented; "He's more virile than a Narrow Eared Whoomp Karthauser."

A shiver passed through Hermione over the thought of Harry and his prowess, causing her large breasts to jiggle. "He is nothing short of a Sex God."

"I'm glad I joined his harem," Charlus added. "Twin brother or not; the man knows how to fuck. And his dick... Sweet Morgana! Big doesn't cover it. I have to find new descriptors to give his cock justice."

"It deserves a title," stated Daphne. "Something fitting of its size and

prowess."

"How about 'the Albino Python?' offered Hermione.

"'The Orgasm Giver'," added Luna.

"I know, 'the Devine Rod'," suggested Charlus.

After the four witches giggled for a bit, Daphne lifted her head from the floor. "Wait a tick; I haven't seen Pansy in a while."

"So what?" asked Charlus, not knowing nor caring to whom Daphne was referring.

"She has a habit of trying to escape," replied Luna.

"She wants to escape?" the black witch asked disbelievingly. As if by coincidence, both Hermione Jean and Tracey cried out in passion. Charlus pointed to the ceiling and the threesome somewhere beyond, adding; "Who the hell would want to leave that? If she left, she wouldn't get fucked by the living Sex God!"

"You see, the stupid bint thinks that if she turns Harry over to Voldemort, the so-called Dark Lord would reward her service by giving Harry to her as a personal sex toy," explained Hermione.

"That's crazy on so many levels," chuckled Charlus. "First; Voldemort would kill Harry if given the chance, not give him away to be a slave. Second; there is no way on earth one witch could hope to satisfy Harry. She'd die of dehydration in a day or two. He needs a harem or he'd end up killing them."

"Let's go find her," Hermione said, gingerly getting up from the floor. Groaning in delightful soreness, the other three witches stood as well.

"Thanks to the charm Harry put on her, Pansy can't leave the house without my permission. So finding her shouldn't be difficult," Hermione said as she led her fellow harem witches to the kitchen.

There they found the now-bald witch trying to attach a post to Hedwig's leg. The snowy owl would have none of it. Hedwig flew around the kitchen, just out of Pansy's reach.

"What are you doing?" demanded Hermione.

"Oh, bollocks," whispered Pansy, knowing she was in for it.

"Give me the note," Hermione said, holding out her hand. The shorn witch hesitated. Hermione warned; "If you don't give me that parchment this instant, I'll shove my whole foot in your cunt."

Charlus giggled, clearly thinking that Hermione was either jesting or, at best, exaggerating. Luna tapped the new harem witch on the shoulder and whispered; "Oh, she means it. I've see her double fist someone."

Looking between Hermione's foot and Pansy's groin and imagining the two joining in some horrific union, Charlus said; "I'd give her the letter if I were you."

With a shaking hand, Pansy placed the post in Hermione's open palm. The brunette unfolded the parchment and read aloud; "Dear Dark Lord; Potter's at number four Privit Drive Little Whining, Surry. Your faithful servant, Pansy Parkinson."

Pansy shrunk into the corner as Hermione stared daggers at her.

"What should I do with you, huh? How can I get you to stop trying to turn Harry over to Voldemort? Do I have to punish you to make you see the error of your ways?" Hermione asked rhetorically. "Maybe a foot in the cunt is too good for you! Maybe I should let the girls here,"

she said, gesturing to the witches behind her, "take turns shoving Merlin knows what in every orifice God drilled into your frame. I think we should start with that frying pan over there."

Just before Hermione set off to retrieve said frying pan, Charlus stopped her. "Hold on a sec," she said. "Do you have some polyjuice?"

"Actually, I do. We lifted it when we raided Snape's laboratory."

"C'mere," Charlus said to Hermione, Luna, and Daphne. As the four huddled up, Charlus explained her plan. "We use the polyjuice with some of Harry's hair. Then all of us – including the two getting railed upstairs as we speak – will take a dosage and turn into Harry. And then we'll gang-bang the bald slut!"

"That sounds like a truly novel idea – I for one would love to know how it feels to shag with Harry's meat instead of being shagged by it. But how will that help deter Pansy?" asked Luna.

Hermione smiled, picking up on Charlus' plan. "Because, once Pansy gets shagged repeatedly by six versions of Harry's organ, she'll be turned into a drooling, mindless cock slave!"

"Any and all thoughts besides Harry's prick will be forced out of her mind," Charlus added. "She'll forget her own name much less Voldemort's."

"I dunno," Daphne said. "I don't see Pansy offering herself to six Harrys."

"Oh please, the sight of half a dozen versions of the greatest manhood ever to grace this world would turn even the most frigid witch into a slut," stated Hermione.

"Yeah, she is a bit of a cock whore already... but..." Daphne said

hesitantly.

"And we can brew a mild arousal potion," offered Hermione. "It'll give Pansy's libido an extra nudge."

Daphne hesitated still.

Luna placed her hand on Daphne's shoulder. "Imagine it, Daphne, you'll get to know what it's like for Harry when he shags. You'll feel your blood flow into your polyjuiced member, know what it's like to have a young witch wrapped around your sensitive love rod. You'll feel your cum launch forth from your polyjuiced testicles and rocket up your shaft—"

"All right, I'm in!" Daphne blurted out while blushing brightly. Luna's descriptive explanation was enough to push Daphne over the proverbial edge.

The four witches cackled over the mad, ingenious plan.

"What are you lot up to?" asked Harry, suddenly appearing behind them.

"Oh, nothing," Hermione said. She asked; "Can we have some of your hair?"

"What for?" he asked.

"Oh, we want to teach Pansy a lesson."

He cocked an eyebrow at his witches, internally weighing his options. After a moment, he reached up to his head and grabbed a fistful of hair. Tugging his hand away from his scalp, Harry pulled a dozen black strands off of his head. He held his hand toward Hermione who eagerly picked each hair and placed them carefully in her free hand.



"Okay then, you enjoy yourselves," Harry said, pulling on his robes.

"Where're you off to?" asked Luna.

"Oh, what Charlus said about other countries fearing Voldemort's name got me thinking," he replied. "I've got some research to do. Don't wait up."

Without another word, Harry apparated away, silently.

Looking at the hairs collected in her palm as if they were spun gold, Hermione said to Luna; "Start brewing the arousal potion while Charlus and I get the polyjuice ready. Daphne, you go get Hermione Jean and Tracey ready."

CMCMCM

Hissing through his clenched teeth, Draco launched another load of man-juice on Lady Voldemort's bare breasts. The Dark Lady shivered in ecstasy as the warm fluid splashed on her skin.

Panting, Draco lowered himself onto the bed. As she rubbed and smeared the mess over her hard, pink nipples, Lady Voldemort purred; "You should prepare yourself, Draco."

"Prepare myself for what, milady?"

"I'm off to kill Potter. And once I return, I'll celebrate my victory by having you shoot a big, juicy load all over my face."

"Merlin, you really do like sperm-play!"

"More than you can imagine," she returned and flopped back on the bed. Arching her back, she explained; "To have a young man – such as yourself – blow their load on me sends me to the heights of rapture. If I believed in reincarnation, I would swear that I was a

Japanese porn star in a previous life."

Seeing the beautiful witch slither on the bed like some exotic snake Draco had the urge to satisfy her over and over again. But even his teenage virility had its limits. If it were not for this biologic setback, Draco would be wanking himself on her face right at that moment.

Then it came to him. Draco recalled an old potion used by pure-bloods to ensure conception. The potion would increase the wizard's semen production tenfold in hopes of flooding the witch's womb with their reproductive seed. The reasoning behind this was simple; the more semen, the more likely one of the swimmers would find its target and conception would occur.

With this potion, Draco was sure to blast his lover. If he was correct, he'd drench the lovely Dark Lady with his hot spunk.

Lady Voldemort slithered off the bed and began to dress. "Remember Draco, I want you ready for me when I return."

"Don't worry, milady, I'll be more than ready."

CMCMCM

Meanwhile, back in the Burrow's kitchen, the passionate new lovers Molly and Dolores discovered a wonderful toy. Something called a "double-headed strap-on."

This author considered describing the activities and joy the two felt over this toy. But the plentiful amounts of death threats he would surely receive dissuaded him.

CMCMCM

Snape walked down the darkened corridor to his laboratory in the dungeon of Hogwarts.

"Excuse me, Professor Snape?" a voice called out from further down the hallway.

"Yes, what is it?" the greasy wizard asked impatiently as the unknown wizard jogged up to Snape's side.

"My name's Clancy, I'm an Auror."

"Your parent's must be proud," Snape said snidely as he continued to walk to his lab.

"Sir, I'm here under the Minister for Magic's direct order."

"How that imbecile Weasley got the highest position in the country I'll never know." Snape waved his wand at the door, canceling out the locking charm.

Clancy huffed at Snape's indignation. In the Auror's opinion, Minister Weasley was shaping up to be one of the best leaders in history. "I'm to take you in for questioning."

Snape looked down his hooked nose at the Auror. "Whatever for?"

"Just come with me, sir," Clancy said, barely hiding his contempt for the Death Eater.

"Fine, just let me check on some potions I'm brewing."

"Make it quick."

Snape placed his hand on the knob and twisted it to open the door. That's when Harry's trap sprung. An invisible, magical blade fell from the top of the doorframe, acting like a guillotine, slicing Snape's hand off.

The potions master screamed in agony. He held up the stump of what used to be his hand before his wide, terror filled eyes. Blood shot from the wound like a geyser. Black smoke rose from the injury, indicating that the hand was cut with a form of black magic. No amount of healing magic could reattach the limb.

Clancy whipped out his wand. He needed Snape to answer a few questions about his allegiance and he couldn't do that if the suspect died from blood loss. Waving his wand around the injured limb, Clancy cast a Tourniquet Charm to stop the bleeding.

The Auror took hold of Snape around his shoulder and activated his Emergency Portkey which took him and Snape directly to St. Mungo's in the blink of an eye.

CMCMCM

Sprout rushed up to the potions lab to find the door ajar and a great amount of blood on the floor.

"What in Heaven's Name happened here?" she wondered aloud. Then she saw it; the disembodied hand lying just in the doorway.

"Oh dear!" she muttered.

The sight of the blood and the severed hand added to the trauma of her poisoned lover was all too much for the plump witch. With a groan, Sprout fainted.

CMCMCM

The six harem witches gathered around the vat of polyjuice in the parlor of the Dursley home.

"Luna, is the arousal potion ready?" asked Hermione.

The blonde responded by holding up a vial filled with a bright, pink liquid. "I know I shouldn't care, but where's Ginny-Pig?" the blonde Ravenclaw asked.

"Oh, just obeying my standing orders never to look upon Harry's naked form," replied Hermione. "She took it upon herself to hide in the cupboard under the stairs as to not see us polyjuiced as Harry. Yes, technically if she saw us she wouldn't be looking upon Harry, but its close enough. Of course I did drop the subtle hint that if she peeked at any of us during our little polyjuice adventure I'd be very disappointed in her. Then I mentioned something about gouging her eyes out with a garden trowel."

Charlus whispered in Daphne's ear; "Remind me never to piss Hermione off."

"Needless to say when I dropped that hint Ginny-Pig flopped to the floor and came like an out of control freight train on icy tracks," Hermione explained further. "But that's neither here nor there."

Hermione waved her wand and conjured up six mugs next to the vat. Grabbing a ladle she took from the kitchen, Hermione measured out six equal dosages into the mugs. With a care and ease born from five years of potions lessons, Hermione place a single black hair into each of the mugs. The potion turned a bright, emerald green that matched Harry's eyes. Finally, Hermione passed the mugs out, one to each of her harem mates.

"This is going to be so exciting!" cheered Luna.

"Drink up everybody." Hermione said with a thrilled giggle.

The six drank the potion.

"This feels so weird!" said Daphne as her skin began to ungulate and her limbs stretched.

"Something's wrong!" exclaimed Tracey a moment later. "I can't see! Everything's gone blurry!"

"Don't worry; the polyjuice is changing your eyes to match Harry's. That means we're getting his lousy vision," explained Hermione.

"Here, I'll conjure up some spectacles for us," offered Luna.

Once everyone donned their glasses, they looked at one another. There, where six naked witches had been, now stood six naked Harrys.

"Oh Em Gee, I can feel them! I can feel my cock and balls!" one Harry said. "Merlin they're heavy."

"Charlus, for the love of all that's holy don't say 'Oh Em Gee' anymore!" a second (clearly Hermione) scolded.

"It is rather bizarre to hear Harry's voice say 'Oh Em Gee'," agreed a third Harry.

"LOOK! LOOK!" a fourth exclaimed, pointing to his groin. "I'm getting hard!"

"So am I!"

"Me too!"

"It makes sense that we'd get aroused so easily," Hermione said as her polyjuiced organ began to rise as well. "It looks like we gained Harry's virility along with his lousy eyesight."

"I think I'm getting dizzy."

"Of course you are; it takes a lot of blood to fill this beef stick up!"

As the six witches who shared Harry's body laughed over this joke, the front door erupted in a shower of splinters. A tall, deathly pale woman without a nose rushed through the ruined doorway brandishing a knife.

"Harry Potter! It's time to face your DOOM!" the witch hollered. She was about to let out a bloodcurdling battle cry when her red eyes fell on the six identical erections. The mesmerized Lady Voldemort muttered; "Those are some massive willies."

"She looks like Voldemort," one Harry said.

"It must be one of his duplicates from an alternate universe," theorized another.

Lady Voldemort continued to stare longingly at the six organs. The fact that there were six Harry Potters when there should only be one never occurred to the evil witch. The only thing that mattered was the half dozen summer sausages pointing up at the ceiling. She hungrily eyed their testicles and the wondrous spunk held within them. Judging by their size and apparent weight, she assumed their loads would be large to say the least. Lost in the moment, Lady Voldemort imagined kneeling on the floor while the six Harrys circled her and shot their loads all over her face and torso. She was a dirty Dark Lady and she liked it that way.

"Quick, someone do something before she comes to her senses!" one Harry called out.

Luna was the first to react. She took the vial of arousal potion and flung the contents onto Lady Voldemort's face. Reactively, Lady Voldemort licked her potion covered lips, accidentally ingesting the arousal potion. It was just enough to nudge – as Hermione called it – her already heighten libido.

"Well," the Dark Lady said, letting the knife fall from her hand to the floor. "Your impending doom can wait for a bit I suppose."

Shrugging her shoulders, the evil witch let her robes slip from her body revealing her lush, naked form.

Six male organs jerked and bobbed in unison.

CMCMCM

Meanwhile, in Diagon Alley, Remus Lupin was preaching the Word. He approached a young, clean-cut wizard and said; "Tell me brother, are you ready to receive the Word?"

"What are you selling?" the young wizard asked.

"Nothing besides eternal salvation and enlightenment, my friend." Remus clutched the book he had written to his chest like a mother holds her baby.

The young wizard scratched his head and said; "I'll probably regret this, but go ahead. I've got nothing better to do."

"You shan't be disappointed, friend. What's your name?"

"Ignatius."

"Ignatius, I'm Remus." The two shared a warm handshake. "I was visited by the Devine Mammary just the other night. She revealed Her Glorious Mound upon me and I was shown the Truth of Her Love. I suckled from Her Beautiful Teat of Knowledge and was bade to go forth and spread her word. I must spread the Word and Her Love to Her children. Will you help me in my Quest for the Devine Mammary, Brother Ignatius?"

"You're talking about tits, an't cha'?" asked Ignatius.



"Not just any breast, my brother, but the most Divine, Beautiful Mound anyone has ever seen! Her Teat can feed all of Her children and satiate us all and never droop or sag. Her Perkinsness knows no woes caused by gravity. Despite giving birth and nourishment to all living things, no stretch marks have marred Her Milky White Goodness!"

Ignatius nodded his head in understanding; "Well, I've always been a tit worshiper so I would figure it'd be only right if I'd join a religion based on a tittie. Count me in!"

CMCMCM

The first place Harry apparated to was Hogsemeade, the largest wizarding village in Britain. There he went up to random people and said "Voldemort." Just as he suspected, each and every person reacted in fear. Two people – one an elderly witch and the other a strapping young wizard – ran away from Harry screaming at the top of their lungs.

After creating a long distance Portkey, Harry traveled to Village Porc, France – Hogsmeade's sister village. There Harry repeated the process of walking up to random wizards and witches and saying the name "Voldemort." Just as had happened in Hogsmeade, the magical folk reacted in fear if not abject terror.

Harry traveled to Schweindorf, Gultstad, Miestasseitelis, Porcocitta, and dozens of other wizarding villages across the globe. He spent no more than five minutes at each location, walking up to witches and wizards from all walks of life and saying "Voldemort" to them. Every single person reacted in fear at the sound of the dreaded name. A number of them actually soiled themselves. One wizard even exclaimed "Ni!" while his partner cried out "Ekkie Ekkie Ekkie Ekkie Ptang !" in apparent physical pain when Harry had said the dreaded name in front of them.

Two and a half hours later, Harry Portkeyed to Diagon Alley and marched with a purpose into Flourish and Blots.

"Good day, young sir, how may I help you?" a doddering old clerk asked Harry.

Grinning at the old wizard, Harry raised his wand over his head and incanted "Accio books with the name Voldemort!"

The only thing that happened was the old man scampered away and dove behind the counter. No books soared off the shelves.

"Accio books with the name You Know Who!" incanted Harry.

A hundred books leapt off their shelves and flew to Harry, landing at his feet.

"Accio books with the name He Who Must Not Be Named!"

Another hundred or so books soar toward Harry.

Harry grinned, satisfied in his research. Not only were people terrified of a simple name, but they couldn't even bear to write it. A silly little superstition, clearly started by Voldemort himself, had gripped the entire world in fear. His grin grew wider. He could use this to his advantage.

CMCMCM

Hermione and the other harem witches did deplorable things to Lady Voldemort that no one should do to another living being. Numerous taboos and social etiquettes were shattered over and over. Terrible atrocities were performed to Lady Voldemort's orifices in the name of blind lust.

The harem members had not gained Harry's technique via the polyjuice, they did however gain his virility. This gave them the ability to use Lady Voldemort no less than three times each. This left the Dark Witch in a particular state which could be described in three words: dripping, gaping, and aroused.

"More," moaned Lady Voldemort as great globs of ejaculate dripped from her face and body. "I need more! Give Mama more delicious, hot cum!"

"I'm trying!" a thrusting Daphne complained. "Your cunt is so loose now that I'm throwing my version of Harry's cock around in you and I'm hitting nothing!"

"Blame Hermione and Hermione Jean for that," Luna said from across the room where she was still trying to catch her breath. "If those two hadn't used her vagina at the same time then you wouldn't be in this predicament."

"Excuse me, but weren't you one of the three that teamed up on her arsehole simultaneously?" Hermione asked.

"What can I say; I'm an arse-girl." Luna's proud and satisfied grin stretched Harry's features just as she had stretched Lady Voldemort's anus along with Charlus and Daphne.

"Hey, I was only able to get my tip in so don't blame me," Charlus defended herself.

"Finally!" cheered Daphne having found an angle of thrust that gave her some contact. The polyjuiced witch moved frantically; worried that this lovely friction would be lost at any moment.

Tracey walked around Lady Voldemort. She was still hard and had another go left in her and was deciding which hole to use when Tracey saw Lady Voldemort's mouth open in a passionate "oh." She

remembered how Harry looked as if he was in utter rapture when he took Hermione and Hermione Jean in the mouth. Smiling, Tracey stood before Lady Voldemort's face, held her head in place firmly, and shoved her polyjuiced cock down the evil witch's throat in one quick thrust. The popping sound of Lady Voldemort's jaw being forcibly unhinged was covered by Tracey's loud groan of pleasure.

Tracey threw her head back. This was amazing. She now knew the pure joy Harry felt when he throat-shagged one of the Hermiones. The way Lady Voldemort's muscles squeezed and contracted around her polyjuiced penis sent an electrical charge up Tracey's spine. The polyjuiced witch pumped once, twice, three times. Each thrust sending her meat deeper and deeper into Lady Voldemort's throat. Tracey let out a low grumble as she continued to pound away at the evil witch's throat like a piston. For several long minutes, Tracey was in heaven. Then the world went away in a blast of white light. For the third time, Tracey experienced what it felt like for Harry when he came. She shot string after string of her spunk down Lady Voldemort's throat. When she was finished, Tracey nearly collapsed on top of Lady Voldemort. Tracey felt someone tap her shoulder. She turned to see one of the Harry's looking at her.

"Which one are you?" the unknown Harry asked Tracey.

"I'm Tracey," she replied breathlessly and spent.

"I'm Hermione," the Harry said.

"Hey, Hermione, now I know why Harry loves to throat shag you!"

"About that... when Harry does that to me or Hermione Jean he pauses once in a while so we can catch our breath," stated Hermione.

"Yeah, so?" asked Tracey.

"You didn't pause to give Lady Voldemort a breath," added Hermione in a delicate manner.

"And?" asked Tracey, a little perturbed by Hermione's nagging. If Tracey had her way, she would stay in Lady Voldemort's mouth. The way her cold throat wrapped around... Tracey paused in her thoughts. Cold? The evil witch's throat had been hot and inviting when Tracey first started but was now cold. She stood up and looked down at the witch she had just throat shagged. Lady Voldemort, still with a semi-erect member in her mouth, looked up at Tracey with dead eyes.

"You killed her," Hermione pointed out.

Tracey screamed and recoiled away from the corpse. Now that the organ that had been acting as a plug had been removed, foul, unthinkable things gushed out of Lady Voldemort's lifeless mouth.

"Yeah, she died about two minutes before you came," Hermione clarified further.

"I throat shagged a corpse?" Tracey whimpered.

"Luckily I got off before the body expelled its bowels," Daphne said. "That would've been yucky."

"I came in a corpse! Oh my God!" wailed Tracey in disgust.

Hermione turned to Charlus and said; "See: it's just as easy as saying 'Oh Em Gee.'"

Author's Notes:

Footnote (1): do you have any idea how difficult that was to write? My Chemical Romance makes me want to punch sweet, little old ladies.

Footnote (2) blame Hellishlord for Ron the Magnificent's return.

On a side note; I will be closing my "Who's the Mystery Girl in Tease" poll (which can be found on my fanfiction.net bio-page and my yahoo group) on July 27th.

by cloneserpents

## Chapter Fourteen

Standard Disclaimer: Harry Potter and all characters are property of J. K. Rowling, Warner Brothers, Bloomsbury Books, Arthur A. Levine Books, Raincoast Books, Scholastic publishing, et al, and are used without permission. This work was written purely for noncommercial entertainment; no money is being made or asked for.

WARNING: Harsh Language, adult themes, sexual situations (i.e. smut), bad spelling and grammar.

EXTRA WARNING: an act lovingly referred to as "twin-cest" occurs in this chapter! If the thought of siblings engaging in sexual intercourse offends you – STOP NOW!

Author's Notes: This story is a broad parody with over the top humor (most of this humor is crude and sexual) and OOC actions (Out Of Character actions). To reiterate; this is a parody with a great amount of sex jokes and sex scenes.

Polygamous Relationships ahead; multiple and bisexual partners (femmeslash). If this concept bothers you; don't read.

Major Ron and general Weasley bashing ahead.

Inspired by classic Star Trek "Mirror Mirror"

"That's a lot of cum," commented Harry as he examined the corpse lying on the floor in the parlor of the Dursley home. Behind the black-hair wizard stood his six harem witches, who had reverted back to their natural forms after their polyjuiced adventure.

"She apparently had a thing for semen," explained Luna. "I believe

the Japanese call it Birkenstock."

"Bukkake, actually," corrected Hermione. Everyone gathered in the parlor turned and gave the buxom bookworm a questioning stare. The brunette huffed dismissively. "I guess I just prove that the brainy ones are naughty."

"It's a good thing you didn't cum inside of her," Harry said. "Polyjuice or not, you could've impregnated her as I doubt any of you performed the short term sterility charm that I cast on myself every day. Of course, the fact that she's dead would've prevented any pregnancy – but that's beside the point."

"So, explain to me again how this happened?" asked Harry as he continued to examine the cum-soaked corpse lying on the floor in the parlor.

"We caught Pansy trying to send a post to Voldemort and wanted to punish her. That's why we needed some of your hair to use in polyjuice," began Hermione. "We were going to gang-bang Pansy until any thought of trying to turn you in was pounded from her mind. But before we could punish Pansy, she came bursting through the door," she concluded, pointing to the dead form of Lady Voldemort.

"And you shagged her to death?" he asked.

"It was an accident, Master," confessed Tracey. Her face was still stained with tears caused by the notion of shagging a corpse. "I wanted to know what it was like to throat-shag like you do with the Hermiones and I got lost in the moment."

"She could've been useful," Harry said with disappointment.

"Wouldn't it be logical to assume she has a horcrux like this world's Voldemort? Perhaps we can resurrect her?" suggested Luna.



"I don't know if this hypothetical horcrux would work. The horcrux is supposed to act as an anchor, keeping the person's soul on this plane. However, since this Voldemort's horcrux or horcruxes are in an alternate dimension that would mean her soul would be anchored to that plane not this one," speculated Harry. "I'd even wager a bet that the fragment of her soul that resided in this body snapped back to her home dimension where her horcrux anchors are."

"I could do some research on the matter," offered Hermione.

"No, you're going to be busy for a while," he said. Scratching his chin, Harry said "Now, what to do with the body?" He snapped his fingers; "I'll send it to Voldemort as a message, just like I did with his other cronies and that big wrestler bloke."

Harry walked to Lady Voldemort's discarded robes. "I'm guessing she has a portkey hidden somewhere. She undoubtedly would've wanted to take me back to wherever it was she came from."

Pointing his wand at the silk garment, he incanted; "Accio Portkey!" and a fuzzy cotton slipper flew out. As it soared to the wizard, he flicked his wand and sent the portkey toward Lady Voldemort's corpse. The moment it landed on her, the body vanished.

Harry turned to his harem witches and announced; "All right then, we can't stay here. Once they find her body, they'll come here looking for us."

"What about the Dursleys?" asked Hermione Jean. "What will happen to them when the Death Eaters come looking for us?"

"Hopefully some Death Eater will eviscerate them," said Harry. "I don't really care what happens to them. My only concern is my harem witches."

"What should we do?" asked Tracey.

"Are we going back to the flat in Diagon Alley?" asked Luna.

"That'll have to be one huge apartment," said Charlus, looking at Harry and her fellow harem witches.

"We may have to, but let me see if my hideout is ready," Harry said. He then called out; "Dobby!"

With a loud crack, the little house-elf appeared, genuflecting at the wizard's feet. "You's call for Dobby, Harry Potter sir?"

"How close are you to completing my hideout? Can we move in yet?" he asked.

"Oh yes, Harry Potter sir. Dobby is almost nearly done. Dobby just has to finish the Great Hall where Harry Potter and his girly friends wills be taking theirs meals. But everything else is completed, Harry Potter sir. Your grandiose suit with oodles of sex-swings is all done."

"Very good, you may return to your duties," Harry told the house-elf.

"Thank you, Harry Potter, sir," Dobby cried a happy tear before vanishing.

Harry turned to his witches and ordered; "Grab your things. We're leaving in five minutes."

Hermione offered, "We can use Ginny-Pig as a pack mule again and stack everything on her back!"

CMCMCM

She was in love and she loved it. Her marriage to Lucius was nothing. There was no passion, no feeling. But this, this was love.

Narcissa cuddled up to her lover. She loved his warmth, his scent, and the way his grease paint was smeared over both of the faces... and her breasts... and her labia... and her anus (she especially adored how Tommy's clown paint was transferred to her rectum – such a dirty clown).

Nuzzling into his chest further, Narcissa purred; "Let's make babies."

The burning cigarette fell from Tommy's lips. "Wh-wh-what?"

"Babies, silly," she said as she rolled her fingertip over his nipple. "I want to have your children."

"Muh-muh-my ch-children?" If his face was not covered by thick grease paint, perhaps Narcissa would've seen his expression of absolute terror.

"Merlin knows we've practiced making babies so much the last few hours," she cooed. Images of bearing the fruit of Tommy the Clown's loins played out in her head. "Well, except for the times you buggered me. And those fucking fantastic times you licked my arsehole. Gods, I came so fucking hard!"

Letting panic seize him, Tommy pushed Narcissa off and jumped out of the bed.

"What's wrong with you?" demanded Narcissa.

"No one said nuttin' about no kids!" he exclaimed, tugging on his ridiculously colorful baggy trousers.

"What?"

"I freakin' hate kids!" he shouted donning his bulbous rubber nose. As if the blonde did not understand, Tommy spelt out his feelings; "H-A-T-E!"

"But you're a clown! How can you hate children?"

"I've told you a thousand times before: I do it for the arse!" he cried out. "While the kiddies are playing pin the tail on the donkey, I'm playing pin the mummy in the tail!"

Tommy grabbed his shirt in one hand and his tiny bowler hat in the other. Tipping his hat to Narcissa, he said; "It's been a whole lot of fun, sweetheart, but things are getting wa-a-a-ay too serious. Ta'."

With that, Tommy the Clown turned tail and bolted out of the master suite. He didn't stop running until he was out of the house and a full block away.

Narcissa sat on the bed in total shock for five minutes. The pain and grief tore at her, ripping her poor heart into tiny little pieces. She had known love with Tommy the Clown, but she learned in the worst possible way that love was a fickle, cruel thing.

"I will never love again," she finally said in a dead whisper. Tears flowed from her eyes and rained from her cheeks and chin. "No one will ever love me."

Letting her angst wash over and consume her, Narcissa took one of the pillows and threw it across the room. She screamed so loud that it tore at her throat; "WORSE, NO ONE WILL EVER LICK MY ARSEHOLE AGAIN!"

CMCMCM

In the next room, Draco paused in his lighting of candles in hopes of setting a romantic mood for Lady Voldemort's return, startled by his mother's strange shout. It was full of pain and grief. No doubt that Clown showed his true colors and had broken her heart. Draco placed his wand back in his pocket and was about to walk to his

mother's room and comfort her when his balls seized up painfully.

In preparation of showering his snakelike lover with his hot semen, Draco had taken a double dose of the semen enhancing potion. He had done so hoping the extra potion would turn him into a firehose so he could douse Lady Voldemort from head to toe in his sticky man-juice to fulfill her dirty desire. But his plan had a painful side-effect: the potion had caused his testicle to work in a hyper-overdrive and produced a dangerous amount of semen. The pain was worth it though. The thought of pleasing the lovely Dark Lady made Draco's heart flutter.

Due to his painful state, Draco could not go comfort his mother. No only would he be distracted by his need to expel his ample seed, but if Lady Voldemort returned, he'd have to leave his mother even if they were in the middle of a conversation.

Thinking of his older lover, Draco wished she hurry up and kill Potter so she'd return to him. He couldn't wait much longer.

As if to answer his silent prayer, Draco heard the whoosh of portkey travel behind him.

When Lady Voldemort had created the portkey, she had intended on slicing open Potter's throat and traveling back to Draco's bed with The Boy Who Lived's still warm body and make hot, sticky love with the young blond wizard.

Draco turned, throwing off his robes. He had planned on showing Lady Voldemort his engorged testicles and telling her that he had done this to fulfill her desires. The fluttering in his heart ceased when he saw her. A tear rolled down his cheek as a dollop of cold semen rolled down hers.

An agonizing scream escaped Draco's mouth. Like his mother, the blond Slytherin had known love and that love had been viciously torn

away. Another scream followed shortly there after. The first scream was from his soul lamenting the loss of his lover. The second cry was due to his balls. For it was at that unfortunate moment Draco's testicles passed their critical sperm load and ruptured.

CMCMCM

"Sweet... mother... of... Merlin," muttered Hermione in near awe.

"That's one way of putting it," Harry said looking upon the hideout Dobby had built.

"Does the house-elf realize that a hideout's supposed to be... inconspicuous?" asked Charlus, staring at the building before her.

"That's Dobby; he gets very excited over the notion of working for Harry," Hermione Jean said, remembering how Dobby acted in her home dimension (or at least remembering the best her brain damaged mind could).

"I like it," announced Luna. "It has character."

"It has several characters," clarified Tracey.

"It's like the building has multiple personality disorder," added Charlus.

The hideout was a massive building made up of a hodgepodge of materials and styles. The west wing was a ten story tall log cabin, the east portion was a twenty story steel and glass office building, while the center of the building was a cross between a warehouse and castle made up of pink, green, purple, blue and yellow stones. There was a black brick keep, towering a hundred feet over the rest of the building. But the most prominent feature was the twenty foot tall replica of Harry's head and face perched atop said keep.

"Oh, gods, the head rotates," said Daphne as the replica began to slowly turn clockwise.

"How much you want to bet that the thing acts like a lighthouse and lights up at night," said Charlus, imagining a bright green light emanating from the Head's eyes.

"It's... it's the most conspicuous thing ever!" lamented Hermione. "It's got your head on the top of the building! It bloody advertises that this is your hideout. Passerby's will know instantaneously that Harry Potter is here!"

"I suppose it doesn't matter how conspicuous it is once I put up the Fidelius Charm. It'll hide it from everyone," Harry said. Just then, the head's eyes glowed brightly, confirming Charlus' speculation that it was in fact a lighthouse. "Well, I better cast the Fidelius right away, shouldn't I?"

CMCMCM

Ron the Magnificent was distracted. No, it wasn't the memory of seeing those two Rubenesque women fornicating in his kitchen who were both proclaiming the joys of 'fisting' as he left his palace that bothered him. It was the whistling. As Ron the Magnificent, his beautiful harem girls, and two jesters walked across the open, grassy field, Ron the Magnificent heard a distinct whistle. It was a constant sound that always seemed to follow Ron the Magnificent.

Ron the Magnificent stopped so he could pinpoint the location of the whistle but Ron the Magnificent could no longer hear it. Brushing it off, Ron the Magnificent returned to Ron the Magnificent's journey to spread Ron the Magnificent's love and wisdom to the great people of this nation.

The moment Ron the Magnificent took his first step, the whistling started again. Ron the Magnificent stopped and so did the whistling.

When Ron the Magnificent began to walk again, he could hear the whistling.

"Do you hear that?" asked Ron the Magnificent.

"ear what?" Carnation asked grumpily. She didn't like to walk; it was too much like exercise. She just wanted to stay in the attic and play with the gingers. But the tall ginger with the wands in his tiny pecker said they were going on a journey to spread something or another. And since Minister Parkinson demanded that Carnation, her sisters, and Millicent had to obey the ginger's orders, she had to follow him.

"You don't hear that whistling?" repeated Ron the Magnificent.

"Oh, that's your arse," Marigold informed. "The ghou! bugged you so much ya got an permanent open cavity an' tha' wind's blowing through it."

"Our dear brother's been raped so much he's now got a gaping hole in his butt!" both Fred and George sang in unison. The horror of seeing their mother and Umbridge together (and in those positions) had snapped their minds. So much so that when they awoke after their failed suicide attempt, their destroyed psyche eagerly picked up on Ron's notions that they were his jesters. They now danced around Ron in funny, floppy hats, hoping to entertain him. This existence, as lowly as it was, was far better then the reality the twins had stumbled upon.

Of course Ron did not hear Marigold's description or his brother's song, at least not in the words they used. Instead, Ron the Magnificent heard Marigold pronounce: "That whistle you hear is every young maiden in the land calling you to them." And the twins sang "The girls all plead 'take us, oh Ron the Magnificent. Give us that thing between your knees and make us yours!"

Ron the Magnificent smiled. It was good to be Ron the Magnificent.



CMCMCM

Tonks held up the strange little plastic thing she had bought at the local Muggle chemist. The little readout on the plastic wand showed a plus symbol. Her heart raced.

Earlier that day, Tonks woke up nauseous and threw up in the loo of their cabaña. She had used a wand on herself and discovered why. Not trusting herself, at least not with something as important as this, she snuck off to the chemist and bought a Muggle home pregnancy test. After peeing on the stick, the test confirmed her prior result.

'We've only been together for a few days?' she asked herself. 'How the hell can I be preggers?'

She then recalled that Arthur had seven children and came to the conclusion that her older lover was highly (possibly even magically) fertile.

Placing her hands on her belly, she smiled. It was a bit of a surprise, but a nice one.

"Oh, Artie," she called out. "I have some news!"

"What is it?" her cradle robbing lover asked, joining her in the loo.

In response, Tonks handed Arthur the plastic device.

"Oh, a new Muggle toy," Arthur said exuberantly. "What does it do?"

"Well, it tells if you're pregnant or not," she said, smiling like the Cheshire Cat.

"Ingenious!" he said. "What will those crazy Muggles think of... next..."

The wizard looked at his lover and his eyes grew wide in astonishment.

"That's right... Daddy," she said.

"Really?" he asked as tears of happiness welled up in his eyes.

"We're going to have a baby!" she said as she too began to cry.

"This is WONDERFUL!" cheered Arthur. He snatched up Tonks in his arms and spun her around.

"We should celebrate!" Tonks said.

"Champagne?" suggested Arthur.

"I can't drink silly, I've got a baby! How about a little role-playing?"

A wicked glint sparkled in Arthur's eyes. "I know; we'll play 'The Dark Lord and the Persistent Auror!'"

"Oooh, I love that one!"

CMCMCM

In a secluded corner in Diagon Alley, Remus appraised the building before him. It had been Ignatius' wise idea to build a temple for the Divine Mammary where they could preach Her Word.

The building was fine, but it needed something to draw worshipers. So Remus waved his wand and conjured a glowing sign that hovered over the entrance. It read "The Divine Mammary! Enter all ye who wish to gaze upon the Glorious Tittie!" Next, Remus conjured a statue in honor of the Devine Goddess.

A few minutes later, Ignatius joined Remus. The initiate stared in wonder at Remus' newly created statue. "Wow! That is a Glorious Boob."

"Yes it is," the former werewolf said happily. "How did your mission go, brother? Were you able to find new converts?"

"That I did brother, a few nuns for the service of the Divine Mammary. Here they come now."

Remus turned and looked to where Ignatius was pointing. Six attractive young witches sauntered down the street.

"Good day, sisters," Remus greeted the witches. "Welcome to our temple."

"Hello Brother Remus, I'm Lucinda. I've come to join with in worship with you for our Beautiful Goddess."

In turn, the other five witches introduced themselves. Each stated that they were rapturous since hearing of the Word.

"Hmm, I think I have an idea," said Remus as he rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Since we are all being born again in Her Divine Milk, perhaps we should take new names as a sign of our devotion."

"That's a wonderful idea, brother," Lucinda said.

"From this moment on, I shall be called Teatamus," Remus said. He turned to Ignatius and christened him "Nubbin, in honor of the Divine Mammary's Wondrous Nub."

"What about us, Brother Teatamus?" asked one of the witches.

Teatamus thought for a moment before announcing "Your name is Candy." He turned to the other witches and named them each;

"Bubbles, Bambi, Barbie, Jasmine, and Cinnamon."

"Oh thank you Brother Teatamus!" cried Bubbles.

"I'm so happy I could dance!" cheered Candy.

"Me too," echoed Jasmine.

"Hey, I know a charm that creates music!" said Nubbin.

"Yes, dance! Dance to show our love for the Divine Mammary!" commanded the man now called Teatamus. He ushered the initiates into the temple as the shepherd leads his flock. Shortly thereafter, the thumping music created by Nubbin's magic sounded through the building.

As it just so happened, Kingsley Shacklebolt was walking by the street when he heard the loud music. Curious as to the source of the music, the Auror investigated. When Kingsley saw the beautiful statue of Hermione Granger's left breast his mouth flooded with drool and blood rushed into his organ. He felt strangely compelled to enter the building – perhaps he'd be lucky and see more beautiful replicas of Miss Granger's magnificent boob. Inside he found Remus Lupin standing next to an unknown wizard and six witches dancing on platforms throughout the interior.

"All this dancing is making me warm," commented Bambi.

"Me too," said Jasmine.

"Then take off your clothes, sisters," commanded Teatamus. "Do not be ashamed of your bodies. They are gifts from the Divine Mammary."

With that, all six witches began to take off their clothes while dancing.

Kingsley gulped.

"Ah, Brother Kingsley! Welcome to the Temple of the Divine Mammary!" cheered Teatamus upon noticing the Auror.

"This is a temple?" asked Kingsley disoriented by the sight of the witches stripping.

"Yes, we worship the Divine Mammary!"

"Do you take tributes?" asked Kingsley numbly, as he eyed the naked witches dancing and undulating around him.

"They are not necessary but any contribution would be greatly appreciated."

Reaching into his pocket, Kingsley pulled out two galleons and handed them to Teatamus. It just seemed right to pay to be a witness to such a wonderful thing as six beautiful witches dancing in the nude.

"That is most generous, brother, have a seat." Teatamus led the Auror to a nearby squashy chair. The former werewolf turned to one of the witches and said "Sister Candy, please show how appreciative we are of Brother Kingsley's donation by dancing for him."

"Of course, Brother Teatamus."

Candy hopped down from the platform and stood before Kingsley and danced for him.

Without taking his eyes from Candy's bouncing breasts, Kingsley retrieved another galleon from his pocket and handed it to Teatamus. The witch's bosom wasn't near the perfection of Hermione's, but they were still quite nice. So much so that Kingsley had to show his appreciation in gold.

Two more wizards entered the building.

"Welcome brothers to the Temple of the Divine Mammary!" Teatamus greeted the two men. "Please have a seat and listen to the Word while the Temple nuns dance for the Divine Mammary!"

The two men dumped handfuls of coins into Teatamus's hands. "Thank you brothers, your generous contributions will help spread the Word! Bubbles, Bambi, please show our gratitude for these fine men with dance!"

CMCMCM

Once the Fidelius was cast and Harry told his witches the secret so they could see the hideout, Harry took them into his new master suit, which was located inside the giant rotating Head.

"What are those?" asked Tracey, pointing to a number of lengths of leather and fabric hanging from the ceiling, eighteen feet off the floor.

"Those are sex swings," replied Harry.

"How the hell can we use them?" asked Daphne. "They're too high."

"We'll have to get a very tall ladder, I suppose," Hermione Jean said.

"It's time to deal out some punishment," announced Harry suddenly. He called out, "Dobby, come here."

The house-elf appeared bowing at Harry feet. "Yous call for Dobby, Harry Potter sir?"

"Yes, Dobby I need your help in a punishment for Pansy." Harry turned to the witch in question and ordered, "You are to be Dobby's slave."

"WHAT?" screeched Pansy.

"You heard me. For your constant transgressions, you are now Dobby's servant," stated Harry. "If Dobby wants you to scrub the floor with a toothbrush, you scrub the floor with a toothbrush. If he wants you to clean the windows by licking them, then by Merlin you better lick them."

Great globes of happy tears rained down Dobby's face. "Harry Potter be giving Dobbby, a lowly house-elf, a witch as a slave? Harry Potter truly is the Greatest Wizard ever!"

As Dobby kissed Harry's feet in reverence, Pansy wailed "I will NOT be a slave to anyone! Especially not a fucking house-elf!"

"If you don't follow Dobby's orders to the letter, then he has permission to beat your naked arse with either a wooden switch or rubber hose – whichever he desires," said Harry.

"The hell he will!" shouted Pansy.

Dobby jumped up, conjured a wooden switch, and struck it across Pansy's bare cheeks. The bald witch cried out in pain. Clutching her welt covered backside, the witch fell to the floor. Wielding the switch over his head like a Samurai sword, Dobby threatened, "Slave don't be talking back to the Greatest Wizard!"

Harry continued; "Pansy, if you perform your tasks to Dobby's satisfaction, I will reward you by stuffing my cock up your arse."

With her lower lip quivering and the hope of having Harry's meat shoved up her bottom, Pansy whimpered, "Okay."

"Good," said Harry. "You may take your slave away Dobby."

"Can I get some clothes first?" asked Pansy.

Dobby swung the switch like a saber and whipped Pansy's bottom. "House-elves wear rags!" He delivered another swat to Pansy's bum. "House-elf's slaves don't be wearing nothing! Now, be standing up! Dobby's got plenty of humiliating chores to be doing!"

After Dobby led Pansy away, Harry turned to Hermione and her duplicate and said "Now it's time for your punishments."

The two brunettes looked at Harry in surprise and uttered in unison; "Our punishment?"

"Yes, both of you know better than anyone else here that throat shagging with my incredible equipment can be a very dangerous thing. Either one of you could've stopped Tracey and warned her of her actions. But you didn't. And Voldemort's double was killed."

"You're going to punish us for that?" asked Hermione Jean meekly while Hermione gulped.

"Yes, I could've drilled Lady Voldemort for information while I drilled her," he said.

Stepping forward, Luna offered, "Harry, if you're going to punish them, you should do the same to me. I am the second in command and I've watched you throat-shag both Hermiones many times. I know the dangers just as well as Hermione and Hermione-Jean."

"Good point," he said. Harry flicked his wand and conjured three chairs. A little rubber jackalope sat in the center of the seats while one chair had a nub a few inches behind the mythical creature.

Hermione's eyes grew wide. Her voice trembled as she cried out in near panic; "Not the Chair! Please, not the Chair! Anything but the Chair!"



"What's that?" asked Hermione Jean.

"It looks familiar," commented Luna.

"You were asleep the last time Harry made it," Hermione sobbed to Luna. She turned to Harry and threw herself on her knees before the wizard. Kissing the back of his hand, Hermione begged; "Please, Harry, not the Chair. Anything but that! I'm sorry! I won't do it again, Master! Please. I will do whatever you want. But spare me, please!"

Harry gave a short laugh and pointed to the chair. "No point in begging. I've made up my mind."

Whimpering and sobbing, Hermione stood and took her seat on the dreaded Chair.

"Luna, the one with the bump behind the jackalope is for you," said Harry.

Once Hermione-Jean and Luna had taken their seats, Harry waved his wand, binding all three witches in place. Another wave and several wires appeared, attached to various areas on the witches. A third wave and the damn jackalope (as well as the nub which pushed against Luna's anus) began to vibrate on the witches' clitorises.

As waves of pleasure raced through her body, Luna commented; "As far as punishments go, I rather like this one!"

"You won't be saying that in a moment," said a crying Hermione.

Turning his back on the three bound witches, Harry spoke to Tracey, "On to your punishment."

Harry flicked his wand and conjured several leather straps that tied Tracey's hands behind her back and her legs together. Another flick

and Tracey began floating toward the bed.

"Could you two help me out?" asked Harry of Daphne and Charlus as Tracey landed on the bed. "I'm going to tickle Tracey's feet while you two slap her titties."

"How hard do you want us to slap her, Master?" asked Daphne.

"Just hard enough to sting."

A few minutes later while Tracey alternately laughed and cried out in pain as she was tickled and slapped mercilessly, Luna announced happily, "I'M GOING TO CUM!" Then the buzzing jackalope stopped, denying the blonde her release. "Oh, that's why you hate the chair, Hermione."

CMCMCM

Dumbledore shivered again as another frighteningly large amount of spunk rocketed from his loins and through the rubber tube implanted in his urethra. This was the tenth time in the fifteen minutes since Pamona left that he ejaculated. Harry's cruel poison was wreaking havoc on the ancient Headmaster. He could feel his own heartbeat slow with each excruciating orgasm.

"Please, Pamona my plump love, hurry."

Another huge load sprang from his testicles. The rubber tube whipped around like a fire-hose, spraying his discharge on the plants around him.

"AARGH!" he screamed in agony as yet another load rapidly built. A few moments later, as this load shot from the tube, Dumbledore's heart seized up and stopped.

As the corpse of the venerable wizard slumped over, a sperm coated

plant began to rustle and shake.

CMCMCM

The pain numbing potions did little to ease Snape's suffering. A white bandage was wound tightly around the stump where his right hand used to be. He grumbled another protest to Auror Clancy. "I should have remained at St. Mungo's where I could heal properly!"

"You're right as rain, sir," Clancy said venomously. "Besides, there's nothing more the Healers could do for you."

Snape opened his mouth to fire off an insult but was cut off when the brute Auror shoved him into the Minister's office.

"Ah, Professor Snape," greeted Minister Weasley, "so good of you to join us."

"I was not presented with a different option," Snape said with a sneer.

Percy sighed. He had hoped his former potions instructor would be a little more civil. Alas, Snape was uncivil as always.

"You were brought here by Auror Clancy by my order, Professor Snape," said Percy. "We have successfully taken a number of Death Eaters and their supporters into custody."

"At least you've done a better job than your predecessor," Snape complimented snidely. "But then again, if you can tie your shoes without the aid of an assistant, then you'd do a better job than Fudge."

Ignoring Snape's insult, Percy stated, "A significant number of these prisoners have implicated you, Professor, as a spy for Voldemort."

Unconcerned by the indictment, Snape scoffed. "Ask Headmaster

Dumbledore where my allegiances lie."

Looking to Auror Clancy, Percy ordered "Send one of your men to Hogwarts and invite Professor Dumbledore. I would like to ask him some questions."

"Very well, sir," Clancy saluted the Minister. "Sir, what should I do with him?" he asked, eyeing Snape contemptuously.

"Send him to Azkaban for the time being," the Minister ordered.

"You can't send me to Azkaban!" snapped Snape.

"According to Ministry law, I can hold you in Azkaban for up to a week without formally pressing charges," returned Percy confidently. "You will wait there in the Dementors' tender mercies until we can sort out your true allegiances. Good day, Professor."

Snape squawked as Auror Clancy dragged the greasy wizard out of the office.

CMCMCM

Groaning, Draco slowly woke up. His entire body screamed out in utter agony. Warm, sticky fluid coated his midsection, groin and thighs. He looked down to see the lower half of his body coated with his own discharge and blood. Apparently his scrotum had become so engorged with semen and blood from his ruptured testicles that it had split open at some point. Knowing he had lost too much blood already, Draco retrieved his wand and performed a healing charm designed to magically mend open wounds.

The blond Slytherin fought back the painful tears as he looked down at his ruined skin. His flaccid organ lay limply on top of his deflated scrotum.

He let his anguish loose when he looked upon his dead lover. The cum that covered her had dried, enveloping the snake-like beauty in a whitish shell.

Burning tears rained down Draco's face. His one true love had been murdered and desecrated by Potter. Rage built inside the young wizard. Ignoring the pain raging through his body, Draco stood. He raised his clenched fist high over his head. Letting the rage pour from his lips, Draco scream; "YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS, SCARHEAD! I WILL KILL YOU FOR YOUR CRIME! I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE!"

Of course Draco's voice came out in a shrill, ear piercing soprano, but that was understandable since he had just been effectively castrated.

CMCMCM

Looking up, Voldemort wondered what was going on in the rooms two floors above. First Narcissa cried out about her rectum then some time later, a little girl screamed something about crime and vengeance.

"I didn't know there were any little girls in the Manor," the Dark Lord commented offhandedly.

Bellatrix shrugged her shoulders. As far as she knew, Draco was the only minor in the house.

"Master! Master!" shouted Wormtail, scurrying to bow before his Lord.

"Wormtail? Where the hell have you been?" demanded Voldemort.

"Sire, I've been acting as your spy; hiding and lurking in the shadows of the Ministry of Magic in my rat form," replied Wormtail.

This was the partial truth for Wormtail had only been at the Ministry building the last two days. Up until that point, Wormtail had been living with the walls of Malfoy Manor. He had entered the walls in an attempt to hide from Voldemort's brutish counterpart; the Flying Death. But in the walls, Wormtail found something that he never imagined. Much like Narcissa and Draco, Wormtail found love.

Her name was Mrs. Brisby. She was a lonely widow whose husband had met his end in a rat trap. Mrs. Brisby had luscious and soft grey hair, an enticing pink tail, and the way her nose twitched when she made love warmed Wormtail's heart.

For a short while, Wormtail knew bliss. Everyday was a wonder, where he'd bask in the glory of love with Mrs. Brisby. He was ready to spend the rest of his days in his rat-form. But a few short days before, Wormtail's world was shattered. Just as Draco and Narcissa had just discovered, Wormtail learned that love was cruel and fickle. He had returned from his expedition into the Malfoy kitchen to procure some cheese as a gift for his lover. What he saw ripped his heart asunder. Mrs. Brisby was writhing and squeaking passionately under a thrusting Templeton. Templeton was a ruggedly handsome neighbor who lived in the West wall of the library. Wormtail wept at the sight of his lover betraying him. He sulked away, wandering aimlessly and found himself in the Ministry building. There he heard some distressing news.

"Sire, the Aurors have arrested all of your followers and supporters within the Ministry," said Wormtail.

"What?" screamed Voldemort.

"Minister Weasley issued an order where every Wizgamount member and Ministry employee had to show their left arms. Everyone who carried your Mark was arrested," explained Wormtail. "And clearly, many of your followers hemorrhaged information and

began naming your unmarked supporters."

"How many?" demanded Voldemort.

"Quite a few, Master," the rat-like wizard replied. "I reason that outside this manor, you have only a few Death Eaters and supporters not in Azkaban."

Voldemort clenched his jaw, grinding his teeth in frustration. Weasley was supposed to be his dupe, but had somehow turned the tables and cripple the Dark Lord.

"Master, let me lead a raid on Azkaban," urged Bellatrix with her squeaky voice. "I can free your loyal minions and kill the ones that betrayed your faithful servants to the Ministry."

Turning to face the tiny-headed Death Eater, Voldemort snapped "You fool! Did your brain shrink along with the rest of your head? I only have a few minions under my command and you want to launch an all out attack on a heavily fortified fortress?"

The fiend leveled his wand at his once most trusted servant and cried "Crucio!"

As Bellatrix convulsed on the floor, Wormtail heard a slight noise. He turned to face his ex-lover poking her head out from a crack in the wall. For a brief moment, Wormtail hoped and prayed that she was begging forgiveness for her transgressions. He was more than willing to forgive her because Mrs. Brisby meant that much to him. But before he could turn into a rat, Wormtail saw Templeton slip out of a nearby crack and saunter to Mrs. Brisby. The two rats scurried as a pair back into the wall. With anger and grief tearing apart his soul, Wormtail screamed "YOU LOUSY WHORE!"

Voldemort ended the curse on Bellatrix and asked "What was that Wormtail."

Knowing it was too shameful to tell his Master of his adulterous lover, Wormtail lied; "I said 'hurt her more,' my Lord."

"That's a splendid idea, Wormtail," said Voldemort as he recast the Cruciatus Curse on Bellatrix.

As the female Death Eater screamed in agony, Voldemort said "Because of this recent action by the Ministry, I am forced to take a drastic measure to reinforce my ranks."

"Sire, you can't possibly mean..." began Wormtail in shock.

"Yes, I must dip into my 'Backup Death Eaters'," the Dark Lord said with disappointment.

CMCMCM

"Minister Weasley, I've just returned from Hogwarts," said Auror Clark upon entering the Minister's office. "I have terrible news."

"What is it?" asked Percy.

"I regret to inform you that Headmaster Dumbledore has been murdered."

"Oh no!" gasped Mandy. The shocking news hit her so hard that the witch fell into the Minister's chair.

Percy gripped his lover's hand and asked the Auror "Do we know how it happened?"

"Primary inspection charms indicate that he was killed by a potion," the Auror reported. "Not to be crude, but the potion cause Dumbledore to ejaculate to death."



Glowering in anger, Percy asked "Do we know who did it?" The Minister already had a good idea who the murderer was.

"Yes sir. Even though we don't know what the potion was we were able to identify several key components. We found residue of those same ingredients in a cauldron in Professor Snape's laboratory.

"Also, we found Professor Sprout lying unconscious outside Snape's lab," the Auror added.

"Is she alright?" asked Mandy. As a former Hufflepuff, she was worried about the pleasant witch.

"Yes, apparently she fainted," replied Clark. "We took her to St. Mungo's to have her checked out by Healers just in case."

"Oh, thank goodness," the witch sighed.

"Charge Snape with the murder of Professor Dumbledore, Auror Clark," ordered Percy.

"Should we use Veritaserum to get a confession out of the git, sir?" asked Clark.

"I'm afraid it won't work," replied Percy. "From my understanding Snape is a master Occlumens. His mind is very powerful, especially at concealing the truth. Therefore it would be safe to assume Veritaserum would not work properly on Snape. I'm afraid he might be able to lie and tell half truths even under the effects of truth potions."

"Very well sire," Clark said, "we'll chuck him into the darkest, deepest cell in Azkaban."

CMCMCM

The mixture of her own discharge and her lover's hot seed slowly trickled down the insides of her thighs. Tonks let out another yelp as Arthur smacked her naked bottom. The stinging sensation of his palm slapping her tender flesh spiked the tingling feeling in her recently shagged womanhood. Another hard slap and she tugged at the bounds holding her hands behind her back.

"Do you promise to give up you evil ways, Dark Lady Dora?" asked Arthur as he slapped her bottom. "Or do I have to attempt to shag the evil out of you again?"

Lifting her red-raw bum in the air, Tonks moaned; "I think you'll have to shag it out of me, Auror Weasley."

Giggling, Arthur said; "This is fun!"

"Hell, I didn't know you'd play a better Auror than I could," she said, crawling off his lap.

"Next time we play, we'll switch and I'll be the Dark Lord," he added as he positioned himself over her.

Slipping back into character, Tonks snarled "Do your best Auror! I will never see the righteous light of goodness!"

"Perhaps my ROD OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE will persuade you!"

A few moments later, Tonks screamed out "BEAT ME, AUROR WEASLEY! BEAT ME WITH YOUR ROD OF TRUTH AND JUSTICE!"

CMCMCM

After Tracey's breast were slapped a bright ruby red by Daphne and Charlus, Harry moved on from punishment to an all out four-way shag with the witches. It was the type of shag that encompassed wet,

dripping sexes, loud squelching noises, flesh slapping against flesh, and screaming orgasms. Loads of orgasms.

While Harry railed the three witches over and over, Hermione, Luna, and Hermione Jean's punishment continued just a few feet away. By this point the rubber jackalopes would buzz for two seconds, stop for one, and then repeat over and over. The three bound witches were on the panicle of ecstasy – a hairsbreadth away from release. But the damn jackalopes cruelly denied them pleasure.

As Charlus cried out in passion "OH EM GEE! I'M CUMMING!" for the tenth time, Luna lamented loudly with tears flowing freely down her cheeks; "This is NOT fair! We haven't had one orgasm – not a single one – and those three have had oodles!" As the damn jackalope brought her to the edge of release, the blonde cried "It isn't fair!"

Drawing out the three tied-up witches' punishment, Harry ignored Luna's protest and moved from Charlus to buggering Tracey.

CMCMCM

Apparating before the stronghold of his Backup Death Eaters, Voldemort sighed heavily. Truly he had sunk low; the once most feared Dark Lord had been forced to scrape the bottom of the barrel for minions.

"MASTER!" a voice called out euphorically.

Voldemort sighed a second time as the wizard hobbled up to him. This wizard's left leg was six inches shorter than his right, which gave him a clumsy, rolling gait.

"Hello, Kelyng," Voldemort greeted the wizard approaching him. "How is your wife, daughter, and sister?"

"She's fine, Master," Kelyng said with a nearly toothless smile. "Than's for asking. She'll be please ta know tha' you asked 'bout her."

Kelyng was from a long line of witches and wizards who militantly believed in blood purity. The Kelyngs aggressively practiced intermarrying with family members in order to keep their noble blood line pure for generations. Kelyng's mother and father were brother and sister, as were his grandparents. His great-grandparents were half-brother and sister while their parents were first cousins. Like the dutiful blood purist he was, Kelyng married his own mother after his father passed away. This unholy union produced a crime against nature named Holly. When Kelyng's mother-slash-wife died a few years later, he married Holly. The happy couple is the proud parents of five children. Two of whom are not conjoined at the head.

"Master, when we finally heard tha' you were gunna call upon us ta do your service, me and tha boys decided ta throw you a little shindig," said Kelyng.

"That really wasn't necessary," said Voldemort. "Really not necessary."

"Oh tosh, Sire," Kelyng said, leading Voldemort to the dilapidated farmhouse that doubled as the Backup Death Eaters' hideout.

When Voldemort entered the farmhouse, he sighed for the third time. The sole reason that Kelyng was the leader of the Backup Death Eaters was due to the fact that he was the most intelligent member of the group. And the reason for his intelligence was he was the least inbred wizard or witch in the bunch.

"Hullo, sire," a wizard who had a third arm hanging limp and dead from his neck greeted Voldemort.

A witch who bore a striking resemblance to Brenda from a Muggle TV show about rich teenagers in America pointed up to a sign hanging

from the rafters. "Look! We made a banner fer ya!"

Voldemort did not want to look at the banner for he knew he'd be disappointed. But he could not bear to look at the Brenda look-alike with her lopsided eyes. . The witch even had the same haircut as the character – her bangs were cut on an angle in a futile attempt to make her eyes look normal and level. A fourth sigh escaped Voldemort's lips as he read the hand painted banner.

"Bakop Deth Eeters Welkum tha Drak Loord"

"I was tha one who spelled it, Master," boasted Kelyng with pride. "Maxwell did the firs' one but he spelled 'Eaters' with only two 'e's'."

"Yeah, he's a dumb-dumb," said a wizard with no less than four ears.

For a moment, Voldemort toyed with the notion of setting the farmhouse on fire. Knowing the Backup Death Eaters had a combined IQ smaller than his own shoe size, Voldemort theorized that they would all forget where the exits were and would die trying to escape the blaze. However, the Dark Lord was in such dire straights that he was forced to rely upon these inbred buffoons.

Deciding that he should get this over as soon as possible, Voldemort announced "My friends, I'm here to recruit you for my services."

The group looked at Voldemort dumbstruck. Well, removing "struck" from the word would be more accurate.

Voldemort was too disappointed to even sigh. He tried again, this time "dumbing" down his statement so the inbreeds could understand. "Me want you kill people!"

A cheer rose up. Although, many of the Backup Death Eaters were so malformed that their cheers were more like moans and howls. Most of these witches and wizards were drooling freely, as they did

whenever they opened their mouth whether it was to speak or eat.

Again, Voldemort sighed as he thought bitterly "How the mighty have fallen."

CMCMCM

Panting slightly and pleasantly spent, Harry looked down at Daphne, Tracey, and Charlus (who were turned into a quivering post-coitus blob of limbs) and smiled. He said with well earned pride, "Damn, I'm good."

This author shouldn't have to point out to the reader there wasn't even a tiny bit of humility in Harry's voice. The fact that he was able to shag three witches into unconsciousness at the same time while only feeling a little winded himself brought the wizard no humility whatsoever. But then again, Harry's utter lack of humility should be obvious by this late in the story.

Still bound to her chair and suffering the wicked ministrations of the damned rubber jackalope, Hermione whimpered pathetically, "Please Harry, haven't we been punished enough?"

Hermione, along with her slightly brain damaged duplicate and Luna, had reached the pinnacle of pleasure only to be cruelly denied that final release in-numerous times now (Luna had been at the brink more times than her fellow witches because the blonde had a nub vibrating on her anus as well as the damn jackalope on her clitoris which caused her to reach the very edge of ecstasy faster). Hermione Jean and Luna both echoed the brunette's plea with whimpers of their own.

Smiling, Harry slid off the bed. Walking toward his bound witches, Harry said "Your punishment is almost complete."

Ignoring their groans of protest, Harry forged ahead;

"I've come up with a plan to take over this world. It's quite simple actually. However, I want to use you three as a sounding board – to see if this plan is feasible."

"All we have to do is listen and then you'll stop our punishment?" asked Hermione, knowing it was too easy. Just then, the vibration on her hyper-sensitive nub ceased. "DAMN IT! That one was so effing close!"

"It's not that simple," he answered, confirming the brunette's fears. "You must listen and make mental notes of everything I say. Then, after I'm done detailing my plan, the three of you must give me your honest opinions and suggestions."

"Even me?" asked Hermione Jean with a miserable sniffle. "You want my opinion even with my brain damage?"

"Yes, I value your thoughts," he answered sincerely. "Besides, your physiological setback gives me a unique insight to the average magical person. It's my opinion that the average witch or wizard is as dumb as a shoe. Your unfortunate disability mirrors the average person to that extent."

"Oh, thanks," said Hermione Jean happily. She then wailed when the damn jackalope stopped its buzzing. "Shite!"

"Harry, you know how willing I usually am to help you, but we're not in the best mindset to help you," argued Luna through her tears of frustration. "This damn chair is mucking with me so much I can't even think straight." The blonde's slender body shook and trembled like a leaf in a storm. Her orgasm was just a whisper away from bliss. However the damn jackalope and rubber nub stopped their vibrations. "Bollocks!"

"Again, that gives you better insight," he returned. "You see, my

entire plan hinges on the general stupidity of the public. So your addled conditions will actually help me test my plan out."

Harry conjured a comfy chair and sat down. After all this would take a while and he wanted to be comfortable.

The wizard explained his plan in great detail. He stated his theories, observations, and tests that he performed all over the world just a few handful of hours before. He detailed how he was going to dupe the populace. A half hour later, when Harry finally finished, he asked the three witches, "So what do you think?"

"Simply brilliant!" cheered Luna with a whimper.

"Masterfully done, Harry," Hermione blubbered. "Your plan is sure to work."

"What they said," caterwauled Hermione Jean.

"Why thank you," Harry said. "Not that I don't believe you girls didn't listen to me, but what was the second stage of my plan?"

"Erm," began Luna.

"Ah," Hermione moaned hesitantly.

"There was a second stage?" asked Hermione Jean.

In their defense, the three witches tried their very best to listen to Harry's plan for world domination. However the damn jackalope (and the anal bud in Luna's case) proved far too distracting. Their bodies were rocked with wave after wave of teasing of pleasure.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, Harry said "All right; let's try this again from the top."



"NOT FROM THE TOP! PLEASE JUST GIVE ME A SUMMARY SO I CAN CUM!" cried Hermione. "PLEASE, MASTER!"

"No," Harry said, and went over his plan for a second time. However, he was meticulously slow this pass. Not only did he speak slowly and repeat a point or two, the wizard padded his explanation with other theories dealing with the dim nature of the wizarding world. It took Harry a little over forty-five minutes to finish his explanation. All the while, Hermione, Luna, and Hermione Jean yelp, groaned, moaned, and cried in a mixture of passion and frustration.

"So, what do you think?"

"Wow, I believe you really could use witches and wizards' gullibility that way," said Luna as her whole body trembled uncontrollably, on the very cusp of physical exhilaration and exhaustion.

"And using the floo network is sheer brilliance," added Hermione Jean whose skin had turned a luminescent red. The poor witch's womanhood visibly throbbed.

Instead of answering, Hermione looked away from Harry. The brunette bit her lip hard to stifle back the agonizing moan caused by the thrice-damned jackalope torture. After a second, the wizard asked "What do you think Hermione?"

She replied hesitantly, "It won't work."

"And why not?" asked Harry.

Trying her best to ignore the raging inferno caused by the malicious jackalope, the brunette answered with a quivering jaw, "Yes, people are stupid. But they can't be that stupid."

"I think Hermione's lost her senses," Luna interrupted. "The damn jackalope has robbed her of her thoughts."

"Yes, what she meant to say was 'yes Harry, it's brilliant'," added Hermione Jean desperately. "Now can we cum, please?"

Harry looked at Hermione and said "Tell me the truth."

Hermione worried her lip and groaned in frustration and almost-pleasure before responding, "What you're suggesting would take a lot of power." Her whole body clenched up and the buzzing between her legs ceased. "FUCK!"

"Yes, but I wouldn't actually do it," he argued. "I would just make people believe that I had and they would surrender to me."

"That's true," said Hermione. Letting out a frustrated sob, she countered; "But even though I happen to agree with you that people are gullible, I think they would have a hard time believing a teenager such as yourself – oh fuck, oh fuck! I wanna cum so bad – is powerful enough to cast such a hex through the floo network."

"What if we were to 'cast the hex' on a few key figures," offered Harry. "That way we could show people that I do have the amount of power necessary."

"But I thought there wasn't a hex?" asked Hermione Jean. "You said there was no such curse and that you were going to pretend that you created it. Oh, here it comes—DAMN IT!"

"Yes, but they're a few potions that have the same effect as what I'm planning," he answered. "We just slip these key people the potion and then say it was the hex I cast through the floo network."

Harry tapped his chin thoughtfully for a moment. "However, I do see your point, Hermione. People would have a hard time believing someone my age having such power."

Clicking his fingers, Harry announced; "But if we show them that I am that powerful, they would believe I could cast such a hex through the floo network!"

"How could do that?" asked Hermione.

"Easy; I kill Voldemort and all of his followers in a spectacular fashion in front of an audience," he answered.

"What about Voldemort's Horcruxes?" asked Hermione Jean. Before she continued, the brunette once again reached the very peak of passion only to be let down. "Fuck! I was almost there!"

"She's right," said Luna. "Both about the climax – I was so damn close myself – and the Horcruxes. "Since Voldemort is immortal, all you'd be doing by killing him is destroying his body. He would eventually resurrect himself again."

"And when that happens, not only would you lose face but people would start to believe you're not as powerful as you claim," speculated Hermione. She whimpered under her breath "when I finally get to cum, I'll be a fucking geyser" before continuing with her argument; "It would only be a matter of time before people start to question your claim."

"True," he said.

As her body shuttered under the cruel effects of the damn jackalope, Hermione's eyes wandered to the Summoning Stone and ritual book Harry had stolen from under Voldemort's nose.

"I think I have an idea..."

Hermione spent the next half hour explaining this new idea to Harry. Normally it would've taken the brunette a few moments to give words to her thoughts, but her mental process was hindered greatly by the

physical need for release. Her comments and thoughts were constantly interrupted with sobs and obscenities caused by the hellish device. When she finally finished, Harry said; "That's a great plan, Hermione. Thank you."

"You're welcome," she said. Her breath was now coming in short, shallow gasps. "Can I please cum now and take a kip?"

"There's a problem with that," Harry said. He pointed down to his groin to show the three witches that he was the proud owner of a large erection. "Watching you ladies in the throws of passion lit a fiery desire within me. A desire that needs to be quenched."

"You can make me cum and shag my tittes while I'm unconscious," pleaded Hermione.

"No, I'm afraid the only thing that will help alleviate my state is a nice four-way shag-fest," he said. Harry pointed to Charlus, Tracey, and Daphne and said "I can't use them, so I'll have to insist that you three pleasure me."

"But we'll cum if you touch us," Luna pointed out.

"And as Hermione said, once we cum, we'll lose consciousness," added Hermione Jean.

"Well, look at it like a challenge: you must fight off you fatigue and pleasure me," he said. "Of course if you fall asleep before I lose my erection, then I'll be forced to punish you again."

"Bugger," moaned Luna. "You'll put us back in these chairs again, won't you?"

"Yes, for a whole day," threatened Harry.

"Fuck, this is going to make me sore," complained Hermione.

To Be Continued...

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